

★ PHOTOPLAY

combined with Movie Mirror

15¢

April

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Hesse

GIVE TO THE
+
CROSS

46
MRS C GLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS

APR 21/47
BY R

Lovable...
**Softer,
 Smoother
 Skin**

with just
One Cake of
 Camay!



Mrs. William H. Geyer, Nutley, N. J.

Her skin is like peach-bloom—exquisitely soft. "Camay is my beauty soap—now and for always," says this lovely bride. "My first cake left my skin so much softer, I wouldn't think of changing."

Tests by doctors prove—Camay is really mild!

It's exciting—to see the fresh new bloom of beauty that one cake of Camay brings to your skin! So quick, change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild care on over 100 complexions. And with the very *first* cake of Camay, most complexions simply sparkled—looked fresher, clearer, softer!



...it cleanses without irritation

These tests gave *proof* of Camay's mildness... proof it can benefit skin.

"Camay is really mild," said the doctors, "*it cleansed without irritation.*"

No wonder you can expect this Camay care to soften and smooth your skin.



Make your Camay last and last—
 it's made of vital war materials.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Take only a minute, night and morning. Cream that mild Camay lather over your face—over forehead, nose and chin. Rinse warm. And if you have oily skin, add a lively C-O-L-D splash! That's all. And your skin is lovelier with just *one* cake of Camay.

"Practicing to be a Spinster, Pet?"



GIRL: Spinst—? Oh, now *really*. Cupid! The way things are, I'm lucky to even have a chess date with Uncle Burt. Nobody has dates *these* days! Nobody!

CUPID: Pardon, Child. But if that's true, then a lot of girls are marrying perfect strangers. People they never had dates with. Because they're getting married honey. Left and right.

GIRL: All right! All right! So I'm *not* popular. I'm not a glamor girl. Can I help that?

CUPID: You could smile a little more, Sugar. Even a plain girl's pretty if she's got a sparkling smile. In fact, some of my best customers—

GIRL: You mean just because I—

CUPID: Sis, that "pink" may mean your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. Your dentist would probably tell you that. And that's why so many dentists suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But my *smile*, Cupid. My smile! What about—

CUPID: This, Child: Ipana not only cleans your teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste on your gums every time you brush your teeth and you help your gums to healthier firmness. *And* healthier gums promote sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile you'll be using on somebody else beside your Uncle Burt. Get going on a lovelier smile now, Child!



GIRL: Sure. Yes, indeed. But it happens I haven't got a sparkling smile, Cupid. I brush my teeth, and all, but—

CUPID: Ever notice "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: The other day I—

CUPID: And you didn't *do* anything about it? By the eternal Double-Ring Ceremony, Child! Don't you know "pink tooth brush" is a warning to see your dentist?



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile
of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Ho-hum! We've got spring fever! And a column to write!

★ ★ ★ ★

But this month we're lucky. America's most illustrious columnists are right on tap to do our job for us!

★ ★ ★ ★

Walter Winchell, for instance! Walter is the nation's No. 1 radio reporter. This is what he has to say about M-G-M's newest Technicolor hit: "NATIONAL VELVET will be hard to match all year long for the tops in entertainment!"



★ ★ ★ ★



And our very good friend, "Lolly"—Louella Parsons, the nationally known Hollywood columnist. For her money, "NATIONAL VELVET is tops in entertainment!"

★ ★ ★ ★

Then there's that distinguished duo, Bosley Crowther of the "New York Times" and Howard Barnes of the "New York Herald Tribune", who tell you they have both selected NATIONAL VELVET as "one of the ten best pictures of the year!"

★ ★ ★ ★

And that's not all! We've got millions of 'em! We mean those other well-qualified critics—the people who braved rain and sleet and snow (some of them standing on lines four blocks long) to smash all box-office records at Radio City Music Hall, the world's largest theatre!

★ ★ ★ ★

And just for your record, NATIONAL VELVET is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture in Technicolor, based on Enid Bagnold's novel. Mickey Rooney is the star, supported by Donald Crisp, Elizabeth Taylor and Anne Revere. Other

This is Elizabeth Taylor. She's definitely the star-find of the year, says every critic.



roles are portrayed by Angela Lansbury, Jackie Jenkins, and Arthur Treacher. A Clarence Brown production, the picture was directed by Clarence Brown and produced by Pandro S. Berman. Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch wrote the screen play.

★ ★ ★ ★

Yes, sir, we have a hit on our hands! It looks as though March will come in like a lion—as usual, an M-G-M lion!

—Lea

P.S.—Keep your eyes open for "Keep Your Powder Dry!" Yes, and another picture you'll want to see is "The Picture of Dorian Gray!"

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS

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June Allyson, next appearing in "Her Highness And The Bellboy"
Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director	Helen Gilmore, Editor
Elaine Osterman, Hollywood Manager	Adele Whitely Fletcher, Associate Editor
Edmund Davenport, Art Director	Sara Hamilton, Associate Editor
Hymie Fink, Staff Photographer	Ruth Waterbury, Contributing Editor

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Three women in
a man's world!



LANA TURNER • LARAINÉ DAY • SUSAN PETERS

Remember "The Women", that film of the battling, wise-cracking dames? Well, here's the topper! A story of one who played around with the playboys, another who went for those dashing Army men, and a third who lived only for love, until . . . ? It's an M-G-M picture: intimate, revealing and intriguing! 

Keep Your Powder Dry

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE with

AGNES MOOREHEAD • BILL JOHNSON • NATALIE SCHAFER • LEE PATRICK • JESS BARKER • JUNE LOCKHART

Original Screen Play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. and George Bruce • Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL • Produced by GEORGE HAIGHT

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Mrs. Donlevy, who used to sing in a night club, gets a kiss from her best beau, Brian, on a rare-for-them night out at Ciro's

Glitter Event: Cal is sorry to report that regardless of what you've heard about this or that picture Clark Gable is supposed to be making soon, it just isn't going to happen. Not for a while, anyway. Clark was overheard at Jack Benny's party telling Gary Cooper that he wouldn't make another picture until the studio comes after him with a shotgun. (And a good story!) Here's hoping—with gals and G.I.s everywhere clamoring for more Gable pictures—and Clark looking handsomer than ever. And, too, he's finished a fine war job. And believe it or not, gals, Van Johnson, Ty Power and Errol Flynn were only a few of the male heart-throbs at this Benny soiree, but it was Gable who was getting all the gasps and attention from the femmes! Just as hot as he was eight years ago! That party would be hard to top for glitter and glamour—with all the women done up and bedecked with jewels hauled out of the family vaults.

The Bennys had a big tent erected just off their patio, garlanded with foliage. A dance floor was in the center, complete with a good jive band. Around a buffet-table, about twenty yards long, were round tables that seated from six to ten guests each, giving people the chance to really get together. A dinner-feast was served to over a hundred guests around 9:30 and a scrumptious breakfast was served around 5:30 a.m. to over sixty guests who still remained! Fun?

Merle Oberon was there with Alexander Korda, whom she's about to divorce; Judy Garland, with Vincente Minnelli, of course. Gene Tierney, looking luscious, was with Oleg Cassini, in Hollywood for only two days and expecting to be sent overseas any minute. Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor on leave, as was Ty Power, who was excited as a kid, giving Hollywood the first look-see in almost a year. The Ray Millands, Claudette Colbert, Dorothy Lamour and her hubby, Maj. Bill Howard, Margaret Sullavan (who was facing a serious operation—but you'd never have guessed it), Norma Shearer, Joan Bennett, the Bill Powells, Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford, stunning as ever, with Phil (Continued on page 6)



Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cotten chat as they catch the mood and the music in the Mocambo manner

A toast to each other and their future as one—it's Andre De Toth and his bride, Veronica Lake



SONNY SINGS
"I'm Gonna Hate Myself
in the Morning"
and "Egyptian Ella"

It's an eyeful in
TECHNICOLOR...



and a **FORTUNE** in **FUN!**
PARAMOUNT'S

Bring on the Girls

AND BRING ON THE BEAUTIES!

starring
VERONICA LAKE
SONNY TUFTS
EDDIE BRACKEN
MARJORIE REYNOLDS

with
Johnny Coy • Peter Whitney
Alan Mowbray • Porter Hall
Spike Jones and His Orchestra
Directed by
Sidney Lanfield

BRING ON
Marjorie Reynolds
dancing and singing
again, as she did
in "Holiday Inn."



BRING ON
Veronica Lake
sizzling cigarette
girl who makes
the boys light up!



BRING ON THE MUSIC with
Spike Jones and his City Slickers
still trying to find Chlo-ee?



BRING ON THE DANCING
who trips the light
of nimble Johnny Coy
fantastic fantastically!



LOOK!

I'm curling my hair one-handed!



It's the new HOLD-BOB "easy-lock" curler which snaps in place almost automatically, without fumbling and without snagging or cutting the hair.

If you "do" your own hair, you know how tiring it can be! But not with *this* curler! It's marvelous!... Not only easy on your hair and patience, but actually safer to use. And it gives you lovely curls!

No other curler like it!

EASIER... Unique patented feature: Snaps closed easily, with one hand, from any position.

When opened, loop is firm, convenient handle for winding.

SAFER... No projecting rivets to catch hair.

The distinctive open end means no cutting or mashing of hair.



**2
CURLERS
10¢**

At your favorite drug, notion or five-and-dime

HOLD-BOB Curler

Made by the makers of the famous HOLD-BOB bobby pins and hairpins

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Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

Frank Sinatra, Jack Benny and Danny Kaye join harmony and humor at the big party given for Danny

(Continued from page 4) Terry—these were just some of the stars on hand. Around three a.m. Bing Crosby disappeared. About fifteen minutes later he was found outside, singing away like crazy just for two lone sailors who were standing in the road, waiting to see the celebs leave! And believe it or not, Bing was asked to please get dressed up and wear a black tie for this party. He not only wore the tie, but the black suit and fancy diamond shirt-studs to go with the duds. He was so done up, he'll never live it down!

Oh, Danny Boy! The town really turned out for the elaborate cocktail party to greet Danny Kaye after his first radio show. Jack Benny was all over the place and so of course was Eddie Cantor, so eager-beaverish for the boys with the cameras.

There was something familiar about an alluring blonde we saw, in spite of the straight-to-the-eyebrow bangs and hair hanging equally straight in the back. And then we suddenly realized



Look again—it's Jean Arthur in new mood and hairdo talking to Danny-boy

it was Jean Arthur, all got up with her I'm-not-in-pictures-any-more attitude. The hairdo, we realized, was a rebellion against those hundreds of hours that had been spent at the studio hairdressers. The added plumpness (becoming, too) was another tongue-out gesture toward the camera. And the smile of acceptance as she posed for photographers would have thrown the publicity boys and girls who used to shed tears over Arthur's uncooperation.

Dick Powell and June Allyson hovered around the hors d'oeuvres table. They admitted to Cal they'd had a bit of a tiff for a few days, with Junie flouncing off places with Peter Lawford who seems to be the Patsy for all the girls who tiff with their steady beaus.

Lana and Turhan arrived late. Turhan, who had been ill with flu, was slender as a reed and looked years younger for it. And no one, let it be said now, squealed as Frankie, The Voice, mingled among us.

Gary Cooper and Eddie G. Robinson were just as sedate as usual, but that Kaye, (Continued on page 8)



It was such a big party Gary Cooper had to sit on the floor by Mrs. C.

TO THRILL YOU
AND THRILL YOU
AND THRILL YOU

and make your heart glad!

A man searches the skies
... and finds faith! Faith in
a woman's love, and the
laughter of children—in the
steel-spitting guns of a
shark-jawed P-40—in the
Comrade-in-Arms who flew
beside him through fear and
flak into high adventure!



— as Gen. Chennault
the fiercest Flying
Tiger of them all!



You could count on the
Flying Padre for com-
fort—and a laugh!



His hobby was painting—
Jap flags on the fuselage!

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT



WARNER BROS.

proudly add to such current successes as
"Hollywood Canteen", "To Have And
Have Not" and "Objective Burma" a pic-
ture that ranks with our all-time greatest,
from the all-exciting, best-selling book by
Col. ROBERT LEE SCOTT, Jr.



with

DENNIS MORGAN · DANE CLARK

RAYMOND MASSEY · ALAN HALE

ANDREA KING · JOHN RIDGELY

Directed by Robert Florey

Screen Play by Peter Milne & Abem Finkel · Music by Franz Waxman

JACK L. WARNER
Executive Producer

Produced by
Robert Buckner

Cal York's

INSIDE STUFF



Yvonne De Carlo, bright light of "Salome—Where She Danced"

(Continued from page 6) with his blond head bobbing all over the place like an animated chrysanthemum, stole the show. Now there's our vote for the personality kid of the year.

Boys—Here's Your Gal: When the Royal Canadian Air Force decides to get behind a girl's screen career—look out! Even Hollywood producers listen, and this time they took the advice of twenty-one Canadian fliers and gave Yvonne De Carlo the chance she deserves in pictures.

It all began when Paramount signed the little dancer from Vancouver to replace Dottie Lamour and her sarong when Dottie rebelled against South Sea epics. But at the last minute Lamour reconsidered, and Yvonne became only a pin-up picture sent out to various service men.

Finally Walter Wanger received a joint letter from those Canadian lads telling him why they thought Yvonne, their favorite pin-up girl, should get the role of Salome in his new picture, "Salome—Where She Danced." Intrigued, Mr. Wanger saw and tested the little blue-eyed brunette (a honey, lads) and brother, those Royal Air Force boys knew whereof they spoke. Yvonne was so good she got the starring role. And where she dances is right where Dottie Lamour wears those sarongs. Fellows, how do you spell a long drawn out whistle?

By the way, Yvonne speaks French, likes Shakespeare, has a clear olive complexion, is now under contract to Universal and boys—she's beautiful;

she's five feet four, she's young, she's single—but maybe not for long, as Hank Daniels put a ring on her finger just the other day.

Cal Plays Cupid: He sat in a booth at Romanoffs—a tall dark and handsome young Navy officer who, it was obvious by his ribbons and stripes, had seen plenty of action. He was with his father. Cal, in the next booth, didn't really mean to overhear their conversation—about the three and a half years of combat flying, about the girl who haunted his dreams when the going was toughest, about how he'd give anything to meet her—just once.

Then she walked in—his dream girl, June Allyson. The Navy Lieutenant and his father stopped talking—and looked. This was too much for Cal's romantic soul, so we forthwith sent a little note to June (lunching with Navy Lieut. Art Jarrett) asking her to drop by our table. She did. The miracle happened. Lieut. Ted Tuetsberry met his dream face-to-face. His dark eyes filled with wonder and he stammered in gratitude.

Later we had them over to our house and the boy's father kept reiterating his thanks. He told us about Ted, who was attending Harvard when he joined up and who was going back across within a few days. The father had flown out from their home town, Boston, to be with his boy these few remaining days. Only that morning Ted had telephoned his mother in Boston.

"What are you doing in Hollywood tonight, son?" (Continued on page 10)



Carole Anne FROSTED LIPSTICK



gives your lips the lure men dream about.

A Quality Lipstick For Women Who Want The Best. In beautiful NEW plastic swivel case.

- GOES ON SMOOTHLY
- STAYS ON LONGER
- DELICATELY PERFUMED
- SMART SHADES

25¢ plus tax

No Finer Lipstick at Any Price! At your favorite chain, department or drug store, with matching rouge and other toiletries.

Carole Anne De Luxe One Dollar (Plus Tax)

If your nearest toilet goods dealer is temporarily out of Carole Anne Lipstick, tell us your favorite shade, send twenty-five cents, and we will send you a new Carole Anne Swivel Lipstick by return mail.

CAROLE ANNE COSMETICS

565 Fifth Avenue New York 17, N. Y.

"I can't afford to lose
a week's salary—
can you?"

*Cold
absentee*

OF course you can't afford to lose a week's salary! But if you are like many people you lose it just the same. A nasty cold takes it right out of your pocket. Fifty million people "pay through the nose" every year! ... a crippling loss to industry, to the war effort, and to you.

What can you do about it? Here are a few helpful suggestions:

1. During the chilly months dress adequately, eat moderately, take sufficient exercise every day, and get plenty of sleep. If you do catch cold put yourself to bed and eat lightly. 2. Avoid people with colds and stay out of crowds which number many cold sufferers. 3. Avoid sudden temperature changes, drafts, over-tiredness, and wet or cold feet which

lower resistance.

Add to these intelligent precautions another wise one—the systematic morning-and-night use of Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle.

Remember, clinical tests made over a twelve-year period reveal this impressive result:

Fewer Colds for Listerine Users in Tests

Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle... and fewer sore throats.

Here, we believe, is why Listerine is so effective: It reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of those potentially troublesome germs called the Secondary Invaders (see panel at right).

This germ-killing action may often halt a "mass invasion" of the tissues by these germs . . . sparing you the siege of misery they so often produce. So, remember! Listerine Antiseptic—especially when you feel a cold coming on!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Note How Listerine Gargle Reduced Germs



Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the gargle.

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for COLDS and SORE THROAT

what a SOURBALL I married!

Cal York's



"He has no reason to shout at me so!" Jane kept telling herself. But there was a deep, hidden reason for Bill's sharp words! Something he *hinted* one day. Puzzled, Jane rushed to her doctor's. "Yes, it could

be your own fault," he said. "A wife's *one neglect*—carelessness about feminine hygiene—can very often ruin even the happiest marriage." Then he advised Lysol—used by so many modern wives.

correction... he's a *Honey!*



"That's my Bill — his own sweet self again!" And Jane is forever grateful to her doctor for telling her about Lysol disinfectant. Just as he said... this effective germ-killer cleanses *thoroughly* and de-

odorizes. Yet Lysol solution is gentle for douching; won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—simply follow directions. Says Jane, "Lysol's easy to use. Inexpensive, too. And it really works—I know!"



Mr. Chipmunk slipped in and captured the full attention of Margaret O'Brien

(Continued from page 8) his mother inquired.

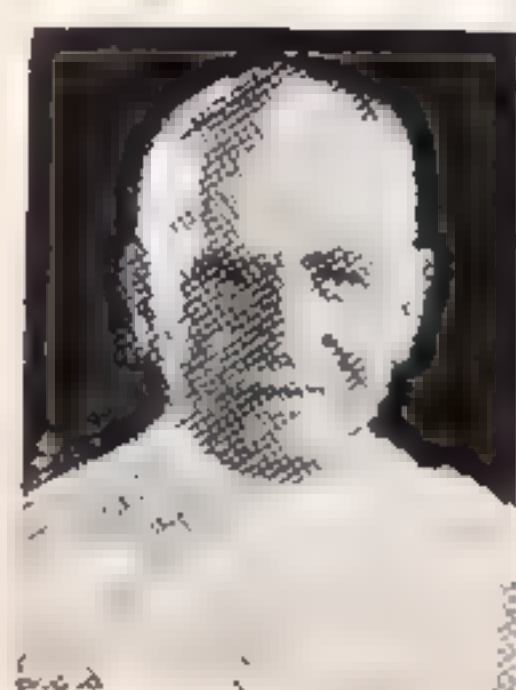
Nonchalantly, never dreaming the truth he spoke, Ted replied, "Oh, having a date with June Allyson."

And that's the wonder of it all!

You May Want to Know: The happiest bride in town is *Janie*, nee little Joyce Reynolds, who pleased her studio to death by marrying Lieut. Robert Lewis just when she was about to begin her newest picture, "Janie Gets Married." And don't try to tell us it was a publicity stunt either. Cal saw *Janie* yesterday on the Warner lot and we're here to say she couldn't have been more glowing. . . .

The place to find John Loder at all times is in that children's playground park on Olympic Boulevard. The actor spends hours with his daughter, Danielle, child of a former marriage, while his present wife, Hedy Lamarr, makes her home in her studio bungalow on the M-G-M lot. Hedy, who is expecting a baby, is saving herself as much as possible while making "Her Highness And The Bellboy."

The males are hitching their wagons to two stars—Bing and Frankie, by breaking into song in their newest pictures. Paul Henreid will warble in "The Spanish Main" and not that old "ho ho ho and a bottle of rum" thing, we are happy to announce. Dana Andrews, who has a really fine baritone voice, will sing the musical background for his new picture "A Walk In The Sun." And from what Cal hears, the lad may do musicals from now on. And wait till you hear Sonny Tufts in "Here Come The Waves"—or have you seen the picture yet? There's a professional finish to Tufts' voice that makes it worth listening to.



Check these facts with your Doctor

Douche *thoroughly* with correct Lysol solution. Its low "surface tension" means greater spreading power which reaches more deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Non-caustic—**

Lysol is gentle in proper dilution. **Powerful—**Lysol is an efficient germicide. **Economical—**small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. **Cleanly odor**

—disappears after use. **Deodorizes effectively.** **Lasting—**keeps full strength even when uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant



FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE

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For new **FREE** booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-45, Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



Then back he scurried to his mistress, "National Velvet" find, Elizabeth Taylor

Comments: Even though Tallulah Bankhead has been raving about Bill Eythe and rooting for him to get the lead in Somerset Maugham's "The Razor's Edge"—he's not the new thrill. In fact, Bill isn't being anybody's special thrill at the moment. Very much playing the femme field . . . Joan Edwards is rapidly getting her salary into the Sinatra brackets . . . By the way, you can add Cary Grant to the rabid fans of Frankie-boy. Thinks he's terrific and says so at the drop of a record. . . . Not supposed to be known—but Gene Tierney didn't dye her hair for "A Bell For Adano"—she's wearing a blonde wig . . . Poor Veronica Lake—she got a terrible case of flu the second day of her honeymoon. Bridegroom Andre De Toth spent most of his time rushing to the corner for pills.

That Stroke: Ed (Archie) Gardner and bathing beauty Esther Williams got to arguing the other day about various swimming strokes. Gardner kept insisting that a certain stroke should be done his way—and not the way Esther, the swimming champ, kept telling him it should be done. Ed even got up in a chair and made wild gestures to illustrate his point and *prove* he was right. "Tell you what," said Esther, "you come up to my house and demonstrate all that in my pool."

"Me?" cried Gardner. "I can't swim!"

Town Data: Deanna Durbin and Steve Crane still twining around Mocambo and other places—but then Deanna "twos" with a lot of beaus . . . Rosalind Russell, up and around after a long siege with illness, looking right smart and healthy at La Rue with her favorite Major—Freddie Brisson . . . Donald O'Connor expected to be out of the Army with a medical discharge any

This message published at the request of the Surgeon General, United States Army.



Nurses! Your Country Must Have You!

18,000 Registered Nurses are *desperately* needed by the United States Army immediately! It's a matter of life or death for the men at all fronts.

Every hour you wait, some wounded boy loses forever his chance for full recovery!

When you join the U. S. Army Nurse Corps, civilian patients may suffer additional discomfort and pain.

But if you do not join, you know that your refusal has sentenced men to death . . . men whom your skill and knowledge could have helped to save.

SIGN with the U. S. Army Nurse Corps . . . and sign TODAY!

★ ★ ★

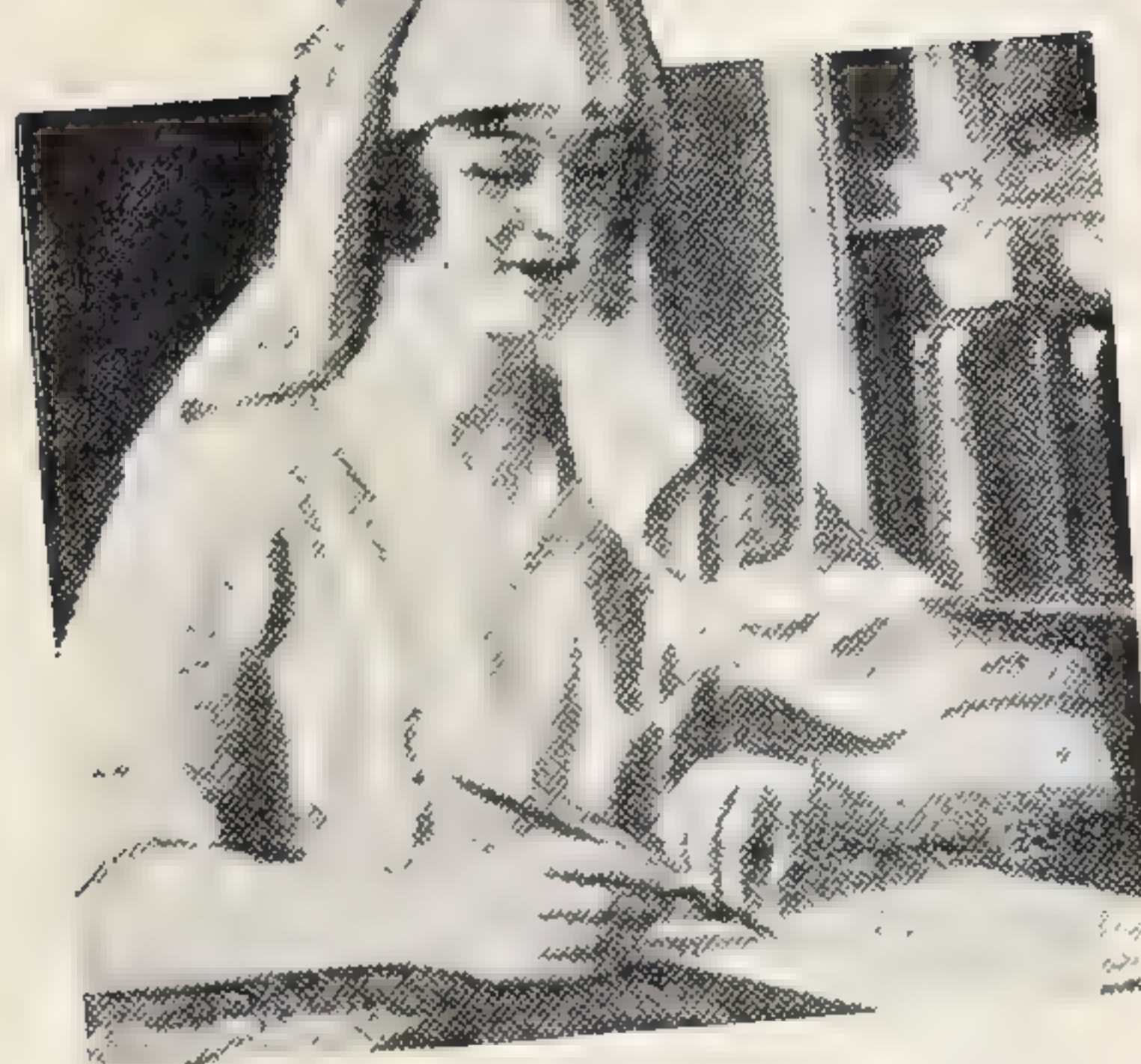
If you are a Registered Nurse under 45 years of age, join the U. S. Army Nurse Corps at once!

If you are a Senior Cadet Nurse, serve your final six months in an Army Hospital.

If you are untrained, take a home nursing or nurses' aide course.

U. S. ARMY NURSE CORPS

See your local Red Cross Chapter for full information and application blank. Or write the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, Washington 25, D. C.



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The wonderful absorbency of Cellucotton was quickly noticed by American nurses in France, who soon discovered they could make excellent sanitary pads out of this material.

Within a few years after the war, Kotex had revolutionized American women's habits of sanitary protection.

New refinements, like the flat, tapered ends were added—new features were perfected. Until today Kotex brings you maximum protection and lasting comfort.

No wonder more women choose Kotex
than all other brands of
sanitary napkins put together!



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*Clothes
can ruin
the woman!*

Protect your natural SWEET SELF with NEW
ODO·RO·NO
CREAM DEODORANT

Lady, *you're sweet*. So is your dress. But it may rob you of your daintiness and charm by imprisoning and building-up offensive, under-arm perspiration odor.

Stop this threat to your Sweet Self *before you dress* with fast-acting, long-lasting ODORONO . . . the new cream deodorant that works to protect you *faster than you can slip on your slip!*

The new ODORONO Cream Deodorant contains science's most effective perspiration stopper . . . protects you against perspiration troubles up to three days.

Soothing, smoothing . . . the new ODORONO Cream Deodorant does not irritate your skin. Prevents perspiration stains, will not harm fine fabrics. Can be used right after shaving. No waiting to dry. Will not turn gritty in jar.

So before you think of what dress to wear . . . think of your Sweet Self . . . use new, snowy-white ODORONO Cream Deodorant for instant, full, long-lasting protection.

39c. Also
59c & 10c.
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Be Just as Sweet After You Dress with

Cal York's

moment . . . June Allyson went to the "Winged Victory" opening with Peter Lawford; Jeanne Crain with Paul Brooke—they're getting really serious. Little June Haver with Bill Eythe . . . George Raft is in the midst of a terrific new crush—it's Ann Jeffreys, the gal who got to neck with Frankie Sinatra in that telephone-booth scene in "Step Lively"—remember?

Success Song: One of these days you'll be hearing of a singer named Virginia Paris—and there are those who think someday she'll be as great a voice and just as famous as Marian Anderson. And here's the little human interest story behind Virginia's story. She used to be (until three months ago) Loretta Young's maid! For weeks, Virginia was going down to the Hollywood



Two on the young-and-popular list—Bill Eythe on a date with June Haver

Canteen and singing for the service men—scoring a solid hit each time. And all this time, she was still working for Loretta. Cal discovered that Loretta and her husband, Col. Tom Lewis, had been giving the girl plenty of encouragement and help (and you know what it means to give up a good maid these days) with the result that just recently the gal left the Lewises and gave her first big concert at an auditorium in Los Angeles. Also, two major studios are interested in her. How's that for a success story?

Why, Gary: Gary Cooper never did think he was a Bing or a Sinatra—or a Roy Rogers—but when they wanted him to give out with the notes in his role of *Melody Jones* in his new Western, "Along Came Jones," Gary said he'd take a chance. Singing for the first time on-screen, he thought he'd better record about twenty verses of an old cowboy ditty—so he did just that.

INSIDE STUFF

He was so pleased with the results that he took the record home and played it for his wife and seven-year-old daughter, Maria. When the "concert" was over, Maria turned to Gary and chirped, "Daddy, do all cowboys sound like you—or were you really riding a horse when you made the record?" Gary now knows all about DEflation!

Here and There: Anne Baxter and Bill Eythe suddenly found themselves in Palm Springs at the same time, enjoying a little vacation. So they went stepping and wound up by winning a waltz contest at a night spot at that resort. But John Hodiak is still top man with Anne—even though her ma has said to object to her marrying at this point . . . Next time Ella Raines orders any furniture especially made to her



Cake-cutters: Vivian Blaine at her recent wedding to agent Manny Frank

desired measurements, she'll do a little measuring around the house first—you can bet. She just about wept when an oversized bed, which she had ordered and waited months and months for, finally arrived. It was too large, not only to go through her bedroom door, but any door in the house! . . . Lynn Bari has been taking flying lessons regularly from her test-pilot spouse, Sid Luft . . . The Rita Hayworth-Orson Welles baby, Rebecca, has coal-black hair—just like her Mama's really is.

A Chat with Aunt Cissy: We liked Joan Blondell so much as *Aunt Cissy* in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" we marched over to the set of "Two-Faced Quilligan" to tell her so. The talk finally got 'round to her two children, Norman aged ten and Ellen just six.

To our notion, Joan Blondell is the epitome of modern motherhood. There's so much joy of living in the woman, it's reflected in the children themselves.

night-blooming

How fitting, now that music fills the soft spring nights and city lights bloom beneath a tranquil sky, to herald earth grown gay again with "Bond Street" . . . the great perfume by Yardley which has graced so many such romantic seasons. For added witchery, its scent enhances Yardley "English Complexion" powder and lipstick.

"BOND STREET" Perfume: \$13.50, \$8.50, \$4.50, \$2.50. Powder: 8 "English Complexion" shades, \$1. Lipstick: in smart-for-spring colors, \$1. ADD 20% FEDERAL TAX

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ADV. BY R. W. AYER

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• To help keep your baby's skin healthy and smooth, no other baby oil or lotion can match the wonderful record of Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil—used with excellent results on millions of babies for the past 12 years! Daily use of Mennen oil on your baby will help prevent diaper rash, scalded buttocks, itching, smarting, impetigo and many other skin troubles. There is only one *best* oil for your baby's delicate skin—

MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL

Most baby specialists also prefer MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER*



George Murphy prefers to watch the gay goings-on from a table at Mocambo

For instance, there's little Normie's recent heart affair and Joan's sympathetic understanding of it. Little Miss Murphy, aged eleven, the object of Normie's affection, is hall monitor at the Gardner Street school and Normie can hardly bear the way he loves her. He hadn't even spoken to her, of course. One Sunday he announced to his mother his intention of calling on his girl. Joan approved and even suggested Norman bring her back for lunch.

At one o'clock he telephoned his mother he was hungry. And no, he hadn't yet got the courage to go up to the house. He was telephoning from a pay booth. At two he called back. The situation had remained the same.

"Just where are you, Normie?" Joan asked. He was on a terrace across the street from the house and just couldn't move either way—toward her house or his house. So Joan wrapped up a lunch of milk and cold chicken and delivered it to her love-sick son.

"Go away now, please," he begged. "She might see you bringing my lunch."

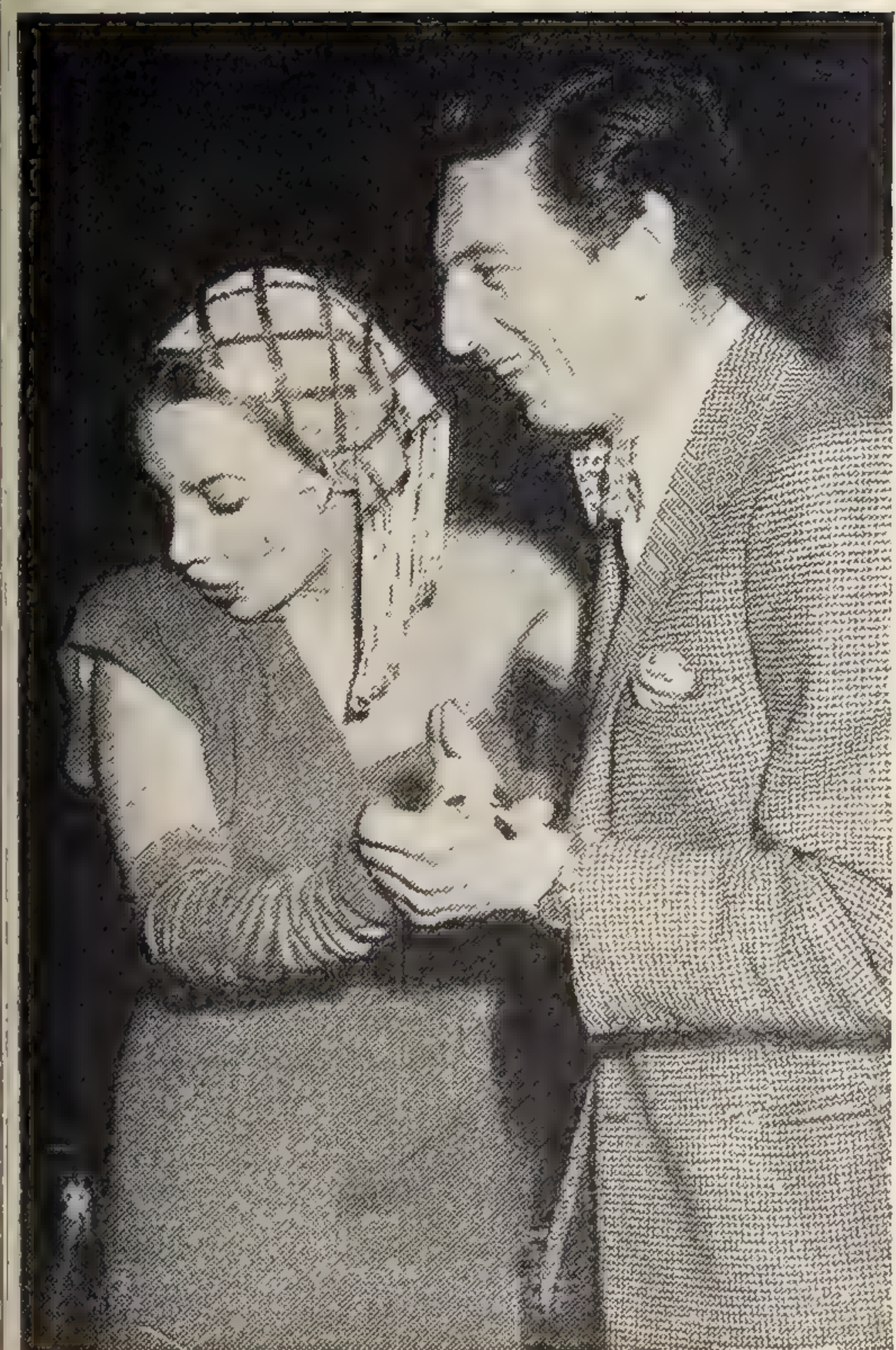
At six he returned, a Romeo defeated by timidity, but the next week Joan took matters in hand, called up the Murphy miss and invited her to lunch. And now the romance is blooming.

Ellen is the stoic type and refuses to mention or discuss the accident that befell her several months ago when a ferocious dog attacked her.

Recently Joan dressed in her newest formal for a party and strolled in to bid them goodnight. Normie whistled and Ellen, surveying her mother with approval, leaned over and advised in a whisper: "Mommy, when you get where you're going, drop your handkerchief."

"They are beginning to live now," Joan says, and one can almost feel the joy of sharing life with them that belongs to this vibrantly alive woman.

INSIDE STUFF



Fun at the Trocadero—Carmen Miranda and Ray Bolger clown and dance

Love and Romance: Cutest thing in the world the way Grace McDonald fusses around that motel cottage keeping house for her new husband, Lieut. Ralph Greene. Only place in Southern California the couple could find to live . . . Myrna Loy will be the bride of Navy Captain Gene Markey before summer and the betting that Clark Gable will surely marry Mrs. Dolly O'Brien of New York and Florida is hot and heavy in Hollywood. Cal asked him point blank about the lovely Mrs. O'Brien (several years older than Clark as were two of his other wives) and all we got for our pains was that famous grin . . . For the benefit of Van Johnson fans let it be said he's afraid of girls. Says so himself. The minute things begin getting serious the lad seems to crawl within himself. Is there a psychoanalyst in the house? . . . Alexander Knox (Wilson) tells us his marriage to Doris Nolan wasn't one of those quick-quick-to-the-preacher things at all. They simply carried on their courtship at home instead of the Strip night clubs, and took only Barry Sullivan into their confidence . . . The good-looking brunette beauty who was seen everywhere with Richard Jaeckel while on furlough from the Merchant Marine was his mother Millicent, and what's more Richard intends to keep her the same, too. Chatted with Millicent the day after Richard unexpectedly popped in from sea and what a happy, happy woman. She loves him too, girls . . . Cal heard that Farley Granger isn't too happy over June Haver's interest in Bill Eythe, but maybe it's just one of those interludes until Farley returns. After all, June is so very young. And pretty . . . Jeanne Crain and Paul Brooke are so serious friends are wondering about Pvt. Lon McCallister who used to be top man with Jeanne.

P-s-t, Sally— Hold that Rumba!

Time out for 30 seconds—
to keep you from dancing
your charm away!



Away with you—before underarm odor has a chance to spoil your fun! What good would sweet music be if your dancing partner gave you the cold shoulder—and everyone but *you* knew the reason why?



Mum to the rescue! And not too late even though you're dressed. Isn't it well worth 30 seconds to guard your after-bath freshness with Mum? No risk *now* of underarm odor to come!

On with the dance—you're near and you're dear to the one you love! And you're taking no chances with happiness like *that*. Not while there's Mum to keep you sweet and dainty—to win you encores the whole evening long!

MUM'S QUICK—Only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even *after* you're dressed, even when you're busy, you still have time for Mum.

MUM'S SAFE—Won't irritate skin. Won't harm fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering. **MUM'S CERTAIN**—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening. Get Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

Events of the Month: The town grieved with Paulette Goddard over the loss of her expected child due in three more months. And they despaired over her life for a time with Paulette unconscious for days . . . Deanna Durbin received her final divorce papers but still hasn't settled her heart on any one man. But Donna Reed, who divorced make-up man Bill Tuttle in Mexico, is said to be smitten with Tony Owens.

A possible plot to kidnap Betty Grable was overheard in a cocktail bar and reported to the police, but the woman who had been annoying Joan Crawford in the belief Joan had adopted her child finally got into the house and had to be chased up and down stairs before the police caught up with her . . . Bob Hope was awarded the Poor Richard 1944 gold medal of achievement in recognition of a fine job in entertaining American troops on the fighting front.

Our Boys in Service: To date the stars in the Screen Actor's Guild service flag number 1427 and with the reclassification hundreds more, including Dana Andrews and Vincent Price, will join the ranks.

Seaman Jackie Cooper was sent off to Pearl Harbor where he'll join orchestra leader Claude Thornhill, Dennis Day and others in a service unit to tour the Pacific.

Lieut. (j.g.) Richard Ney was almost certain to have been at Luzon all through the bitterest action. At home Louise Allbritton is winning salvos for appearing nightly at the Biltmore Theater with the combat casualty boys from Birmingham Hospital who are putting on the play "Personal Appearance." Proceeds go to the March of Dimes, but think what it's doing for the hopes and morale of the boys, too.

Chief Boatswain's Mate Cesar Romero, after nine months aboard a Navy attack transport, is in town again seriously courting Virginia Bruce.

Richard Denning recently volunteered for submarine duty and is now with an underseas squadron . . . Lieut. Van Heflin is in an Army hospital in this country after combat duty in Europe . . . Peter Van Eyck, stationed in Maryland, has been commissioned a lieutenant in the Intelligence Dept. Peter, German born, became naturalized before entering the Army.

Ouch: The scene was the men's make-up room at Paramount and the young man sat miserably while the barber thinned his eyebrows and raised his hairline at least an inch and a half by literally yanking out each hair.

Bing, the casual, wandered in and stood looking down at the wretched young man whom he recognized as Andy Russell. "Well, well," said Bing "so they finally get a singer with hair and darned if they don't pull it out of his head by the roots."

...Owes its great popularity to its consistent high quality and fine flavor.



Beech-Nut GUM

Until final Victory, you may not always find this delicious gum at your dealer's. Our fighting men are now getting most of it.

Bathe in Delight

It's a delight to bathe the *light* way . . . with Tre-Jur's light bath luxuries, Tre-Jur Bubble Foam and Bath Powder. They're pure, fine; a scoopful of Bubble Foam makes a tubful of dancing, caressing bubbles . . . and there's not a speck of "weighting" in the powder! You'll be delighted with their quality, and the joy they add to your bathing!

TRE-JUR BATH POWDER, with fluffy lamb's-wool puff. TRE-JUR BUBBLEFOAM, with wooden scoop. Triple-scented with Gardenia, Carnation, Apple Blossom. 59¢



Triple-Scented

TRE-JUR

Dixie Fish Fry Dinner

FRY the first Spring catch, (or boneless fish fillets), with a golden crust to break under your fork and savory tenderness inside. Serve with your own home-made, tangy Tartar sauce—and French fried onion rings, piping hot, delicious.

What a dinner! Deep fried to perfection in pure Mazola. This golden oil, with its delicate, delicious flavor, also makes tempting fresh salad dressings, smooth cream sauces, wonderful hot breads. Yes—Mazola makes so many good things!

FISH KENTUCKY

Dip cleaned, whole small fish (or fish fillets) in 1 cup of milk seasoned with $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsps. salt. Roll in a mixture of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn meal. Fry in $\frac{1}{4}$ inch sizzling hot Mazola at moderate temperature until nicely brown. Turn only once.

FRENCH FRIED ONION RINGS

New, jiffy-quick recipe makes them lighter.

Cut 3 large onions in $\frac{1}{4}$ inch slices; separate into rings. Dip rings in flour, seasoned with 1 teaspoon salt; then in milk; again in flour. Drop several rings at a time into hot Mazola, three inches deep in a kettle, heated to 375°F. Keep rings separated. Fry golden brown, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 minutes. Drain on unglazed paper or paper towels. Serves 4.



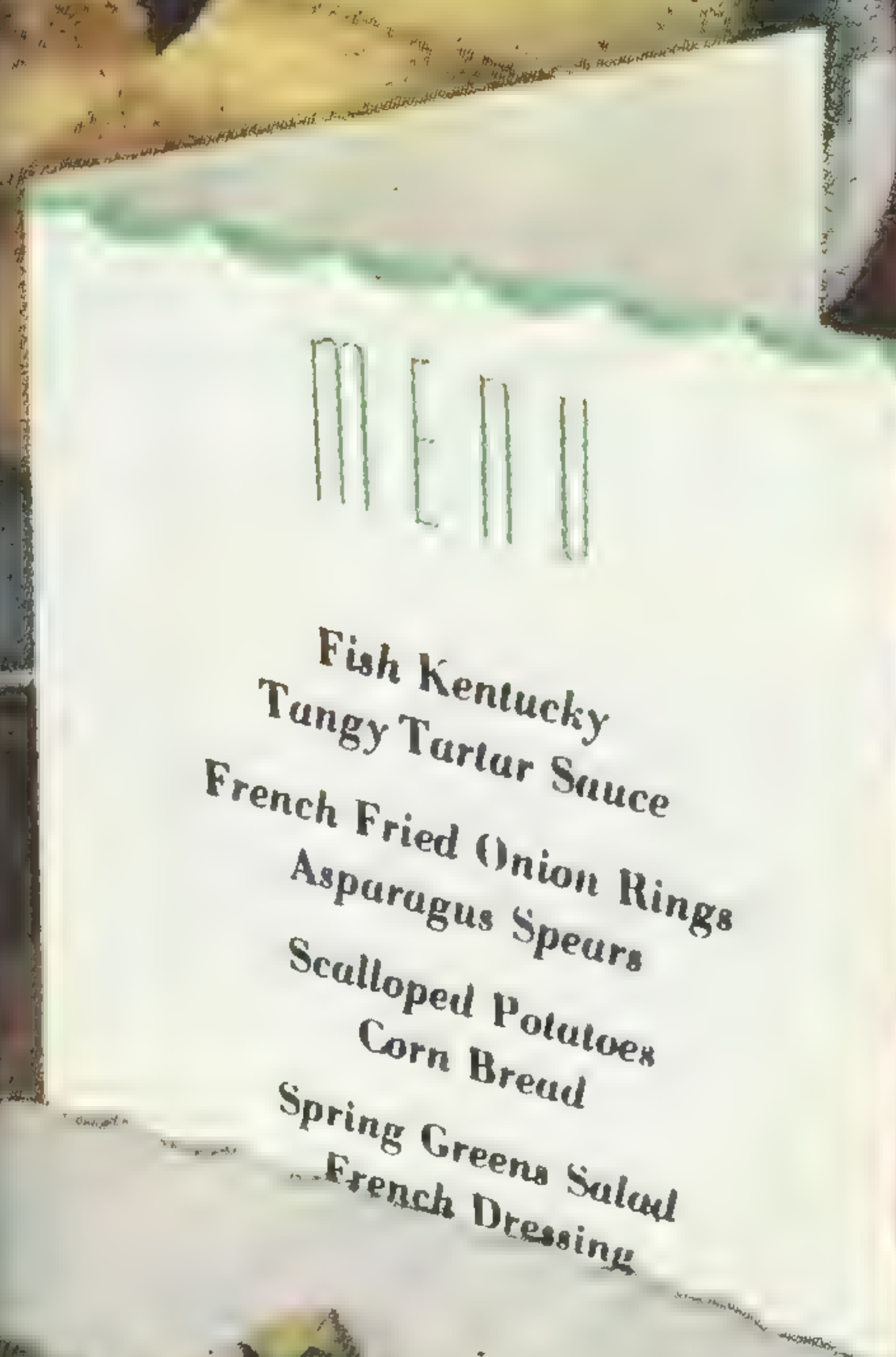
TANGY TARTAR SAUCE

Place 1 egg yolk, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. paprika, 1 tsp. salt and 1 tbsp. vinegar in a bowl. Whip until light in color and thick. Continue beating and add $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups Mazola, a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition. Add 1 more tbsp. vinegar and beat again 'til thick. Stir in 1 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 tbsp. onion juice, 2 tbsp. India relish. Makes $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups sauce.

FRENCH DRESSING

This fresh dressing makes salad so much more delicious! Combine in a pint jar or bottle: $\frac{1}{3}$ cup vinegar, 1 cup Mazola, 1 tsp. paprika, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper, 2 tsps. sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. onion juice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. dry mustard. Cover, shake until well mixed. Chill. Makes $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of salad dressing.

© Corn Products Sales Co.



Menu
Fish Kentucky
Tangy Tartar Sauce
French Fried Onion Rings
Asparagus Spears
Scalloped Potatoes
Corn Bread
Spring Greens Salad
French Dressing



No Other Shampoo

leaves your hair
so lustrous, yet so easy
to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner
reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap
... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange
so alluringly smooth!

Want all your hair-dos to look glamorous? Then be a "Drene Girl!" Always use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo ... not a soap in the world ... can make your hair look so lovely!

Reveals far more lustre than any cake soap or liquid soap shampoo. For Drene never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do, to rob your hair of its lustrous beauty! Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any kind of soap.

Leaves hair so manageable! Now that the new, improved Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage ... right after shampooing!

Removes every bit of dandruff the very first time you use it! So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner ... or ask your beauty shop to use it!



Learn about Hair-dos

FROM THE GIRLS WHO KNOW!

LISA FONSSAGRIVES ... glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl" ... shows you (above) her lovely new evening hair-do for spring! The adorable hair-do gadget is just wired ribbon, bent into shape, then covered with flowers. Your milliner can do it! The shining smoothness of Lisa's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, which she always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



MAKE A DATE
WITH

Glamour

Tonight ... don't put it off ... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene with Hair Conditioner! ✓ *Extra lustre* ... up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! ✓ *Manageable hair* ... easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! ✓ *Complete removal of dandruff!* Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!



BRAIDS ARE VERY SMART this Spring! Notice the tricky little gadget of gayly colored ribbon bows, which Lisa wears to go with the Mexican neckline of her embroidered blouse! And remember ... no other shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

LISA ADORES hair-do gadgets! But says, "make sure that they, and your hair-do, too, match the mood of your clothes!" Every hair in place is her first rule for a smart hair-do. And, says Lisa, "for shining-smooth, manageable hair there's no shampoo like Drene with Hair Conditioner!"



Drene Shampoo



WITH HAIR CONDITIONER

Product of Procter & Gamble

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓ A Tree Grows In Brooklyn (20th Century-Fox)

HOW a more humanly tender story could be told with its hundreds of little tendrils reaching into the corner of every heart, we can't imagine. For here is everything—tenderness, pathos, reality, humor and the plain ugliness of plain ugly living with each character living his role, exactly as described by Betty Smith in her novel.

Dorothy McGuire is "Mama," growing cold and bitter under the strain of poverty and stress. The childbirth scene between Miss McGuire and her daughter is one of the finest ever shown on a screen, to our mind, and how magnificently Peggy Ann Garner as *Francie* rises to meet it. In fact, we can't conceive of any other *Francie* than the plain but deeply intuitive little Garner miss who seems to feel every ache and sorrow of *Francie*.

Fleeting, heart-gripping scenes keep passing in review as we write. Jimmy Dunn is a magnificent *Johnny*, a man of

weakness and charm who finally withers and dies when responsibility becomes an unconquerable ogre. And Joan Blondell as *Aunt Cissy*—how right she is in this role of the much-married but seldom-divorced member of the family. Ted Donaldson as *Neeley Nolan* is more likable than ever and a mighty fine actor at that for a kid. John Alexander as *Steve*, Cissy's milkman husband; Lloyd Nolan as the smitten police officer; James Gleason as the saloon keeper, and so many others, offer gems of performances.

Unlike the book, the film ends with the children not yet grown, but this is a commendable rather than objectionable feature, for the picture is already overlong. But despite its length, you'll find it done as you would have it. And what higher praise could any picture have?

Your Reviewer Says: A gem of sincerity.



Bouquet: Peggy Ann Garner and Dorothy McGuire in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn"

✓✓ Tonight And Every Night (Columbia)

IT'S a musical—different, appealing and strangely warming in its quaint little way, adorned with Rita Hayworth's beauty, enhanced with the dancing of an amazing blond young man named Marc Platt and silhouetted against the early bombings of London. Based on the play, "Heart Of A City" by Lesley Storm, which revealed the true story of a London theater that stayed open during the raids with the cast living in the theater, the story occasionally veers off to the unbelievable, but happily skips over these rough spots to be on its way again.

Janet Blair is fair as Rita's buddy but Lee Bowman as her Royal Air Force beau is handsome and fetching even if his act-

ing capabilities aren't taxed too seriously.

Glimpsed briefly is Stephen Crane as Bowman's pal. Remember him as Lana's ex?

Very good are Florence Bates as *May Tolliver* who manages the theater, Professor Lamberti as the xylophone comic, Leslie Brooks as *Angela*, Dusty Anderson as *Toni* and Ernest Cossart as *Sam Royce*.

Occasionally the color seems slightly mildewed and the sets haphazard, but on the whole it's a sightly little show. And oh yes, watch out for the Platt lad.

Your Reviewer Says: Music against the horror of war.



Beauty in the blitz: Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman in "Tonight And Every Night"

✓✓ Roughly Speaking (Warners)

LOUISE RANDALL PIERSON'S widely read autobiography takes on considerable life with Rosalind Russell a perfect Louise and Jack Carson a fabulous Harold. There is charm galore in the episodic story that suffers unnecessarily from the overcrowding of too much material into a picture that is overlong.

The story picks up halfway through with Jack Carson's entry into the film. The predicaments, the trials and tribulations of this woman and her brood of five somehow always seem comical through her indomitable spirit of optimism.

Her get-up-and-do and her almost pixie-like habit of stomping over imaginary rainbows appeal to the risibles and Rosalind has never been better, believe us.

Donald Woods is perfect as the man who endured for ten years but could take it no longer.

The children who progress through various stages of awkward growth are by far the most natural group of screen children seen in ages. They eventually develop into Robert Hutton, Andrea King, John Sheridan, Jean Sullivan and Robert Arthur—and all are splendid.

Carson is magnificent. The screen seems empty during his absences. Ann Doran as Rosalind's friend is likable. In short, every member of the cast seems exactly chosen, a fact that adds considerably to the authentic charm of the story.

Your Reviewer Says: A delight.



Fun with drama—Rosalind Russell and Jack Carson in "Roughly Speaking"

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 21

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 132

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 22

By Sara Hamilton

✓✓ Hangover Square (20th Century-Fox)

MAYBE we're wrong but we enjoy so much these goose-pimply thrillers when well done, we couldn't resist our best-of-the-month approval for this one so expertly played by our late friend, Laird Cregar. Perhaps it was this, his last performance, that swayed us. Nevertheless we feel this is an outstanding and gripping film due to the superb job of picture craftsmanship, the logical enough reason that revolves the man Cregar into a monster that even he has no memory of, once normalcy returns, and the wonderfully quiet authority of George Sanders as the Scotland Yard psychiatrist. And for good measure, there's Linda Darnell's playing of the sex-laden gal whose own antics prove her undoing.

Director John Brahm deserves credit for keeping the tension high as well as high class with few let downs. But it's Cregar who gives the key performance that unlocks the door to an evening well worth while—providing you like chillers.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll shiver 'n' quiver.

✓✓ Objective Burma (Warners)

BASED on an actual event in the unbelievable horror of jungle warfare in the South Pacific, "Objective Burma" is an exciting story calmly told. The writers and director fortunately had the good sense to let the deed clang its own bell of excitement and bravery while the men who brought it about behave as normal, quiet human beings who have a job to do and do it. There are few flags waved, few patriotic speeches and almost no false

heroics, and therein lies the strength of the film: Errol Flynn, too, has been considerably tamed in his singlehanded war-winning antics. There's a pleasant quietness about Flynn that amounts almost to a self-effacement in its subordination to story that adds enormously to his stature.

There are so many meritorious performances, it's difficult to list them all. We especially liked Jim Brown as *Sgt. Treacy*. It's by far his best job to date and now surely his studio will do something big for him. William Prince will be remembered a long time as *Lt. Jacobs*, the history teacher who suffers so horribly at the hands of the Japs. John Alvin, George Tobias, Dick Erdman and others are a part of this group who endure and perform as men and not heroes. Henry Hull as the newspaper correspondent and Warner Anderson as Col. Carter are particularly fine.

We recommend it as one of the best of its kind—the kind we Americans on the home front should see and think about.

Your Reviewer Says: Superb.

✓ Bring on The Girls (Paramount)

HERE'S a studio that seems to have lost its touch with musicals—or so it seems to our anxious-to-be-entertained taste at least. And why is this, with all those peoples and songs and sets and everything, including Veronica Lake? For instance, there's Eddie Bracken and Sonny Tufts with practically all the Navy behind them. And Marjorie Reynolds looking like a dream walking, dancing, singing and just being beautiful in Technicolor. But for all this, it should have been better.

Anyway, Eddie is a comical sort of scion who joins the Navy because all the girls want to marry him for his money. Sonny

Tufts goes along as sort of chaperone which is no way to win wars and you know it. Anyhow, Eddie gets mixed up with Veronica, Sonny's ex-sweetie, until along comes Marjorie Reynolds, also wealthy, but just singing in night clubs for the heck of it. Anyway, it all gets straightened out but we never do, it's so cornily involved.

We are crazy over a lad called Johnnie Coy who dances like a blue whiz. And is he ka-ute? We liked Spike Jones's version of "Chloe" too. He's so nuts with such divine charm. In fact, we liked it all but the corn. Or maybe you're a vegetarian.

Your Reviewer Says: It's purty, all right.

✓ What A Blonde (RKO)

WHAT'S got into everybody this month? Comics who have been dull for ages suddenly come to life and Leon Errol, as a harassed man with five chorus girl cuties living in his house, is very funny at times as a share-your-car-driver who suddenly finds himself a share-your-home husband whose wife returns unexpectedly.

Of course Errol really doesn't know the girls are there until the man who can aid him in securing necessary raw material (all material here is a little raw) wanders in about the time wifie does. So there he is and so are you—stuck with a silly story that grows fairly comical as time progresses.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't be so fussy.

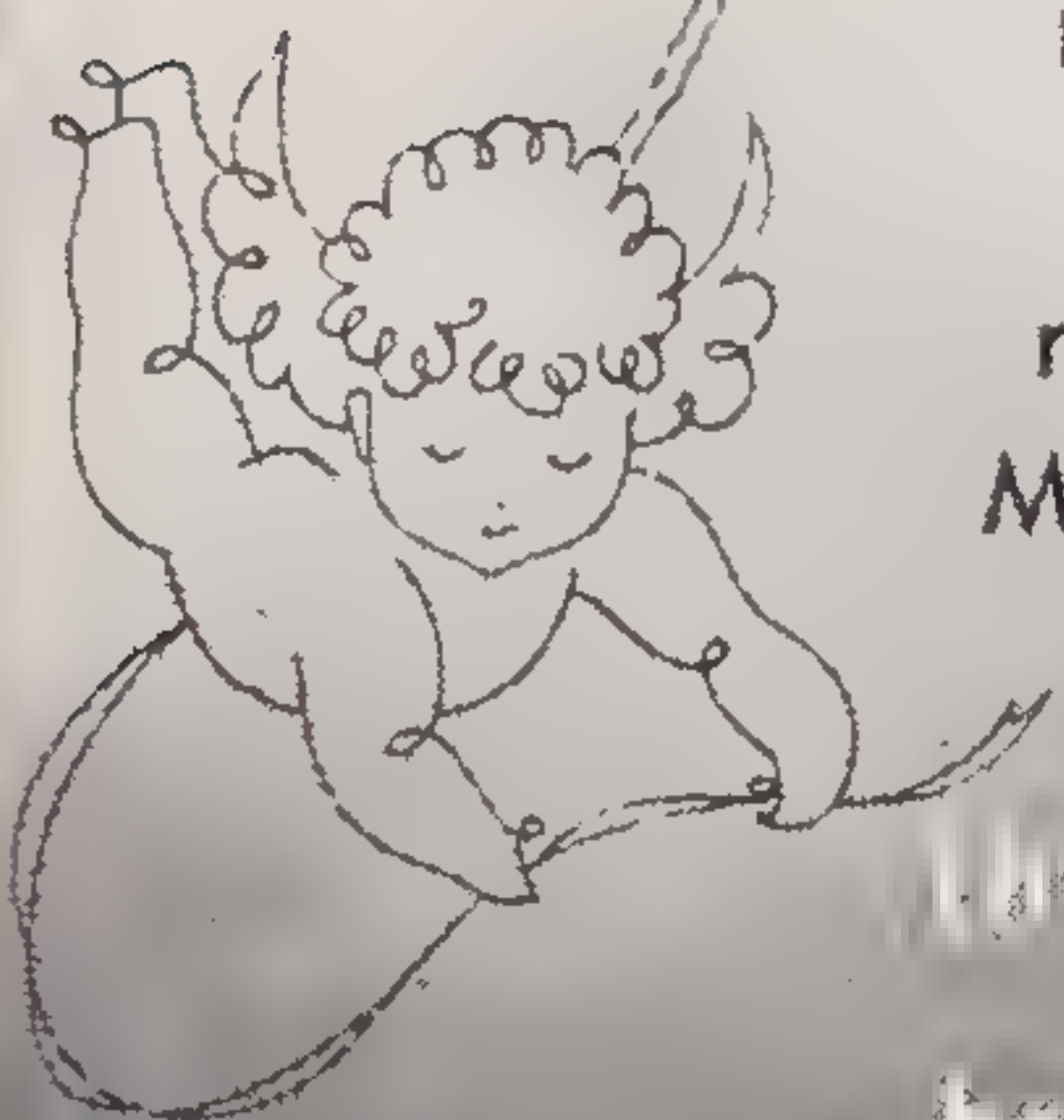
✓ This Man's Navy (M-G-M)

IT was inevitable and properly fitting that the LTA, Lighter-Than-Air service, should come in for its share of glory in this man's war and so we are told at last the

irresistible lips are

Dearly Beloved

There's lure for him
in the rich smouldering tone of
IRRESISTIBLE FUCHSIA PLUM...
in the velvety s-m-o-o-t-h-n-e-s-s
of your lips kept irresistible with
IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK. WHIP-TEXT
to be creamy-soft,
non-drying, longer-lasting.
Matching rouge and powder.



The
bride-to-be
wears

Irresistible fuchsia plum *Lipstick*

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R! A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR

10c-25c
SIZES
NEW SWIVEL
CASE

part played by blimps in sinking submarines, rescuing wrecked planes and crews and performing other vital duties.

The story that surrounds the activities of this little-known branch of the service is heavier than lead, however, and relates the experiences of a hard-boiled but imaginative veteran of LTA, Wally Beery, assigned to training young recruits in this war. His bragging of a mythical wife and son are brought into reality when his fondness for young Tom Drake, a cripple, leads him to exploit him as his own boy. A successful operation results in Drake joining the LTA, becoming an officer, falling in love, winning a somewhat unmerited reward but eventually coming through in a thrilling cloud-hopping climax.

Jan Clayton is pretty as the girl, James Gleason excellent as Beery's skeptical pal and, incidentally, this is one step forward for that personable young actor, Tom Drake.

Your Reviewer Says: Information in a pleasurable capsule.

✓ Pan-Americana (RKO)

HERE we go below the border again, so involved in love and molasses it's like pulling one's foot from wet cement. But it's fun, too, with Audrey Long pretending to be in love with Philip Terry so, as she explains it, she won't have to wrestle all the way to South America where her real fiancé, Marc Cramer, is waiting.

Phillip, a photographer, Audrey and Eve Arden are off on a tour of the South American Republics for the purpose of doing a magazine feature on "our good neighbors," bless their patient souls, and it's on this trip that all the bending of Cupid's arrows takes place. (Continued on page 126)

Best Pictures of the Month

A Tree Grows In Brooklyn
Tonight And Every Night
Objective Burma
Roughly Speaking
Hangover Square

Best Performances

Peggy Ann Garner in
"A Tree Grows In Brooklyn"
James Dunn in
"A Tree Grows In Brooklyn"
Dorothy McGuire in
"A Tree Grows In Brooklyn"
Joan Blondell in
"A Tree Grows In Brooklyn"
Errol Flynn in
"Objective Burma"
Rita Hayworth in
"Tonight And Every Night"
Rosalind Russell in
"Roughly Speaking"
Jack Carson in
"Roughly Speaking"
Laird Cregar in
"Hangover Square"



MY ONE CREAM INSTANTLY BEAUTIFIES YOUR SKIN — AND THE "Patch Test" PROVES IT!

See and feel your skin
 become fresher, clearer,
 younger-textured!

I DON'T just SAY that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does wonderful things for your skin. I PROVE it—prove it by means of the "Patch Test"!

Just choose a part of your face that is too oily, or too dry—or where you have a few blackheads or big pores. Rub Lady Esther Face Cream on that one part of your face, and wipe it off. Wipe it

off completely. Then see how that patch of skin gleams with new brightness and clarity! Touch it—feel how the dry little flakes are gone!

What happens to that small patch of skin will happen to your entire face when you use Lady Esther Face Cream. For it does the 4 things your skin needs most for beauty! (1) It thoroughly cleans your skin. (2) It softens your skin. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect base for powder.

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You'll never believe the difference a single application of Lady Esther Face Cream can make in the appearance of your skin—until you see it for yourself. So get a jar and make the "Patch Test" tonight. See living proof that this one cream is all you need for a softer, smoother skin—a dazzling-fresh skin!



Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream

"Let-Up

WHEN NATURE
LETS ME DOWN?

Not Me!"



You watch the calendar, of course, but nature doesn't. Plans are often upset by menstrual pain. So get Midol before your next period. Have *comfort* handy!

Take a tablet at the first sign of suffering. See how speedily Midol relieves your functional distress—cramps, menstrual headache and blues. Millions of girls and women rely on Midol every month because they find it so effective and know it is not narcotic. Get Midol at any drugstore, now.



MIDOL

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FREE CATALOG Pins and Rings
Finest quality. Over 300 artistic designs. Write for our attractive free catalog and select a beautiful pin or ring for your class or club.
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GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE

You know gray hair spells the end of romance! Yet you are afraid to color your hair—afraid people will know!

These fears are old fashioned! With Mary T. Goldman's scientific color-control you can transform gray, bleached or faded hair to the natural-looking shade you desire—quickly, or so gradually your closest friends won't guess! Pronounced safe by leading medical authorities (no skin test needed). Inexpensive, easy to apply.

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Address.....

City.....State.....



Donald Duck goes visiting south of the border in Disney's Technicolor delight, "The Three Caballeros"

BRIEF REVIEWS

- ✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

ALASKA—Monogram: Kent Taylor plays the heroic lead in a Jack London story of the gold-mine era in Alaska and he has quite a time of it, getting arrested for the murder of two claim jumpers, falling in love with Margaret Lindsay, who's married to John Caradine, and mixing it up with Nils Asther. Dean Jagger is the U. S. marshal. (Jan.)

✓**BELLE OF THE YUKON**—International: Despite the cast, Randy Scott, Gypsy Rose Lee, Dinah Shore, Bob Burns and William Marshall, this little Yukon number all about dance hall romances and stolen gold that isn't really stolen is a disappointing show, although everyone tried very, very hard. Dinah Shore sings several numbers with her usual appeal. (Feb.)

✓**BETWEEN TWO WOMEN**—M-G-M: Van Johnson takes over in the *Dr. Kildare* series as *Dr. Red Adams*, and is very likable in the role of the young medico who solves the case of why night club entertainer Gloria De Haven can't eat. Marilyn Maxwell, who tries to annex Van, Keenan Wynn as a night club master of ceremonies and of course Lionel Barrymore as *Dr. Gillespie* are all present. (Mar.)

BLONDE FEVER—M-G-M: Mary Astor doesn't mind her husband, Philip Dorn, cafe proprietor, flirting outrageously with his blonde employee, Gloria Grahame, until Dorn wins a sweepstake. Then the blonde moves in and Mary moves out, and things go around in a circle. Felix Bressart, Curt Bois, Elisabeth Risdon, and Marshall Thompson complete the cast. (Feb.)

BLUEBEARD—PRC: John Carradine gives one swell performance as the mad painter and operator of a puppet show who strangles his models one by one so as not to be disillusioned by them. Jean Parker as the girl he loves, Nils Asther as prefect of police and Teala Loring as one of the victims, contribute to an enjoyably good horror yarn. (Jan.)

✓**BOWERY TO BROADWAY**—Universal: Two quarreling theatrical producers, Jack Oakie and Donald Cook, finally separate over Maria Montez in an arty production. The cast is an important one, including Susanna Foster, Turhan Bey, Ann Blyth, Louise Allbritton and practically everyone on the Universal lot, but it's the same old show-business theme. (Jan.)

✓**BRAZIL**—Republic: Virginia Bruce is an authoress who takes a few pokes at romantic Latins and travels to South America to get material for another book. There she falls for composer Tito Guizar, is befuddled by Edward Everett Horton, and one thing leads to another. It's a lot of fun and the proceedings are all nice and tuneful. (Jan.)

✓✓**CAN'T HELP SINGING**—Universal: Deanna Durbin's new picture is a Technicolor musical with Jerome Kern's tunes, gorgeous scenery and romance, but it's structurally weak. Robert Paige is unconvincing as the romantic hero, Deanna sings beautifully, Akim Tamiroff and Leonid Kinsky attempt comedy but rarely achieve it and Andrew Tombes, David Bruce and Thomas Gomez are also in the cast. (Mar.)

CONSPIRATORS, THE—Warners: A weak, dull and repetitious story despite Hedy Lamarr's beauty. (Continued on page 128)

Shadow Stage

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Sweet, solemn words. A slim gold band on your finger. Your soft hand clasped in his.

Promise yourself you'll keep your hands as thrillingly lovely as they are now. You can, if you guard them the "beforehand" way, with Trushay.

Always smooth on this rich, fragrant lotion before household tasks... before you do dishes or tub undies.

Trushay's lush creaminess guards your hands, even in hot, soapy water... helps them stay bridal—soft and pretty!

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The
"Beforehand"
Lotion



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

New! LIQUID "LIPSTICK"

Can't smear!
Won't rub off!



Instantly...

make YOUR lips more thrilling

Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick," at last, that isn't greasy—that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips deliciously soft, smooth and lovely. It isn't a "lipstick" at all. It's a liquid, in the most exciting tones of red ever created. It's so permanent. Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. Regular size bottle that lasts a long long time is only \$1 at all stores. Or,

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for generous Trial Size

Check shades wanted:

- ☐ **English Tint**—new glorification for blondes, or with platinum or gray hair.
- ☐ **Scarlet**—devastating on girls with brown hair; hazel eyes, fair skin.
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- ☐ **Gypsy**—does wonders for dark-haired, dark-eyed charmers with olive skin.
- ☐ **Gay Plum**—adds world of enchantment to girls with very dark skin.



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Name _____

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Send 12c for each shade ordered

liquid liptone

can't smear!

won't rub off!



Dane Clark, typical "All-American Wolf," says Warren, Pa.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

\$10.00 PRIZE

The Red Cross Gives a Hand

SOME are tall and gaunt. Some are short and boyish. Others look as if they could pass a Hollywood screen test. But all these boys who wander into our Red Cross building, wearing their red robes and gray pajamas, have an expression of loneliness, or disappointment and bewilderment.

When they leave our building, they are still wearing red robes and gray pajamas, but their faces look happier. They are talking and chuckling over the gags or they are humming and whistling the tunes they've heard. They return to their hospital wards with a certain contentment because they've just rollicked through space with Abbott and Costello, or guffawed at Red Skelton who has to do K.P. the same as they do. Or, they have had fun dancing with Lana Turner or "wolf-calling" the luscious Hedy Lamarr.

No matter what the film, the patients look forward to movie night. Hospital life isn't bad . . . a fellow can forget that the mail didn't bring "the letter" . . . or that he is lonesome.

K. M.

Camp Roberts, Calif.

\$5.00 PRIZE

A Farewell for Lupe Velez

YOU will live on within our hearts,
A gay and lovely thing,
A bright, exotic butterfly
Though you have taken wing.

Fluttering down the halls of time,
A shining memory.
Released at last from grief and pain,
Your spirit now is free.

Louise Darcy,
Biddeford, Me.

\$1.00 PRIZE

If They Can, We Can!

BOY, what a picture! It sure was swell. If you've seen "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" you will agree with me. No wonder! Look who starred in it—Van Johnson, Robert Walker! Phyllis Thaxter was swell too. Give us more of her.

While I was enjoying this picture I noticed an elderly lady sitting next to me. She was crying and a sailor was trying to comfort her. He asked her if she would like to leave. Her reply was, "No, we all have to face it; if they can take it, we can too!"

My girl friends and I walked home so we could discuss the picture. We all decided whenever we went shopping and wanted to buy a new bracelet or anything in the latest style, (Continued on page 124)

PHOTOPLAY awards \$10 first prize, \$5 second prize and \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted, as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.



FORGET THAT
LOOK IN
HER EYES...

***SHE'S GOT MURDER
IN HER HEART!***

Meet the year's biggest
movie surprise... Dick
Powell playing a new
kind of role... in a
murder-mystery that's
rough, tough and terrific!



Dick POWELL
Claire TREVOR • Anne SHIRLEY

"Murder, My Sweet"

with
OTTO KRUGER • MIKE MAZURKI • MILES MANDER
DOUGLAS WALTON • DON DOUGLAS



Produced by Adrian Scott • Directed by Edward Dmytryk
Screen Play by John Paxton

A PICTURE WITH A HEART AS *Big* AS TODAY'S GOLDEN WEST!



Heed the call
to adventure great and thrill-
ing! All the sweep and power
of "My Friend Flicka"...more
rousing . . . more compelling!



THUNDERHEAD

SON OF FLICKA

in Technicolor!

with

RODDY McDOWALL
PRESTON FOSTER RITA JOHNSON

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

Directed by LOUIS KING • Produced by ROBERT BASSLER
Screen Play by Dwight Cummins & Dorothy Yost • Based on the Novel by Mary O'Hara



Movies at Sea

I SAT in the blacked-out wardroom of a troop transport, standing out to sea in the North Atlantic, and shared with the Coast Guard crew two hours of magic escape into a world of music and fun and unrepressed laughter.

The ship was newly commissioned, and tonight was to be the first "movie night" aboard. Word of this major event had spread throughout the huge ship in the afternoon when an electrician's mate had been summoned to the chaplain's "office" for a conference.

There had been considerable argument just before this first showing as to the best location for it. Some favored the number three hold, others the enlisted men's cafeteria. The projectionist won out with his choice of the officer's wardroom on the weather deck, with only the minor inconvenience of a series of well-placed posts behind which it was almost impossible to stretch your neck far enough to see the screen.

The equipment for this screening, never before used, was a 35 mm. projector—meaning the same professional type of projector used in your own movie theaters at home—with a portable sound amplifier that was moved constantly back and forth across the room to find the best spot for audibility. The choicest location proved to be just far enough from the screen so that the actors' lips moved a fraction of a second before the sound issued from the speaker, neatly spoiling the synchronization.

"Movie night" meant most to the chaplain aboard ship. For morale was his division of responsibility and the obvious place for movies was under the heading of morale. So it had become the chaplain's job to make sure that the proper equipment was on board, that a good selection of films was secured, and that there were, among the crew, some men who knew how to handle the projector and amplifier.

At the announced Coast Guard hour of 2000, the men began to file into the room—for many of them their first glimpse of officers' quarters and for almost as many their first glimpse of "top side" since the ship had left port.

Considerable kidding of the Chief who was attempting to master the direction sheet that had come

attached to the projection equipment turned to good natured cat calling and whistling when the lights went out and the film ran off upside down. Eventually, the film was righted, the lights were out again, and a *Popeye* cartoon was on the screen.

For two hours war was forgotten. In the dim, reflected light from the screen I could watch the strain ease from the faces of men who had worked too hard too many weeks. It was a calm night and the ship slipped through the ocean with only the vibration of its steam turbines and the faint, ever present roll of a vessel at sea to remind me that after the show I couldn't walk out of the theater and stroll comfortably to my home.

The main feature earned a full-throated chorus of cheers. It was "Meet Me In St. Louis" and could have been more happily received only if Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien had been on hand to greet the sailors personally.

Between the Disney cartoon and the main feature, I chatted with the chaplain who had relaxed sufficiently to light his pipe and try out a cautious smile.

"It's a great treat," he said, "to see these boys having such a time for themselves. Best medicine we could have aboard this ship. I don't know what we'd do without movies when we get the Army troops aboard. Why, there'll be thousands of them, plus our own crew, with nothing for the troops to do but eat and sleep and wonder where they're going and when they'll get there.

"The skipper told me he planned to show movies twenty-four hours a day when we get the troops loaded on. We'll move the screen and equipment around from hold to hold where the troops are quartered and let them forget the war and themselves for awhile."

The next day I ran into the chaplain aft of the quarter deck sniffing the salt spray from a wintry sea.

"Look at this," he said and he showed me a letter from a crew member he had been given to censor.

"Dear Mom," it began—

"Everything's swell. Last night I saw a swell movie. Gee it was some fun. Just like being home again."

Fred Sammis



A tender story set to music—about the love of Judy
Garland and Vincente Minnelli, two who met on
a make-believe set and made it real

by Adela Rogers St. Johns

Love Song for Judy



Engaged and engaging—Vincente and Judy, leaving *Ciro's*

THE first time I ever saw Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli together was in the cold gray dawn on a station platform in Pasadena.

I had gone out to meet a dear friend who was coming three thousand miles, but even the glow of welcome couldn't warm the wind that blew down from California's snow-capped peaks. Since misery loves company, I was glad to find a lot of other people waiting for the train and to discover that they were all there because Judy Garland was coming back from a trip to New York, and that Vincente Minnelli was on the same train.

There had been vague rumors that a romance was brewing between Judy and the young director who had piloted her "*Meet Me In St. Louis*" to such a triumphant success. But nobody seemed to be very sure about it because Judy had taken her separation and divorce from Dave Rose pretty seriously.

Personally, I was hopeful about it. I had never met Mr. Minnelli, but I felt that I knew him very well. Last summer when my youngest son worked as a messenger boy at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, I learned Vincente was the idol of the messenger boys. If a messenger couldn't be found, he was out on the "*Follies*" set watching Mr. Minnelli's picturesque methods of getting all the girls into their bubbles at the same time, or listening to his vivid and humorous vocabulary and admiring his directorial genius.

I am inclined to take the clear-eyed verdict of youth seriously myself, so I already felt a keen interest in and admiration for Mr. Minnelli.

Presently the *Super Chief* steamed proudly in and Judy and Vincente Minnelli got off the train and, all of a sudden, I was quite warm and happy. My friend touched me on the shoulder and I greeted her with the slightly inane remark, "But they're in love, I'm sure they are. Isn't that splendid?"

The reason I thought it was splendid was because, like everybody else, I adore Judy and to date her romances hadn't been lucky. So I decided, in spite of its being just before Christmas, to go and see Judy and ask her about it. Actually it was the day before Christmas when I waited for her in her dressing rooms, a

suite with a charming little drawing room and a big room which, upon this occasion, was completely filled with packages and when Judy came in she was completely loaded with packages, too.

She dumped the packages and collapsed and I thought, she's such a very little girl, and she looks exhausted the way everybody does who has been banging around on those last-minute errands, and she isn't exactly beautiful nor exactly pretty, she's—she's just Judy Garland, not like anybody else in the world and isn't it nice to just sit and look at a girl who isn't like anybody else? For Judy is always Judy, with the biggest, brownest eyes and where in the world does that voice come from? Lily Pons is little but then she's a coloratura, but Judy's voice is big and rich and warm and dynamic.

I asked her, right away, about her rumored engagement to Minnelli.

Judy looked at me rather (Continued on page 105)

Lana talks

Not many girls would dare to be as gallantly frank about



Says Lana: "My romance with Turhan has been the most beautiful thing in my life."

THE incurably romantic Lana Turner, who at twenty-four has had two marriages and many romances, has undergone a great change.

Not that the little Turner girl isn't still romantic, emotional, in love with life and, oh, so in love with the Turkish actor, Turhan Bey, but there's a new responsibility in her life now that is casting a becoming new shadow of maturity and womanliness across her personality.

It's the adoration she has for her little daughter Cheryl.

It is true she still goes to night clubs, a vivid blonde flame for the photographer's flash bulbs. But un-

like the gay days when she was with first this man and then that one, she is now always in the company of the darkly handsome, strangely oriental-looking Turhan Bey.

You don't have to be on the Hollywood "inside" to realize that these two are really in love. But where Lana used to talk freely about her romances—this one with Turhan has been different. When interviewers have tried to get her to talk about him, she has always changed the subject or flatly said it was something she didn't care to discuss. And that ended it.

But one day last week she stopped in to see me on her way home from

work. Perhaps it was the thoughtful, relaxed mood women feel in those hours when day is closing, the fire is lighted and the little annoyances of the working hours are over, that brought on the mood. At any rate, we fell to talking naturally and easily about this new love in her life.

I thought she looked a little tired, resting her blonde head against the back of a chair, but still very beautiful with her dark eyes seeming bigger than ever against the natural whiteness of her skin. Now and then she twisted a huge emerald ring, surrounded by diamonds, on her engagement finger.

"A present from Turhan?" I asked.

about *Turhan*

a romance as Lana is here BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS



Ciro threesome with emphasis—Clark Gable stops to chat with his old friend Lana Turner

"No," she answered. "It really isn't. I bought it myself but so many people ask about it that Turhan and I decided we wouldn't answer their questions. So everyone thinks he gave it to me."

I had missed her at all the New Year's parties and asked where she had been.

"Turhan was ill with a very bad cold," she replied. "I stayed right by his bedside. I wouldn't have enjoyed going anywhere without him. You know," she said simply, "this is the real thing. I haven't gone out with another man for six months."

"How did you and Turhan first meet?" I wanted to know.

Their first meeting was at a party at Maria Montez's house. Lana went with Steve Crane to whom she was then married. She said, "It was just a casual meeting. I thought he was very nice but he meant absolutely nothing to me then and I did not see him again for months and months and then I met him again."

"Where?" I asked.

Lana laughed, "Again it was at a party at Maria Montez's, seven months ago. I had separated from Steve in the meantime and Turhan asked me if he might call. We had many telephone conversations before he finally asked me to go to Olvera Street with him for dinner. We both

love Mexican food and I had never had such a good time in my life. We laughed and laughed and had such a wonderful evening and after that, well you know the rest. I saw him practically every night. And our laughs and good times have continued."

I said, "Then you'll marry him the minute your divorce becomes final next August?"

"Oh, that's another matter," she answered. "Turhan is so young—he's never been married. I've had two marriages and somehow I feel so much older."

Lana reaches the ripe old age of twenty-four (*Continued on page 85*)

My Husband is



Lieut. Morris, awarded the D.F.C. for the seven Jap planes he shot down, in the plane that carried him to victory

I STARTED praying the day I married. Wayne was in uniform. I didn't pray his orders for active service would not come. I prayed only that he would be safe, wherever he went, whatever he did.

When Wayne left for combat duty I prayed harder than ever; silent prayers while hanging out the washing or doing the marketing. And I knew that my prayers flying upwards mingled with the prayers women everywhere were phrasing in different tongues and dialects.

I prayed hardest when our daughter Pam was born. I shut my eyes tight at night and tried to picture

what Wayne was doing. My favorite picture imagined him pacing the deck and wondering whether our baby would be a boy or a girl.

I discovered later, much later, when Wayne's letter rejoicing in Pam's arrival reached me, that this hadn't been an easy time for him either. Far from it. He wrote:

"Hello 'Little Mother,'

"Well, I feel a lot better today. Yesterday it was kind of rugged for me but I'll have to start right in from the beginning. . . .

"As you know, we left the little Island No. 2 on the morning of the

sixth real early and the night before I had written you a letter saying I hadn't had any word of the baby yet. Well, I surely did feel bad, 'cause I just knew that it had been born, so I figured that I wouldn't hear for three or four weeks more. Well, anyway, after we were quite a way out to sea they brought out the mail that had been brought aboard the night before, and I hurriedly read through your letters, both post-marked the 30th. It was the same old story. But one from my mother P.M.'d the 31st gave me the smooth news of my daughter. Needless to say, I was elevated from a very mo-

Home

Though your man is away,
you can share this woman's
glow of gratitude for her
happiness after the dark days

by Mrs. Wayne Morris



Patricia Morris introduces baby daughter Pam to her war-hero daddy

rose young man to the happiest guy in the fleet and, really, secretly, I was just a little bit happier that it was a girl. God knows what I'm gonna do with a daughter messing up the house, but I'm tickled to death, sweetheart, and I want you to know it.

"Well, we waited until about 5 p.m. Then Dave and Bob McReynolds and I sat down in Dave's room and we toasted my daughter into this world.

"So you can tell the young lady that her daddy and great uncle Dave did all right by her.

"Love,
"Wayne."

No literary masterpiece, his letter—but I knew every word came from his heart. That was what counted.

With Pam's arrival life became filled with the complications that

everyone knows these days. I moved into the North Hollywood house that Wayne had built when he was making pictures at Warner Brothers. It's quite far out in the country. Unable to get a telephone and alone much of the time, since gas rationing made callers few and far between, I felt marooned. However, taking care of Pam and the house kept me very busy.

When Pam was in bed in the evening I would play solitaire (I think I know every variety of that game ever invented), listen to the radio and think about Wayne.

I was more fortunate than many wives because I had news of Wayne through newspapers and radio. He was with Fighting Squadron Fifteen of which my uncle, David McCampbell, is the Commander. So whenever I read or heard about David I

knew that my boy friend was safe and sound. Sometimes, of course, the news was disturbing—news such as their destruction of nine enemy planes in an hour and thirty minutes. I knew they had gotten away safely that time—but I couldn't help wondering about the next time.

One evening as I sat playing solitaire, listening to the radio and thinking about Wayne, I was startled to hear his voice. He was broadcasting from Honolulu, telling about the Jap planes he had shot down. I was filled with indescribable joy because I knew even in that moment he was safe. Letters assured me only that he had been safe two or three weeks earlier, depending upon their date-line.

You may not believe in hunches. I never did before. But I do now. For after hearing Wayne's broadcast and reading over the letter he had written about Pam, I had a strong feeling that he was coming home. I didn't talk about it because I was sure people would smile to themselves and feel I was indulging in wishful thinking. But I went ahead with plans. I cut corners on my budget so that when Wayne arrived I could have a maid and be free to spend all my time with him. I caught up with all the washing and ironing, shined up the house and even tried to improve the garden. And while I was doing this I planned how I would cook the things he liked to eat, how we'd play our favorite game—gin rummy, how we'd talk and talk until we both knew everything the other had done during our long separation. I bought a new dress, too, kept after my hands, brushed and brushed my hair, cold-creamed my face and neck faithfully—so I'd look my (Continued on page 115)



Return of a fighter pilot to the home he built as a screen star in peace days

You won't agree with her self-appraisal — that she isn't pretty



I'm like this —

June looks at herself and discovers —she's always hungry, always excited—and always in love with life

RIGHT now I'm like this: I'm expandingly, deliciously, disgustingly happy! I'm so happy that I can't walk, I have to hop-run; and I can't talk calmly, I have to chatter; and I can't eat meals formally at my dining table at home, I have to eat them all over my apartment, from the window sills to the floor.

But I haven't always been the way I am now, at twenty-one. At sixteen, I was a slightly shabby, very earnest little chorus girl in New York, fresh out of high school, with one desire—to save enough money to become a doctor. And five years before that, I was more than earnest, I was sad—for I was spending years in a hospital with a paralyzed leg which doctors told me would forever prevent me from walking. But people change faster than the headlines—and now what I'm like is happy!

This is because I have the six things I have always longed for: A charming five-room furnished apartment, a blue convertible car, a gray Persian lamb coat, a fireplace, a collection of Adrian clothes and a

huge collection of records. I also have friends I truly love, and three pictures behind me that I've thoroughly enjoyed acting in—"Two Girls And A Sailor," "Music For Millions," and "Her Highness And The Bellboy."

But aside from happy, I'm also these other things:

I'm hungry: I eat steadily from five-thirty in the morning (when I wake up) until ten at night (when I go to bed). I love sodas, ice cream, Chinese food, spaghetti; and all day long I eat candy bars, sandwiches and milk shakes; and at bedtime I always have several big pieces of fried chicken which my housekeeper, Mrs. Bess Van Dyke, keeps heaped in the refrigerator for me!

I'm suit-crazy: I have mostly suits in my closet, with accent on my favorite color—black. My secondary choices in colors are gray, blue and brown. I'm embarrassed to admit I own only two dresses—one gray, one

by June Allyson

black; and no hats at all. The first hat I ever wore in my public or private life was in "Two Girls And A

Sailor." I never wear jewelry either. But I wear gloves everywhere, even from the sound stage to the lunchroom—showing you how contrary women can be!

I'm allergic to: The words "swell," "girl friend" and "boy friend." I can always describe a man by saying he's my beau or chum, and to me it sounds better. I'm also allergic to big parties, and to cats, and to people who are nice to you because they want something.

I'm a water baby: I take a shower every morning, a hot bath every night—and I wash my hands and face at least ten times a day. I also wash my hair every morning while I'm under the shower. My hair is naturally curly, so instead of having to wrestle with it for waves, I have to struggle to straighten it out! But I have (Continued on page 113)

June Allyson



Miss April, better known as June Allyson, star of "Music For Millions"

Bull



Strictly U. S. A.

And strictly himself! He's the man with old-world chivalry and new-world appeal—this Hollywood headliner, John Hodiak

BY MICHAEL MAURY



John, the star of "A Bell For Adano," tunes in latest war news

I'VE been very busy investigating John Hodiak. There are two reasons. The first: He is the hottest thing since Sinatra began losing his bobby-soxers to Van Johnson. The second: Anne Baxter. I'll start with the first one.

Hody is strictly U. S. A. He's a wonderful sample of democracy at work and what happens when Horatio Alger and the American dream are rolled together. You probably know that he's the son of Ukrainian immigrants—factory workers. Simple, direct, honest people. They are that and their son is that. Hody has just brought his mother and father out to Hollywood. The first thing Pop did was to go over to Lockheed and get a job on a drill press. Nothing's different from the way it used to be back in Detroit except that Hody's working now, too, and the house they're living in is smaller than the one it took them years to pay for back home.

Hodiak gives you the same feeling people like Gable and Hope and Crosby give you. He's a right guy. When he's not working, he never plays anything but himself. And that quality slides over into his work. That's why you'll like him in "Sunday Dinner For A Soldier," the picture he made with Anne. And why they talk about him in that Lana Turner opus, "Marriage Is A Private Affair."

It's good to be with him. He makes you feel warm. He laughs easily and it's a swell laugh. He grins all the time. Add together the tough white teeth and the grin and the mustache and crew cut they gave him for "A Bell For Adano" and you have the makings of a major pin-up boy. I suggested that idea to him—and ducked. He doesn't

want glamour. He's an actor, not just a leading man. He's not making up quotes for studio press agents when he says he decided he'd be an actor twenty years ago. That was when he was eleven. He started by way of radio. Then came the screen test which Alfred Hitchcock saw by accident and which put him in "Lifeboat."

The twenty years didn't bother him. John is stubborn and patient. He has standards and a sense of values. He knows what he wants and he's surer than the devil that he's going to get to it. He's willing to work, willing to make detours, willing to wait—but he won't back down. Metro found that out when they first hired him. A big executive called him in, said: "Well, young fellow, the first thing we're going to do is change your name." Hody, ignoring the rules of scared, new employee meeting big shot, said: "What for?" The executive sputtered. Hody went calmly on. "It's been good enough for my father and mother. If you're going to use my name, I want people to know it's my parents' son you're talking about."

But with all this patience and calm and sureness, he's not stolid. He moves quickly, reacts quickly. One thing about him that seems to surprise Hollywood's seasoned citizens is the fact that he's a gentleman—an old-fashioned one. There's something courtly and old-worldish and dignified in the way he talks to women, for example. Watch him in the same room with some of the brasher idols of the day and you realize that Hody has a quality much more valuable than a box-office return.

His success means only four things to him. It means that he's doing all right so far as Mom and Pop are concerned. It means that he can be a respected actor. It means that he has money enough (Continued on page 93)



John and Anne Baxter, who met when they starred together in Fox's "Sunday Dinner For A Soldier," have a night out

John Hodiak



Momentous guy: John Hodiak soon to be seen in M-G-M's "The Harvey Girls"



Skolsky and Lauren look each other over—and he admits he's puzzled

I GO for Lauren Bacall, as who doesn't, but I must admit that she puzzles me. Whenever I see her in a night club she acts exactly as she does on the screen, giving "that look," and I don't know whether she is acting, or if on the screen she is being natural . . . I admire Preston Sturges's direction as much as anyone does, perhaps with the possible exception of Preston Sturges, but I do wish he would stop solving every situation with a pratt fall . . . Van Johnson is a favorite with me, too, and I just thought that you might be interested in knowing that Van sleeps in a pullover sweater. That's all, just a sweater . . . I am getting tired of the mug type in pictures. They follow a pattern, and despite the current disciple, William Bendix, who has replaced Maxie Rosenbloom, they speak the same "dese, dose and dem" dialogue whether in civvies or in uniform . . . This sly remark uttered by Tom Jenk is almost a criticism, although Tom might

Aumont. "Get something to keep away the wolves."

* * *

I like to go to the movies with Hedy Lamarr for Hedy likes to hold hands while seeing a picture . . . The movie stars go to Mocambo or Ciro's, but I prefer the Palladium, for the couples dancing there put on the best floor show in town . . . Greatly amazed I was when I visited Lana Turner's house, and didn't find a single sweater in her wardrobe. I guess that Lana keeps her sweaters in her dressing room at the studio, for a sweater to Lana is probably her working clothes . . . Director Mike Curtiz, who is one of my favorite characters, was talking to an actor and said, "I'm disappointed in you. I taught you everything I know, and still you don't know anything."

Humphrey Bogart is an actor who talks and acts very much off the screen as he does on, and whenever I meet him I get the impression that I am a character in one of his movies

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD

Star-talk on the gay and giddy side from the guy who

Van Johnson may have taken the tip from all the sweater talk



not have meant it to be. Jenk said the credit on the screen reading, "Original Story By . . ." should read, "The Same Original Story By . . ."

* * *

I know of no actor whose success was more gratifying to Hollywood than Barry Fitzgerald's. There was not one dissenting opinion, or a jealous note uttered by another actor, which is something for this cinema city . . . If I had to name the actress who is less inhibited than any, I guess I would name Lucille Ball, but that doesn't mean that there aren't restrictions . . . You can never tell who's going to make a bright remark. Maria Montez tells me that before Pierre Aumont left for overseas, she told him she was going out to buy something to keep the moths away from his wardrobe while he was away. "It isn't the moths I'm concerned about," said

. . . I don't know what the girls see in Gregory Peck, not that I can't recognize his worth and ability as an actor, but then again maybe I'm not supposed to see that in Peck.

* * *

I always get a kick out of visiting the various commissaries at the different studios and watching the players, off guard, have their lunch. Every studio commissary has its own personality, which often reflects the character of the studio and the temperament of the executives. At Metro a specialty is the chicken soup which is the L. B. Mayer special because, it is said, far back in those days when Mayer couldn't afford it, that was the kind of soup he relished.

At Metro, the big table in the center of the room is known as the "Directors' Table," but producers and a few actors, Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable, always have lunch here.

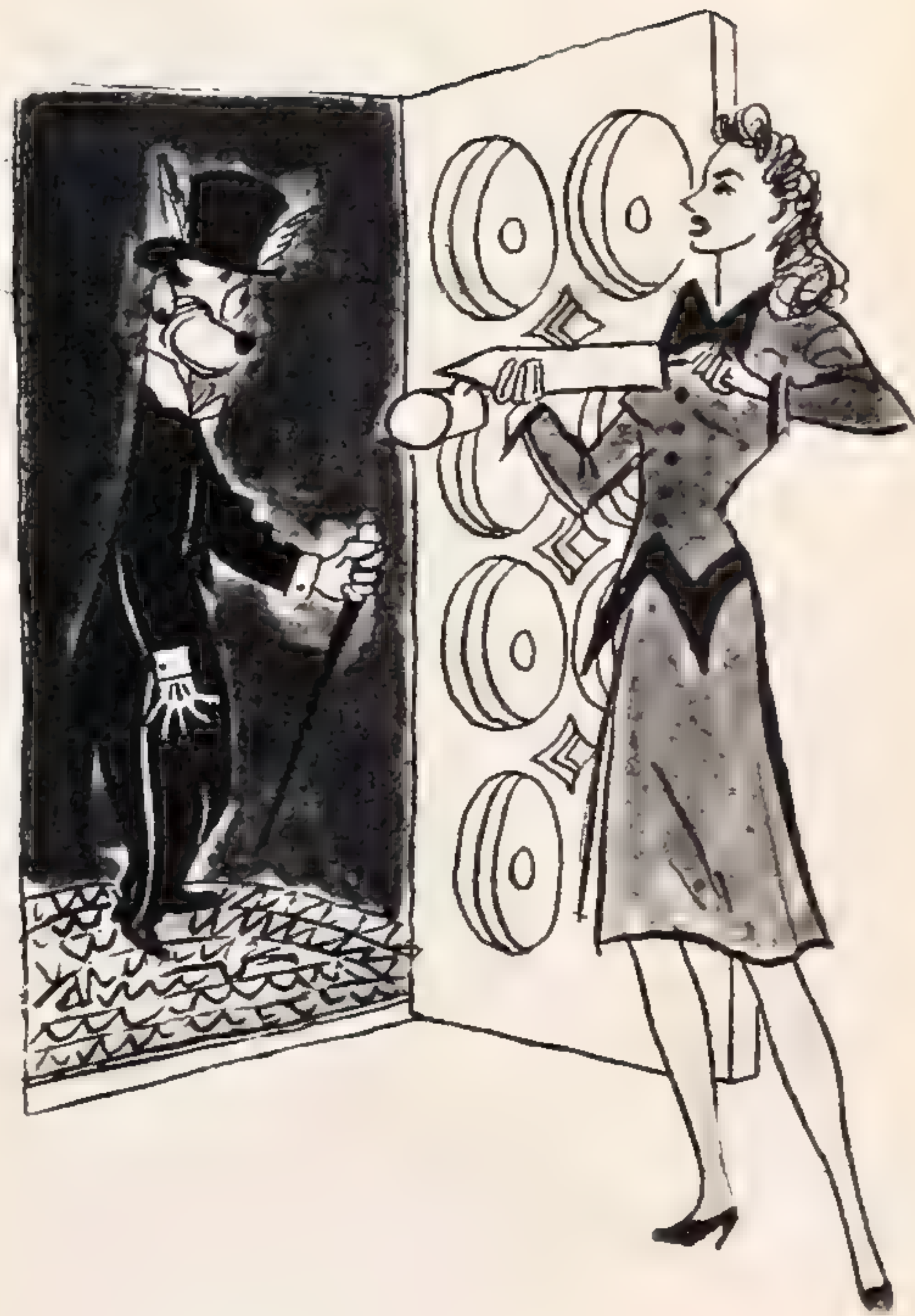
There is a bird cage with dice on the table and everyone who eats there turns the bird cage, and the person who rolls the lowest number with the dice has to pay for everyone's lunch at the table for the day. There is only one sandwich on the menu that is named after an actor and that is the Robert Montgomery Sandwich. I recall having lunch with Montgomery one day, and he ordered a Robert Montgomery Sandwich, and then objected to the price listed, saying it was too much for a Robert Montgomery Sandwich.

The commissary where the performers dine at Warners is called "The Green Room," and the walls are lined with the latest photographs of the actors and actresses. Ann Sheridan, one day, eating under the latest portrait of herself, looked up and remarked, "I almost didn't recognize myself. But I know it's me because I posed for it." The executives at Warners have their own private dining room, where even

cause the male fans were supposed to resent the fact that their heroine was already taken. But now there is a new set of morals, and it doesn't make a bit of difference to the boys that Betty Grable is married. They still pin her up. And so far as Grable is concerned, I'm one of the boys . . . Joseph Cotten on the screen, especially his voice, reminds me of Orson Welles. I asked Rita Hayworth if Joe Cotten reminded her of Orson and she replied, "In some ways yes, but in other ways no." . . . Alfred Hitchcock will admit to you that he seldom goes to the movies, but when he made this admission to Gregory Ratoff, Ratoff said, "I don't understand it. Then where do you get your material?"

* * *

I want you to come with me now, just for a couple of minutes, into the dressing rooms of certain actors and actresses. I know you won't object, and you'll probably enjoy it as much as I do. Paulette Goddard's



It's a military command—from Maria Montez's husband overseas

FOR YOU!

gads about and gets it

by Sidney Skolsky

such celebrities as Errol Flynn cannot eat without an invitation. In this private dining room, over the fireplace, there is a printed sign which reads, "The names of the persons, places and incidents mentioned during conversation are purely coincidental and have no relationship to actual persons, places or incidents."

* * *

I believe Anne Baxter is one of the sexiest actresses on the screen. Anyway she sends me, but somehow I always have the impression when I talk to Anne that she is trying to act grown up and sophisticated . . . I have yet to see Cary Grant in a bad picture. I know that he has appeared in a couple of bad ones, but the fact that Cary Grant is in it makes it a better picture for me . . . In the early days of pictures, they would try to keep the fact that an actress was married a secret, be-

dressing room at Paramount is on the main street there, up four steps, and is neatly furnished. Miss Goddard usually has a gown lying on her couch, and the walls of her dressing room are decorated with original Diego Rivera sketches . . . Across the street from Paulette, in what is known as "Star Row," is the dressing room of Dorothy Lamour. Miss Lamour has only one photograph on her wall. It is an autographed photograph of Goo-Goo, the chimpanzee who has been with her in jungle films . . . Greer Garson's dressing room at Metro is a swanky affair. It is practically all done in sea shells. The lamp is made of sea shells, and the backs of the chairs are decorated with sea shells, and over Miss Garson's couch is a fishing net. Metro is the only studio that has separate dressing-room buildings (Continued on page 119)

A guy named Goo-Goo got his picture in Lamour's dressing room





Top: Dick Crane, who will appear next in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Captain Eddie." Center: Dick delights in combing Kay's long dark hair. Lower: The bride and groom clowning in the kitchen

Time Out for Love

LITTLE did the neighbors in Hollywood's Laurel Canyon suspect that the minute but fetching guest house, standing in the rear of the estate with the big iron gate, had overnight become a honeymoon house. A hidden honeymoon house at that—not the house, of course, but the honeymoon. For there were reasons why the Richard Cranes weren't telling the world of their three-hour-old marriage.

It all began over a year ago when Dick dropped into Victor's—a steak house on Sunset Boulevard. Not only was the food good at Victor's—so was the conversation. In addition, it lay on the direct route between Dick's canyon house and the studio.

This particular evening, Dick sauntered in without the slightest premonition that he was about to undergo an experience that would alter his entire life. The first person he noticed was his agent, Bert Marx, who is also one of Dick's best friends.

"Hi, Bert," said Dick. Then he rounded the booth and noted that Mr. Marx's companion was a pretty girl. Pretty in the Western manner as opposed to the Hollywood version, which is to say that she was not heavily made up, her eyelashes—though impressively long—were her own, and her hair fell in long, unstudied grace over her shoulders.

"How about joining us?" asked Bert. Dick didn't exactly leap at the chance. After all, he had dated some luscious lassies during the past several years. But there was something about this girl. . . .

"Miss Kay Morley, Mr. Richard Crane," said Bert Marx. "Kay, would you mind if I went over a few things with Dick?"

"Not at all," said Kay. And during the dinner she didn't speak more than six sentences.

Afterward, Dick mused about this. She hadn't ventured *one* unsolicited opinion. She hadn't table-hopped; nor had she called anyone over to the table. She had been merely quiet. There are, of course, said Dick to himself, two kinds of quiet—one that results (Continued on page 93)

They hid away in a little house until Dick Crane, head-over-heels in love with his Kay, could keep their secret no longer

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

(KODACHROMES BY HYMIE FINK)



Above: Hollywood's happiest pair—Mr. and Mrs. Dick Crane. Left: Kay and Dick put the final touches to the bedspread in the bedroom of their honeymoon house

"My Easter Prayer"

BY GREER GARSON

Dear Lord, once again we give thanks for the final triumph of Our Saviour over persecution and death. We pray that if it be Thy will we may soon give thanks also for the end of war all over the world. While the dark days of cruelty and suffering continue, comfort those whose hearts are anxious and grieving, and grant us grace to be worthy of our brave fighting men and to keep bright the ideals for which they are enduring so much.

Teach us never again to take our happiness for granted, but to be mindful of the blessings that each day brings. Help us to be more tolerant and understanding and to think of our fellow-men in every part of the world.

Help us to come to our senses. Inspire our leaders with Thy spirit and wisdom to plan for the years ahead. And help each of us to follow Thy teachings in our daily lives so that there may be an end of wars. In our Easter prayers we repeat the words our Savior Himself has taught us: "Thy Kingdom come . . . on earth as it is in heaven."



BY JOHN GARFIELD

When I returned from my overseas trip last year I telephoned the mother of a soldier.

"I saw your son two months ago," I told her, after introducing myself. "He was in fine spirits. He looked healthy and happy. And he asked me to give you his love and tell you he'd be home as soon as his job was done."

There followed a short silence. Then a fine, firm voice softly answered:

"Last week I received official notice that my boy was missing in action," she said, "but nothing will ever make me believe it is true. So long as there is life left in my own body I shall never stop hoping."

My Easter prayer is for that mother. My prayer is for every mother whose heart is filled with hope and faith. I pray for fulfillment of hope and triumph of faith for such mothers all over the world.



BY OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

My prayer this Easter day is for humility—the humility Christ taught—for I would be humble and grateful, not arrogant and proud, in the hour of victory.

I pray that I—that none of us—will ever forget that victory comes dear, that our best young men in the hundreds of thousands have died so that we might have this hour of triumph.

I hope that we will remember too the millions of Chinese men and women and children, and British men and women and children, and Russian men and women and children—not just the combatants, but the innocent dead—the plain people of all the world who will not be here to celebrate the victory they helped to win because they stood firm—and died—when the aggressor came.

With humility in the memory of those who have bought us yet another chance to make good, let us, I pray, try to put together our shattered world so firmly this time, and so justly, that the horrible holocaust of war cannot strike out at peace and decency and freedom again.



Hollywood, in reverent mood, brings

Easter messages of hope and rebirth

BY MARIA MONTEZ

My Easter prayer is one I have made a thousand times since my husband went overseas to the battlefronts and the war became a hauntingly terrible personal thing.

I pray little prayers each day for the war to end soon with victory in our hands.

I pray my husband will be unharmed.

I pray all the men who have left their homes for the loneliness and danger and suffering that war brings to them, in a measure that we—the safe ones—can never understand, will come back safe and soon.

I pray there will be peace and freedom in the world.

I pray for happiness as a possession shared.

I pray for little things important only to me and for the things which make life good for all of us.



BY ALAN LADD

My prayer is for all the men of America who have taken up arms to fight the evil forces of Fascism, and especially for those who have given up their lives so that those evil forces could not destroy the freedom which our nation has struggled for generations to achieve and to preserve.

I pray for them and for their comrades in arms, the Allied soldiers who stand with them in the great fight.

I pray that they soon will achieve complete victory and can come home to help build a lasting peace so that all decent people everywhere can be safe and free, not just for a generation, but for all time.

I pray too for the loved ones of those men in arms who do their fighting on the home front, but who are no less devoted to the sacred ideals we are fighting for—ideals given to the world centuries ago by the Prince of Peace, whose resurrection we celebrate today.



BY LIONEL BARRYMORE

For myself I ask nothing. I am content.

There is an old saying that man needs but little here below. This seems particularly true in my case. After all I can eat only three meals a day and sleep eight hours. So my own personal desires can easily be filled with a good book or with a good piece of music.

But for the others—and for myself as well, in the sense that we all share, however remotely, in the good or ill that comes to the world—my greatest desire is to see the end of the terrible conflict which is now destroying mankind.

My prayer is for a time when men learn to settle disputes by reason and understanding instead of by resort to arms.

Humanity's greatest boon will be the day when "Peace on earth, good will toward men" dawns in its truest sense and wars remain only a ghastly memory.



June Haver



Symphony in stripes: June Haver in Fox's "Where Do We Go From Here" ^{Powolny}

When It's June

... you think of moonlight and roses. That's the effect June Haver has—moonlight, with a surprise ending

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

SHE'S ambitious—and angelic. She's determined—and dimpled. She's smart—and sex-appealing. She's brainy—and beautiful. She has the capacity of a giant for work—and is a rather small girl of eighteen. She's new—and news-making. She's a blonde—and a business woman. She's psychic—and sensational. She's lucky—and lovable. She's June Haver—the glittering hope of her studio and, if you're in a romantic mood, the love of Seaman First-Class Farley Granger, about whom more anon.

June was practically born wanting to be an actress. Her mother was an actress and gave June the works in the way of singing, dancing, piano and acting training. Her stepfather, Bert Haver, was so determined that June should be a thespian that he personally toted her around the country for auditions.

"I can't remember a time when I wasn't performing before an audience," the diminutive star says. "I gave a piano recital when I was five. At seven I auditioned for Metro talent scouts. At eleven I had my own radio program. At thirteen I was singing with big name bands. At fourteen I signed as a soloist with Ted Fio Rito's orchestra. At fifteen I was making shorts at Universal. At sixteen I had a movie contract with Twentieth Century-Fox." (All this without a trace of bragging from the candid blue-eyed blonde.)

In between whiles, June won just about every contest in America. In the Beverly Hills apartment where June lives with her mother, stepfather and younger sister, there are no less than fifty medals, cups, trophies and other prize-winning gadgets. You name it—June won it. She was lucky, but a fantastic amount of shrewd planning and building formed the groundwork for the soaring rise of the talented little charmer.

To give you an example of how June prepares for her opportunities: It happened to be the most important career moment of her life, but the same thoroughness goes for everything.

"For six months after I was signed by Fox," explains June, "I did nothing except go to school on the lot with Roddy McDowall, Peggy Ann Garner and Jeanne Crain. I also worked at my singing, dancing and acting. Then I had a terrible shock. My agent told me that my option would not be taken up!

"I went to Lew Schreiber, the casting director, and said, 'I hear you're going to drop my option.' 'We have already dropped it,' he told me. I practically went on my knees and begged for a chance to prove what I could do. 'You're



Skiping along with her sailor, June and Farley Granger

so young,' he gave as the reason for dropping me. 'I've grown a lot in six months—a girl does, you know,' I told him. 'I'll show you I can play a grown-up woman.' He said I could try."

It was a few weeks before Christmas and June had planned a lot of present-buying on her seventy-five-dollar-a-week salary. She just *had* to be re-signed to buy those presents. June wrote her screen test, a vignette based on her own life that gave her opportunities for singing, dancing and acting. She bought a two-hundred-dollar white dress from Adrian that glittered with rhinestones. The rhinestones were (Continued on page 122)

Gregory Peck



Casual shot of an exciting newcomer—Gregory Peck, star of "The Keys Of The Kingdom"

Powolny

The key to *Gregory Peck*

Gentle or ruthless? Serious or gay? Lover or father confessor? Here's the answer to a man who is top news in newcomers

BY DONNA SMITH

READ THIS only if you believe in Fate—for this is a story (a true one) about a tall, dark young man from California who met a small, blonde young woman from Finland. This is how and where and when they met, and it is also their harried adventures before they were married—and their adventures since.

By this time, of course, they live in a charming white house on a cliff overlooking Beverly Hills, in a celebrity-ridden neighborhood.

By this time she has become the mother of a baby boy named Jonathan, and he has become a famous star—the beloved *Father Chisholm* of "The Keys Of The Kingdom" But things were not always this way, by any means.

Who are the two? Naturally, they are Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Peck. And Mrs. Peck finds herself married to the newest meteor on the Hollywood horizon—the hero of "Days Of Glory," of "The Keys Of The Kingdom," and now of "Spellbound," in which he has a starring role with Ingrid Bergman.

He is so sought-after that four studios have divided him up as if he were a prize-fighter—he's owned jointly by David O. Selznick, Twentieth Century-Fox, RKO-Radio and Casey Robinson. Any woman can understand why he's so in demand—for he's a slim and graceful six feet three, with almost-black hair, almost-black eyes with a thousand changing expressions in them and a bracing white smile.

But one blonde claimed him three years ago, and the rest of the women might as well stay philosophically in their seats and watch the show.

Not that he seems aware of any of the excitement over him. Every morning he walks into his garage—which is hanging on a cliff's edge by a triumph of cement over gravity—and inches past a sleek black coupe which he gave to his wife. He then clambers into a rusty 1935 jalopy minus a gasoline indicator, and in this he rattles down the hill and into whichever studio has succeeded in claiming his services for the time being.

Every night he struggles back up the hill in it again and settles down to training his white police dog, Perry, and to reading current biographical books and then to bed. Sundays the Pecks stay home and welcome friends. Until last spring the welcoming took place on the flagged patio, but now it happens in the living room; because in the big rains the patio descended like an elevator to the bottom of the cliff, 2,000 feet below.

Except for that catastrophe, life has been very peaceful indeed for the Gregory Pecks, recently . . . just as peaceful as it used to be adventurous.

Mr. Peck's life was always peppered with adventure—though it didn't become really chaotic until just before Fate introduced him to the future Mrs. Peck. He was born on April 5, 1916, in the pretty little town of La Jolla, California. This was close to San Diego, where his father owned and operated a drugstore . . . and here Gregory attended grammar school and devoted himself to more serious things after school hours, such as boatbuilding. (He fully intended (Continued on page 102)



Greta and Greg had a head-on collision, planned undoubtedly by Cupid himself



Gregory and their pet dog, Perry who loves in vain the Persian cat, Midgie

Betty, star of "Incendiary Blonde" gets hairdo from hairdresser, Eunice



Never a dull moment for "best friends" Margie Plecher, Eunice MacFarlane and Lindsay Durand with Betty



This is Betty's hillside house

dazzled by the uproar—and delighted!

Your first mental upset would come when you pointed your car toward the Hollywood hills and began a devious climb up a snake-like road that led you higher and higher until you finally reached what looks like a tiny one-story tan stucco house with a "roll" roof. The tiny house is an optical lie, you shortly discover, for it really sprawls backward down a steep hillside for three stories.

You'd park your car in a neighbor's flower bed to keep it from careening down the hilly road, walk past the garage doors and open a small gate that leads into the handkerchief-sized front garden—and in ten steps you'd be at the front door.

IF you were a house guest of Betty Hutton you'd be the house guest of the giddiest and gayest human jumping bean in Hollywood. You'd be deafened, dazed and

Twilight is falling, and in the clear evening air you can hear the neighbors' dinner noises floating from one side of the canyon to the other. But now the door opens and a pretty colored maid named Mary invites you inside. "I'll get Mrs. Hutton—Miss Betty isn't home from the studio yet," she says, ushering you through a small hallway—into an entrancing living room. It's your first warning that the outside of the house belies the inside; for you find yourself in a big, square, gracious room entirely done in elaborate French decoration . . . and the corner made by the two farthest walls is lined with windows overlooking all of the twinkling lights of Hollywood and the nearby hills, encrusted with white houses.

After the lovely view, your eye is attracted back to the room. Its floor is covered in pale green figured carpeting, and while you wait for Betty's mother to appear, you notice that the walls are tinted to match the rug, the drapes on the many windows are green with a gold rose pattern and the furniture is heavy gilt, upholstered in rich gold or green brocades. A dainty marble fireplace is oppo-

The playroom where Betty keeps her Pacific tour trophies



Betty at her wardrobe chest where all is neat and in numbers



You'd go up a winding road to a delightful house on a hill—and you'd have a dizzy, dazzling time . . .

Betty Hutton's house guest

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

site the windowed vista, with a section of modern glass outlining it. There are two couches and at least ten easy chairs scattered around the room—and under an ornate gold-framed mirror stands a console spinette. On either side of the fireplace are low built-in bookcases, sparsely sprinkled with books. This room is shinningly neat, formal and yet comfortable; and you've already noted that Betty doesn't believe in family portraits . . . there isn't a picture in the room except for some formal French water colors on the walls.

But now you hear Betty's mother coming up a flight of stairs from somewhere below in this hillside house, and you turn to greet her. Her name is Mabel Hutton, but she's known to you from this moment as "Mom," and you love her at once. She's a thin, energetic, young-looking woman with bobbed ash-blonde hair that's flying around her ears, alert green-gray eyes and a sweet face. She's wearing pastel-green slacks and a blouse, and swinging from one hand is her four-year-old blond grandson, John Thomas Philbin III—who is Marian Hutton's son, and Betty's beloved nephew. (John

lives at his bombshell aunt's house as much as at his own traveling family's.) Mom and he settle on the sofa together, while Mom tells you how she located this house last November on the very day Betty got back from her South Pacific entertainment tour, and how they rent it furnished, and how much Betty loves it.

Right here Betty herself arrives—you can hear her (and so can the neighbors) for minutes before she appears. There are five blasts on a horn outside, the sound of Betty's blue convertible Buick sedan shrieking to a stop in the garage, and then the front door bursts open and Betty has leaped inside—all flying blonde curls, dancing hazel eyes, a flapping yellow sports coat over a yellow sweater and skirt. Her feet are in sandals and yellow bobby socks, and she literally broad jumps across the room to you, yelling "Hiya, doll-face!!" Then she envelopes you, Johnny and Mom in successive bear-hugs. Within two seconds she has seized your heavy suitcases and is rushing them and you down the green-carpeted hallway. Behind you, you can hear Mom herding little

Johnny downstairs for his supper.

Meanwhile, Betty is blithely informing you that except for the living room, this top floor is all her domain. To the left, off the hall, is your bedroom—a trim, square, small room with the same green carpeting as the living room and hall. The double bed has ivory satin for a spread and the same satin repeated in the quilted headboard. The walls are pale ivory-yellow, there are yellow drapes and a fluffy dressing-table in white with pink trimming. There are also a couple of easy chairs in pale green . . . but now Betty, having tossed your suitcases in a corner, is dragging you down the hall again to see her suite. "First time I've been living like a movie queen, and I'm eating it up!" she says in her gay, happy voice.

Her bedroom is something like your own, only a little bigger in size. Her rug is aqua blue, her walls a paler blue and her bed covered in a quilted ivory satin spread with a matching quilted headboard. The wall behind it is draped in the same satin, with two dark rose panels on either side. There's also a blue easy chair with (Continued on page 66)

This is the bed you'd sleep in if you were a Hutton guest



The Blonde Bombshell launches an attack on the pool ball





Ida and Livvie try for a truce

In This

A lively account of the mental fisticuffs—

LADIES and gentlemen, we have in this corner . . .

Well, at different times we have different contenders; professional rivals, personalities who do not, for one reason or another, click with each other, even the major studios themselves. Metro and Warner Brothers, for instance, have for a long time gazed upon one another's achievements with the greenest eyes and eternally have it in mind to outshine one another.

The strangest events and circumstances call for boxing gloves sometimes. With Sonja Henie and Michael O'Shea it was a love scene, of all things. . . .

Sonja is a careful, methodical business woman, and nobody knows better than she that she must be photographed from very defined

angles, with her head, her hair, her lashes just so.

She and the big boss of the new International Pictures, the witty Bill Goetz for whom she made "It's A Pleasure," get along blissfully. But the immediate producer of "It's A Pleasure" was David Lewis. David and Sonja did not mix like Scotch and soda, but more like gasoline and fire. Continual bouts were going on between them when Mr. O'Shea wandered into the ring as Sonja's leading man.

When Sonja gave Mike barely a nod, he burned. The chances are good that Sonja had no thought of snubbing him. Business is just that with her and she hasn't troubled to make any of her leading men feel important since the days when she fell in love with one of them—

the handsome Tyrone Power.

Came their first love scene. Once again, what happened was probably innocent. But somehow or other, in kissing Sonja, Mike succeeded in nearly throwing her off balance. His face got beautifully into camera range but Sonja's was knocked galley-west and her hair and temper were royally ruffled. The temperatures fell below the freezing mark and for one solid week, except for actual lines in the script, Henie and O'Shea never addressed to one another so much as a single word. The glances exchanged between them were hard enough to pave a road, however.

They've made it up ostensibly. But don't think Henie has forgotten.

There also are times when what started out to be a fine friendship is the cause of it all. Originally, Alan

June Allyson used to be the silent shadow

Sonja Henie and Michael O'Shea enact love, but it's strictly an act



Corner —

spoken and otherwise—of Hollywood's livelier set

BY *Fearless*



Icebergs for June Haver and Jeanne Crain

Ladd and Bill Bendix were pals. They had much in common. Their lives had run parallel. For years Alan had kicked around Hollywood, getting nowhere. Simultaneously, Bill had been kicking around New York, even had been on relief. They met just as both hit the up-curve and signed their original Paramount contracts.

Bill had nothing but gratitude toward everybody at this time; gratitude toward films for recognizing his talent and helping him out of his hitherto wretched existence, gratitude for his wife Tess who had stood so loyally by him, gratitude toward Sue and Alan Ladd, his neighbors, who put in so many enthusiastic words for him at the studio. They were very close, the Ladds and the Bendixes. When Alan went into

service he worried less about Susie because he had Bill's word that he would stand by when the baby was born.

Unfortunately perhaps for the Ladd-Bendix friendship, Bill's contract ran only for a short period while Alan's was of long duration. When Bill's contract came up for renewal he was given a whopping big raise and the right to make outside pictures. Alan of course was in the Army by this time. Even after he was released from the armed forces, however, his old contract remained in force due to the W.L.B. And it offered only moderate raises. (In "And Now Tomorrow" Alan made \$12,000 to Loretta Young's \$75,000.) Bill, on the other hand, was earning thousands a week and living in a virtual mansion in Beverly Hills.

No one really knows what caused the Ladd-Bendix break-up. But everybody accepts the fact that it is just that. Alan's and Bill's antagonism for one another is so intense these days that when both were cast in "Ten Years Before The Mast" the wily Brian Donlevy, also in the picture, was heard to remark that he ought to be able to steal the glory while the co-stars concentrated on outsmarting one another.

Also, much as this break-up is to be regretted, Hollywood had to smile when, shortly after Alana Ladd was born, the Bendixes put in an application at an adoption center.

Then there is the funny incident that Olivia de Havilland tells on herself and the not-too-friendly rivalry that existed between her and Ida Lupino (*Continued on page 83*)

behind Betty Hutton. P.S. They're still silent



Alan Ladd and Bill Bendix when theirs was a good-neighbor policy





Eight years ago she was the prettiest girl in Hollywood High. She has gone high, all right, and in Hollywood



Where's the red hair that she's now so famous for? But look twice. Perhaps the impish grin will give you a clue



The year was 1931, Missouri was behind her, and miles of dancing lay ahead before she was to reach stardom

April

Figures lie and so do faces. The stars on

But which is which? Maybe you

any bows better turn to page



In 1933 she was a mystery woman. Was she married to that world figure? There's no doubt about her status today



She looked like a tragedy queen in 1930, but don't be fooled. The girl from N. Dakota is now anything but that

Fool!

the right were once the girls on the left.

won't be fooled—but before you take

68 and see how right you are



The sailor hat is nothing but a ruse. She's really the love of an Army flier and of all the followers of *Maisie*



Sensational now! She's the mother of Cheryl and the love of a Turk who never calls her by her real name, Julia Jean



Look on the G. I. barracks walls and you're sure to find pictures such as this—of pin-up queen, Mrs. J.



A dynamo, no less, and the lass has plenty on the ball. It shouldn't be hard to figure out that it's Mrs. Arnaz.



She's vital, vibrant and vivacious—just ask the boys she entertained on her China—Burma—India tour

Solid Citizen



Phillip Terry, taking new comedy laurels in RKO's "Pan Americana"

A TWO-YEARS-AGO anecdote on Phil Terry illustrates perfectly the type of guy he is.

The publicity office at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had sent out the usual biography form to this player who'd died with terrific impact in "Bataan."

The form came back, duly filled out, and in the space reserved for an answer to the question, "Married to . . . ?" the deponent had entered the simple item of information, "Mrs. Phillip Terry."

This was Mr. Terry's pointed way of saying that he didn't care to be known as Joan Crawford's husband,

that he stood on his own two feet (one of which used to kick footballs record distances at Stanford University) and that he was an actor first and foremost, and that marriage to him, and to whom, was a strictly private affair.

Phil and Joan have been blissfully married for two and a half years now, after a whirlwind courtship on Phil's part.

On the town stag one Sunday night, Terry encountered Harry Mines, the drama critic. Mines was on his way to visit a friend and suggested Terry go along. Meeting the friend for the first time, Terry tact-

lessly spent the evening sitting between her and Mines on a davenport, answering all the questions.

BY DUGAL O'LIAM

In time, he asked for her telephone number. When she, remembering her Emily Post, showed reluctance, he went to the telephone and copied it off the dial. For this display of resourcefulness he was rewarded with a date the first time he put the treasure to practical use. He had to wait a week to work the appointment into her busy schedule, but once he got a toe in the door, he did all right. The friend, of course, was Miss Crawford.

Six weeks later they were married. At the time they said it was six months of acquaintanceship but now the romantic truth can be told. Joan has changed since her marriage. She is much quieter, less intense and the hidden sweetness and unselfishness of her turbulent nature are now to the fore. This is Phil's influence on her. Her influence on him is much less marked. He is, as always, very much his quiet, self-possessed self.

Personally, Phil Terry falls into the limited Hollywood category of completely adult, thoroughly nice citizens. Today at the hands of RKO his long retarded career is hitting the high he has never personally doubted it would achieve. This is not conceit on Phil's part. It is simply intelligent self-belief and self-knowledge based on shrewd planning and careful training.

RKO, however, was so pleasantly startled at his ability as a light comedian in "Music In Manhattan" that they rushed "Pan Americana" into work (Continued on page 98)

Sentimental Celt

Dennis O'Keefe, who finds sentiment and superstition the same in any language

BY DOROTHY DEERE

DENNIS O'KEEFE, born James Edward Flannagan, is as Irish as any good American can be, and as masculine as a sock in the jaw. The first thing that impresses you when he enters a room is his bigness and his breeze. The kind of frame that makes a well-tailored tweed look as if the pleasure were mutual, and a step as easy as his grin. The next thing you notice is his eyes, not only because they are such a good unabashed blue, but because of the mixture of friendliness, intelligence and tolerance all mirrored therein. Young eyes, but they've been around.

The O'Keefe career has covered more territory than any other on the screen, if you count the mileage of his ups and downs. He is the only actor since Gable to climb from the limbo of the extra ranks to the top. Early in his course he knew the swift excitement of being rocketed to stardom, before he was ready for it—and soon after that, he had first-hand experience with the dull thud that follows when an actor takes the blame for a producer's million-dollar mistake. When ready and qualified for stardom, he learned what it meant to have to slug his way back through uninspiring roles in uninspired pictures.

Today, success is something he holds securely in his two big fists. His roles in the past few months have set a record in versatility: Virile adventure in "The Fighting Seabees," broad comedy in "Up In Mabel's Room," musical romance in "Sensations Of '44," and serious drama in "The Story Of Dr. Wassell."



Dennis O'Keefe: Definitely in the ducats in "Brewster's Millions"

"Brewster's Millions," now in the making, will again raise him to full stardom. As for those years in between when he knew hunger, disillusionment and the double-double-cross, he prefers to look back on them and grin. It was a hard fight, Ma, but he won.

It was on that hard and uninviting come-back trail that Dennis met and married pretty Louise Stanley. It didn't last very long and he's never talked much about it, but for several years his attitude toward marriage was like that of the fellow who was invited by a friend to accompany him to the library, and said, "Well,

thanks—but I've *read* a book!" It was a nice, handy attitude to take along on a good time—self-winding and shock-proof—until he encountered the delightful Duna.

Steffi, born something we can't pronounce, is petite and provocative, with warm brown eyes and a blithe habit of combining English wordage and Hungarian phrasing into something more intriguing than Esperanto will ever be. She is a native of Budapest, and "Duna," which means Danube, is the name given her by Noel Coward when he discovered her dancing at the Wonderbar in Berlin. En- (Continued on page 69)

The Life of "THE LOOK"



HOLLYWOOD calls her a great find.

Bogie calls her "Charley," or "Slim"—the character she played in "To Have And Have Not."

Her mother, friends, the waitresses, policemen, grips and gaffers on the lot call her Betty, which certainly doesn't suit her, but is her real name.

The town cut-ups started calling her "The Look," on account of what she, amused at herself, describes as that "down-under" look which she uses with such sulphurous effect on the screen. And the name has taken hold like wildfire.

Others call her Lauren, a family name she adopted when she went on the stage, or—the tag of fame—just Bacall.

She has the whole town talking!

It began at the press preview of "To Have And Have Not" (starring Humphrey Bogart) in which newcomer Bacall walked, for the first time, onto the screen.

The impact was terrific.

In that star-accustomed audience,

one heard the sharp sound of in-drawn breaths, felt the mounting excitement accorded only the fabulous or frightening.

Afterwards the critics gathered outside the projection room, where an extraordinary thing happened. Instead of the customary argument, the pros and cons of controversy, there was perfect unanimity when, as one man, they said:

"This Bacall girl has the makings of a Garbo!"

June Allyson, who admires her tremendously, summed up the general reaction when she said, "It was like being given the insulin shock treatment."

The preview crowd dispersed, but the applause echoed on. Obviously

it was time to talk to this Bacall girl.

When she came into the Green Room at Warner Brothers, a casual-looking youngster in a gray sports suit, a prune-colored sweater, moccasins and a somewhat derelict-looking raincoat slung—though the sun was shining—over her shoulders ("To give me," she later explained, "that 'casual' look"), she looked ten years younger than she does on the screen. Actually, she was twenty on September 16, 1944, and about as hard-boiled and sophisticated as a college freshman.

"Hi," said the Bacall girl.

Then, while she was ordering her lunch—cold turkey, avocado, black coffee—we sat, frankly staring, taking inventory of the face that has



Burgess Meredith has a word to say to Lauren at a recent gala-event encounter
Bacall and Bogart who gave romance a sultry meaning in "To Have And Have Not"



She's Lauren Bacall of the
gray-green eyes and "down-
under" look, who demanded
and got "no alterations!"

BY GLADYS HALL

Hawks on my side all the way, so I made the picture completely—except for very light make-up—uncamouflaged. And I'm doing the same in my second picture, 'The Big Sleep,' in which I'm again teamed with Bogie, again directed by Mr. Hawks and playing, of all things, a society girl!"

Speaking of fame, she says, "I'm not famous—yet. One picture isn't enough to prove anything. Nor two. Fame," said this Bacall girl, who sees things straight and sees them whole, "is something that must pyramid. But I see my name in the papers, hear it over the radio, see my face on magazine covers and it's a little hard to believe this is me it has happened to. I always wanted it to happen. But never thought it would—like this."

As a matter of fact—and record—Betty Bacall hadn't any particular reason to suppose that it would happen "like this," if at all. She says, of her childhood, "It was pretty dull"—and would like to let it go at that. (Continued on page 120)

She played the part with "no alterations."

"When I made my first test," she said, "they wanted to round and thin my eyebrows, cap my teeth, change my hairline. Make my mouth up to look smaller. Glue on fake eyelashes. That's when I said, 'No alterations!' If they'd insisted, I couldn't have acted. Couldn't have spoken a line. And would have been back in 'blouses'—modeling for Harper's Bazaar—where I came from. Not," she added, "that I'm looks-conscious. I'm no raving beauty, and I know it. Just," she laughed, "raving. But I've got to be me and not some other 'creep' (as Bogie would put it) when I do a job."

"Fortunately for me, I had Mr.

launched a million superlatives.

Pale tan hair, unevenly streaked by the sun and worn shoulder-length. Mouth extraordinarily large for beauty. But on her—beautiful. Teeth slightly uneven. Eyebrows that are as they grew. Eyes, gray-green, wide-spaced and set uniquely in her head. But eyes that look at you levelly. Not with that "down-under" look which, by the way, she says she "made up" herself, but uses only when after a job, or—on the screen—a man.

Please don't get the impression that she doesn't look, in life, as she does on the screen. All you have to do is add ten years to her, throw in some disillusioning experiences and there sits "Slim." And why not?

What should

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Dear Miss Colbert,
How can I be like other girls when
my mother won't let me out of
her sight?

Dear Miss Colbert,
I'm now overseas. I'm fond of my wife but
still love the first girl I ever had
and don't know what to do.

Dear Miss Colbert
Should I tell my husband that I
don't love him and break away?

Dear Miss Colbert,
How can I get over my feeling of
inferiority? I hate school -- not the studies,
but the social end of it.

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

Several years ago I fell in love with a girl and we went together steady for five years. That last year of our affair she gave birth to a little girl, but I've never seen the child. As I was supporting my parents, we couldn't get married so my girl's mother had the baby adopted out two weeks after it was born.

On the day that I was inducted into service I learned that my girl had married another fellow. I felt she had done the right thing, as I was no good for her. Though I wrote her occasionally, I didn't hear from her for almost a year, but when I did hear, she told me that she was getting a divorce. I felt guilty and thought perhaps I had caused the trouble so I stopped writing.

While I was in camp I met a nice girl and we saw each other often. We spoke kiddingly of marriage, but when the talk grew serious I always said it was out for me because of my financial responsibilities. She didn't accept this as she said she didn't need my money. Suddenly, she announced our engagement. When I saw how pleased her family was I didn't have the heart to say that it was phony. We were married

and a year later we had a little girl which I have not seen because I am overseas. Although I am very fond of my wife, I am still in love with my one and only girl. My wife doesn't know my feeling because I am not sure of just what to do. I am in hopes of your advising me.

Sgt. Garhart E.

Dear Mr. E:

When you married your present wife, the previous chapter of your life should have been closed forever. I frankly believe that it was a mistake for you to have continued to write to this other girl after she was married, and I agree with your expressed thought that you may have been the basis for her trouble with her husband.

You owe your present wife and her child your loyalty and devotion. I am certain that, when you return from overseas, you will be so glad to see them that all thoughts of anyone else will vanish from your mind.

At any rate, that is the way I think it should be, because—to build any other sort of life for yourself—would require plenty of intestinal fortitude. First you would have to divorce your second wife, explaining your past experience to her—a step that would probably break her heart. Then you would have to try to build a successful life with a girl whom you have deeply

hurt. Between you there would always be the insoluble problem of that child given out for adoption.

All of this was a tragedy, of course, but it is one that cannot be mended now, so I would think that your only course of sensible action would be to return to your wife and make a determined effort to be a good husband.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

This really gets me. This afternoon I was asked by my girl friend (who is also fifteen as I am) if I would go up to her house for awhile. Her mother works, so she is alone. I asked my mother and she said I could go if I would be home by five.

Well, I was walking up the street within a block of the house at five, when I saw my mother waiting for me. She said she was coming over to my friend's to get me as she had telephoned, but received no answer.

I explained that Alice and I had been in the rumpus room playing the vic and hadn't heard the telephone. She insinuated that there were boys and that we were making too much noise to hear it. There's weren't any boys there, and there have never been, but if there had, I think Alice and I are old enough to control ourselves without screaming like infants.

There is a boy in our school whom I do like, but don't think I am going to be fool enough to bring him home to meet my mother. The lady next door is nice. She had a talk with my mother about me, but my mother said the lady was a nosy idiot.

My mother makes me pretty dresses, lets me have quite a bit of money and is sweet to me around the house. But she is so funny about letting me out of her sight; and she thinks boys are simply awful. How can I be like other girls if she acts like that?

Tamara V.

Dear Miss V:

Your mother is simply trying to protect you. She must tremble at the extent of juvenile delinquency. When you were a little tot, she undoubtedly kept you away from the lake because you didn't know how to swim. Now, she is trying to protect you from another type of deep water, and as soon as she feels that you are grown

I do?

BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

enough to take care of yourself in an emergency, she will undoubtedly give you more freedom.

Whatever you do, don't start to meet this boy on the sly. Have a talk with your mother. Tell her that you like this boy and that you will appreciate it if she will look him over and tell you whether she thinks he will be a nice escort or not. Then tell the boy that you want him to meet your mother because she is such a swell person.

If you will build your boy friend up to your mother, and build your mother up to your boy friend, you'll find that both will like each other.

I'm strongly of the opinion that any teenster can have a wonderful time with the backing of her mother. Kitchen dancing parties, ten o'clock snacks, or evenings spent in listening to recordings can be arranged by mothers and will turn out to be twice as much fun as other types of entertainment.

Try it and be convinced.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am married and have a girl two and a boy three.

Roy, my husband, was drafted into the Army seven months ago. We just didn't see how we could take it. He has always been a homebody.

He was sent to the Coast for his training. He wrote to me every day and I answered every day. When the time came for his furlough, he asked me to send him fifty dollars, which I did at once. The next week every time the telephone rang, I jumped like a jack-in-the-box, and I met the train every morning. No Roy. Three weeks later I received another short note saying that he had to have a second money order for fifty dollars or he couldn't come home. We didn't have fifty dollars left in the bank, so I wrote asking him if he wanted our last dime. I have never heard from him again.

His buddy came home on furlough and told me that Roy was going around with an elderly widow. I was heartbroken, but I didn't really know how I could suffer until I learned that Roy had deserted.

My allotment stops next month, which will leave me without support for my children. What should I do?

Mrs. Althea W.



Would you like to have a heart-to-heart talk with

Claudette Colbert?

Then write her care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, Calif., and she'll reply on these pages if she feels yours is a problem of sufficient general interest. Sign your full name and address. All names are changed for your protection

Dear Mrs. W:

Yours is a real and frightening trouble.

Go to the Red Cross at once and tell them your story exactly as you have written it to me. I understand that provisions have been made for women in your position, so do not hesitate to take advantage of the arrangements made by our government.

Then, as soon as possible, put your children in a day nursery and get yourself a job. Even when your husband is found, he will probably be sentenced to imprisonment for a long period of time so you can no longer expect any assistance from him.

I know that, through the Red Cross, your current subsistence problem will be solved. I wish that, in addition, I could write some words of comfort or advice that would help you through

the difficult time ahead, yet all I can think of is the real truth that no one of us knows how great is our store of fortitude and latent heroism until the need arises. Another truth is that we are called upon to live only one hour at a time. That hour endured, we are bolstered for the next.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen, rather pretty, and terribly unhappy. The reason: I hate school. I don't mind the studies; it's the social end of it that bothers me.

Many wealthy people live in my town, but they live on one side of the town while the middle-class people live on the other. I happen to live on the (Continued on page 108)

IT HAD TO BE

You

There were three girls who wanted three different things from Hollywood.

It was not in Hollywood that they found them, but within themselves

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

Author of the original story "Guest In The House."



THREE girls came to Hollywood to make their bids for all it had to give, each in her own way. There was Jeannie Holmes, who became the top young singing star of pictures, but would have traded her fame any day for the vibrant love of Peter Blake, popular young star, whose marriage plans Jeannie's mother, Rosie, cleverly smashed.

There was Gloria Thornton, the loveliest thing in Hollywood—to look at—and the hardest. Other women's men—not acting—were her specialty and deftly she snagged Peter into marriage during his hurt over his broken romance with Jeannie. Even now she was setting her cap for Paul Daniels, Jeannie's ambitious director who was cashing in on Peter by getting himself engaged to Jeannie on the rebound.

Then there was Marian Morgan who would have sold her soul to the devil for her career in order to become a truly great actress. It was Jeannie's party announcing her engagement to Paul that Marian crashed in desperation to put herself before D. P. Lawrentz, head of Jeannie's studio. The ruse worked. Marian was in—with Jeannie's help. And Jeannie was heartbroken after a breathless moment in the garden with Peter when he told her he had tried to get into the Marines. It didn't even matter to Jeannie when Rosie caught Gloria kissing Paul.

Frantic with the whole setup of her life, Jeannie had a nervous crack-up at the studio and was spirited away to a private rest home by her pal in the publicity department,

Dorothy Lester. The one person she begged to see was Peter. So Dorothy called, but it was Gloria who answered. "He's gone," she said casually. "Here's the note he left: 'The Army took me. I'm glad. Peter.'"

WHEN Jeannie came back from the hospital, she found Rosie in their cheerless, modern living room arranging an enormous basket of expensive hot-house flowers. Outside in the garden there was a profusion of roses and gardenias. But Rosie never used what was at hand when she could buy something else.

"Hello, Mother," Jeannie said.

Rosie saw that Jeannie seemed to have grown taller because she was so much thinner. She noticed the purple shadows beneath her eyes. But what she failed utterly to see was that in Jeannie's eyes there was that certain look which proves that a young woman has been doing serious thinking.

"Darling," Rosie said. "You've come back. And, somehow, with Peter gone and Paul working every night cutting the Thornton picture, I feel as if you're my little girl again."

Jeannie smiled. "I'm afraid I'm my own girl now."

"What do you mean?" Rosie asked.

"I've just told D.P. I won't do that script they sent me in the hospital."

Rosie shoved the flowers aside and leaned against the edge of the table. "But you didn't consult me, Jeannie."

"No," said Jeannie quietly, "I just went into a little conference with myself."

Rosie choked down the rage that had risen in her throat. "What happened?"

"I'm on suspension," Jeannie said.

"You're—you're not going to get your salary?"

"That's right!"

For so many years Rosie Holmes had struggled to piece a living together that her mind could not encompass the gesture of turning down a weekly five-figure sum for a principle. She did not need money now. Nevertheless the idea of "going off salary" instead of making a film in which you did not believe was so incomprehensible to her that she looked at Jeannie as if she were a monster. Even the old familiar speech failed her. She could not talk of her "sacrifices" or deify her "weary bones." She just stood there with the expensive flowers framing her horrified face. Finally she whispered, "I don't understand you."

Jeannie, however, was about to understand herself. During those weeks in the hospital with nothing but her own soul to examine, she had arrived at a curious kind of inner peace. She had taken stock of her mistakes and, although she could not rectify her greatest one—letting Peter down—she could, she realized, compensate by being true to herself at last.

Reading the script of "Summer Moon," she knew, with the exaltation that is one of the compensations of a decision born of personal integrity, that she would not make this film.

Not even Rosie's belated but



Marian watched the bombing avidly, as Peter drew Jeannie to him, whispered, "It's always been you."

unabashed hysterics shook her calm determination when, the next day, a Hollywood columnist announced, "Marian Morgan, who made such a hit doing a bit in the Broadway musical 'Arizona,' is going places. The original screen story 'Summer Moon,' first slated for Jeannie Holmes, is to be Marian's first starring vehicle. Jeannie was a naughty girl and turned this fine story down."

However, Jeannie had thought about more than her screen life while in the hospital. She had come to a vital decision concerning Paul Daniels.

It had been wrong of her to become engaged to him. She saw the gesture for what it was—a protest against the injustice of the Peter Blake episode—but this knowledge did not free her from a promise. She assured herself that as soon as she was released from the hospital she would be a dutiful and proper sweetheart to the man she would eventually marry.

SHE had been allowed no visitors while she was in the nursing home—not even Paul or her mother, mostly not her mother. She called Paul now at the studio. At last the operator located him in the projection room. He was running bits and pieces of the Thornton film.

"Paul, dear," Jeannie said, "I'm home."

"That's wonderful," Paul said and behind his words she could hear the sound track muttering, could hear Gloria's voice from the screen, mouthing, "It will never be the same again." And then she heard Paul saying, "No, not that one. That other take." He was speaking, she knew, to the cutter sitting beside him. Then again he spoke into the telephone to her, but his voice had the remote, impersonal quality that a man's voice has when he is doing man's work and must, at the same time, give attention to a woman.

"Paul," Jeannie said. "I want to dance. Will you pick me up here at the house about seven and take me to Mocambo?"

Again came the mumbling from the screen and Paul's voice above it, "Can't make it then," and, to the

cutter, "No, you idiot, that's a rotten take."

"All right, Paul," Jeannie said. "Meet me at Mocambo at eight."

"Okay," Paul said and as Jeannie hung up the telephone she was not sure whether he had said 'okay' to her or to the cutter.

She was less sure that night when, in one of the few evening dresses that Rosie had ever allowed her, she arrived at Mocambo. The head

table she felt more lonely even than she had felt in the hospital when she was absolutely alone.

At half past nine she called her waiter. "Mr. Daniels must have been detained at the studio. I'll order dinner now—while I wait for him . . ." She said it loud enough for the people at the other table to hear her.

At ten-thirty she had finished her dinner—or, at least, she had disfigured it with a knife and fork. Aware

that everyone was watching her, she went downstairs, remained fifteen minutes and returned to her table. She said to the waiter, her voice loud, "I've just had a call from Mr. Daniels. He has been unavoidably detained at the studio. So please bring me my check."

She was opening her bag to find a bill, her eyes lowered, when she heard the murmur that went around the room. Somehow she knew the whispers concerned her. Looking up, she saw Paul standing in the entrance. And standing beside him, her eyes bright, her cheeks flushed, her low-cut lamé evening gown reflecting the lights, as well as every curve of her luscious body, was Gloria Thornton.

Before Jeannie had time to design a course of behavior Paul saw her and headed for her table not too steadily, for he had been drinking.

"Forgive me, Jeannie," he said. "I don't have any excuse, I just forgot I was to meet you, that's all."

"Thanks for being honest," Jeannie said.

"BESIDES," Paul went on, not hearing her, "this picture I've just made

with Gloria is lousy and I know it."

Gloria, having greeted everyone she knew even slightly, followed Paul to the table. "It is nice that you could get away, Gloria," Jeannie said in loud clear tones. "I had hoped you could come, but wasn't sure." A waiter lifted a chair above his head and set it down for Gloria.

"Go on, bawl me out," Gloria said.

"You took Peter away from me more quietly," Jeannie answered.

"I'm not taking Paul away from you," Gloria's voice rose shrilly. "He's just my director. Why should I want him (Continued on page 87)



YOU want to live. So does HE!

All he asks is a fighting chance. And you can give it to him.

Overseas they are faced with an alarming shortage of nurses! This means that the gallant women who have volunteered for service as nurses overseas must take care of more wounded than they can safely manage. This means not only overwork and breakdowns for these women who are taking care of your boy—it also means reducing his chances of coming back to you!

YOU CAN HELP. *If you are untrained,* take a home nursing or nurse's aide course given by your local chapter of the American Red Cross. When you have completed your course the Red Cross or your local Civilian Defense office will see that your services are utilized where most needed.

If you are a Senior Cadet Nurse, you may take your final six months of training in a government, Army or Navy hospital.

If you are a Registered Nurse and eligible for overseas duty, join the Army or Navy without delay.

If you are a Registered Nurse and not eligible for the Army or Navy Nurse Corps, then you can either work in a civilian hospital or as a civilian in an Army hospital and thus release a nurse who is eligible, for military service.

For information apply to:

Your local Red Cross Nurse Recruiting Service

Your nearest hospital

The Surgeon-General, U. S. Army, Washington 25, D. C.

Surgeon-General, U. S. Navy, Washington 25, D. C.

DON'T THINK ABOUT IT. ACT NOW!



waiter proudly escorted her to a conspicuous table. It was an event when a girl who was as great a star as Jeannie and who frequented night clubs as little as she, made an appearance at Mocambo.

"Don't snap yet, boys," Jeannie said to the lads with the cameras. "Paul's coming presently. And two are always better than one in a picture."

She ordered a glass of ginger ale (Jeannie had never tasted liquor) and waited. Several people came over to her table, chatted, went away again. Sitting at the conspicuous

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

There is quicksilver magic about Lola Pierce's beauty—her arresting blue, blue eyes, the radiant clarity of her exquisite complexion.

She's *another* engaged girl with that adorable Pond's look. "I certainly do love Pond's Cold Cream," Lola says. "It has such a perfect way of making my face feel gorgeously clean—and *ever so soft*."

How she beauty-creams with Pond's:

One—She smooths snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream *completely* over her face and throat. Pats quickly to release dirt and make-up. Tissues *all off*.

Two—She rinses with *more* Pond's, swirling her cream-coated fingers quickly round and round her face. This to make her face *extra* clean, *extra* soft. Then she tissues off again.

Use Pond's this *twice-over* way—night and morning—and for in-between-time beauty clean-ups too!



Her face is engagingly soft and smooth. "I just leave it to Pond's!" she says.



Lola Pierce of Park Avenue and Southampton

Her engagement to Lieutenant I. C. Noyes, U.S.N.R., was announced by her parents

HER RING—an exceptionally beautiful, clear diamond, flanked with smaller diamonds and set in platinum.

FOR THE DURATION—Lola has volunteered as a Nurses' Aide, serving at the hospital regularly each week. "It's grand to feel that I can do something so badly needed," she says. *Your* local hospital is short-handed for nursing help right now. Why not find out how *you* can help there?

A FEW OF THE POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart

Mrs. Morgan Belmont

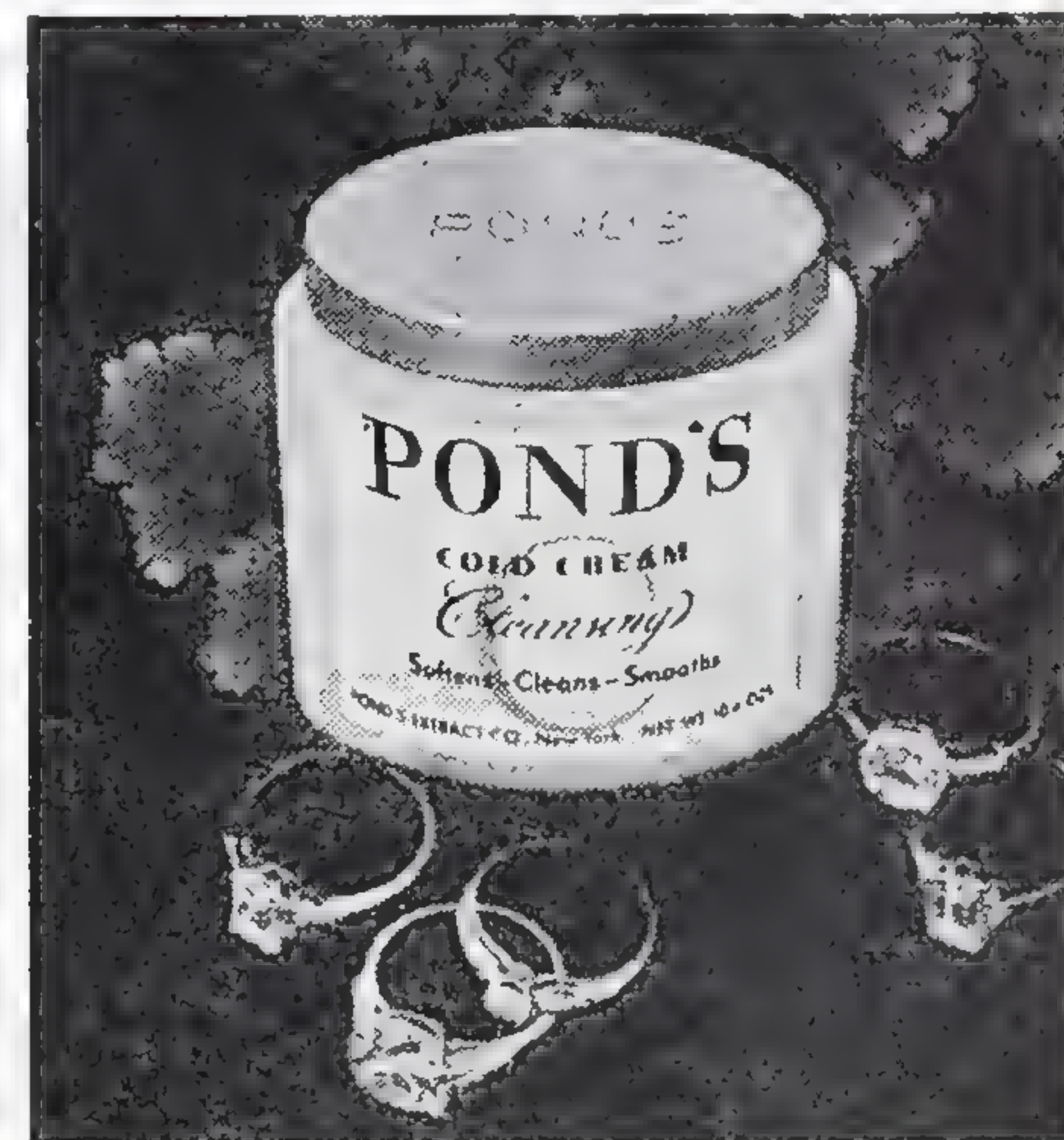
Lady Kinross

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III

Lady Louis Mountbatten



She helps at the hospital—taking temperatures, bathing patients, carrying trays!



GET THE BIG LUXURY SIZE—You'll like its wide top that lets you dip in with *both* hands. Such a grand lavish feeling! Get your own *big jar* of soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream today! At beauty counters everywhere!



From the ship U. S. S. Madison comes a request from Red Caffrey's Deck Apes. "We would like very much to have you send us an autographed photograph of our favorite pin-up girl. We would like the picture autographed to Red's Deck Apes. In case you don't know what deck apes are, we will gladly explain. They are deck hands, a hard-working group of men. Must sign off now, but we are impatiently awaiting the picture of our favorite Betty Grable."

Photoplay's COMMAND PERFORMANCE

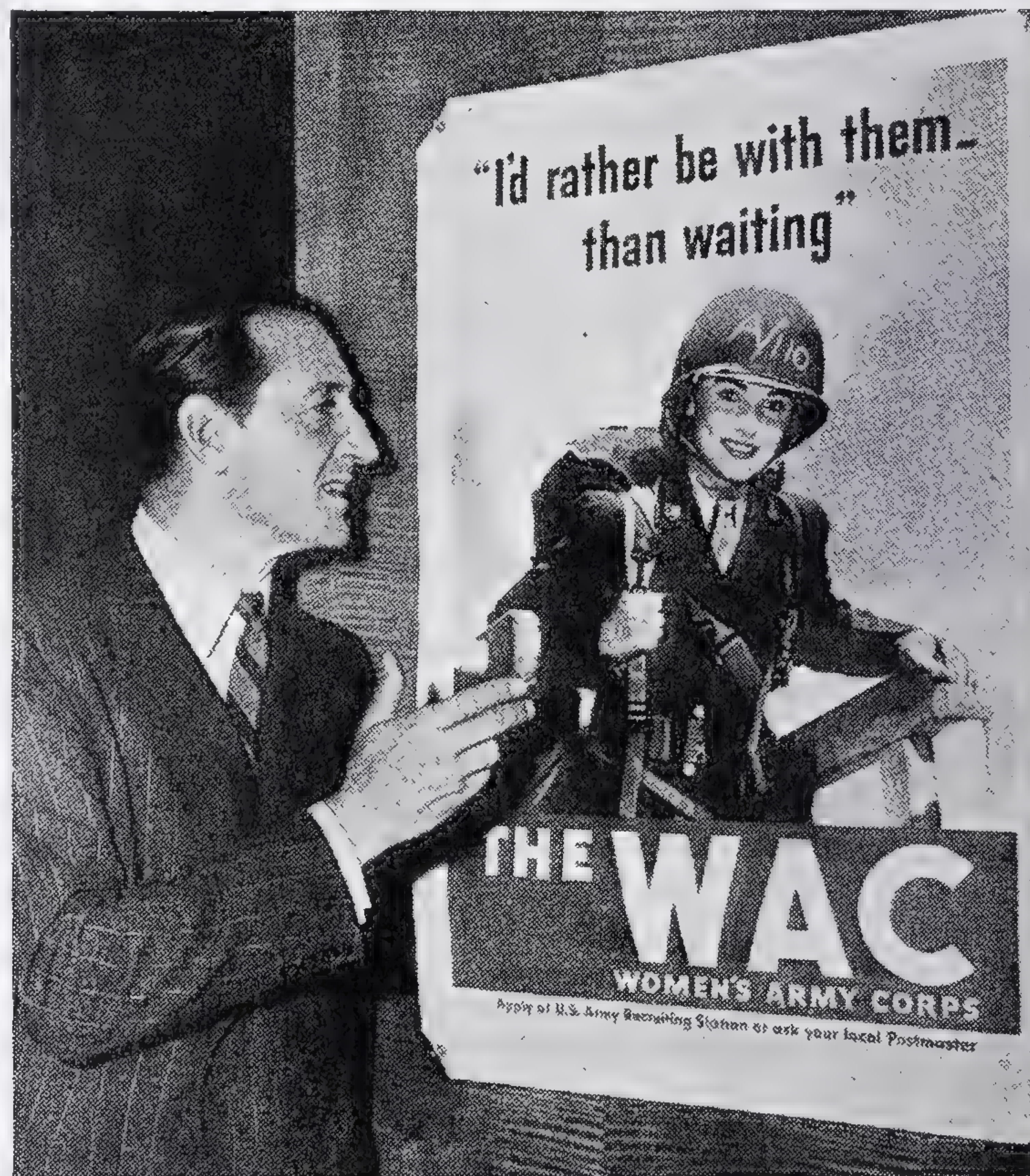
Request granted! Three stars pose for three lucky service people. Hymie Fink took the pictures—the originals of which will go to the boys and the girl who asked for them



This is the headline you and Corporal Irwin J. Thomas are waiting to see! He has a favorite star. She's Dale Evans. "I feel," he says, "that Dale is a fine actress. I know this is a strange request, but I would like to see how my wife would look under the same circumstances. I'd like to see Dale reading a newspaper with this glaring headline, 'Nazis and Japs sign surrender terms!'" Irwin, stationed in Hawaii with the 7th Infantry Division, is from Kingston, N. Y.



Cpl. Irwin J. Thomas



Pvt. Philena Porter at Camp Van Dorn, Miss., is from Springfield, Mass. She writes, "I should like very much to have a photograph of Basil Rathbone taken while standing beside a WAC recruiting poster. I have deep admiration for Mr. Rathbone and I love the Corps—a combination of the two such as suggested will be very valuable to me." Proudly, Basil Rathbone points to the WAC poster, wishing, too, that more American women would follow Pvt. Porter's example.



Private Philena Porter



TODAY THIS BOY DID A MAN-SIZE JOB. Today this little fellow collected enough scrap paper to make containers for 15 pints of blood. Now he's getting a well-deserved rest on his Beautyrest (made by Simmons). If *you* own a Beautyrest, you're lucky.

For you have a mattress with 837 individually pocketed coils, and a sag-proof border. Take the best care of your Beautyrest, for we don't know when you can buy another. We still have a good way to go, and we're neck-deep in war production. But if you need a *new* mattress now, we recom-

mend a WHITE KNIGHT made by Simmons. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress—plump, durable, *and* comfortable, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! And the postwar Beautyrest will be something out of this world, and that's a promise! NEWS—the government has permitted us to make a limited quantity of Beautyrest Box Springs at \$39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST

The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P. S. DID YOU BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS THIS WEEK?



"Meds internal protection is so comfortable!"

Active younger women are recommending Meds for their *extra* comfort, for the *extra* protection of the "SAFETY-WELL", an exclusive feature available only in Meds. For only 19¢, you can discover why, every month, more and more smart women say, "A box of Meds, please!"

MEDS
only 19¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



● Meds "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much more so much faster!

● Meds' fine soft COTTON insorber adapts comfortably to individual needs.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

If You Were Betty Hutton's House Guest

(Continued from page 49) a blue baby pillow in it, and a pink chaise longue with a pink baby pillow on it. And a glass-topped dressing table in the palest pink net skirt whose top is jammed with perfume bottles—at least two dozen of them. But what really charms you is a stuffed Bambi deer, standing among the pale yellow and rose window drapes, staring soulfully at you.

"A wonderful priest, Father Sullivan from Newark, New Jersey, gave that to me," Betty tells you, "because I took him on the set of 'Going My Way.'" Later you realize that there are toy animals all over the house—they're Betty's one obsession—and the three books on the table beside the chaise longue are your first introduction to her versatile reading habits.

Next thing you know she has you peering into a closet where you see several pairs of high-heeled mules, six bed-jackets and quilted bathrobes and lounging pajama sets. On a shelf above are four cellophane boxes neatly packed with gay feathers for Betty's hair.

Down the hall again, past her white and red bathroom with its towel racks crowded with big fluffy white towels marked "BJH." (The J is for June.) Then she triumphantly heaves you into what looks like a giant closet. "Here are the rest of my clothes," she announces. One complete wall is filled with two clothes-racks sagging under the weight of Betty's many sport coats, sport dresses, date dresses. Against another wall stands Betty's practical dressing table, the one she uses daily. It too is packed solid with perfume bottles, and its drawers, as Betty zips them open and shut for your benefit, show you neatness beyond a scientist's dreams.

One drawer contains nothing but her stockings; the next nothing but her bobby socks (six pairs of them labeled "Betty" in red embroidery—Christmas gifts from her mother); the next two hold her collection of costume jewelry. There's a chest of drawers with her gloves, belts, slippers, underthings, handkerchiefs, purses, hair-scarves, hair ribbons and bows and hair flowers each in place. But you still haven't seen the closet of this ex-bedroom. Here are Betty's blouses and skirts, by the dozen. You notice though that shoes are noticeably lacking in the Hutton household. Betty took ten pairs with her on her Central Pacific tour, and the only ones

that were able to stand the wear, tear and weather were the pair of G.I.'s presented to her by the Army. She is in the process of making application at her local ration board for two shoe stamps to get her through her latest picture.

AT LAST, then, you've seen her whole wardrobe. So you go into your room and begin to unpack. But you've barely lifted the lid of your suitcase before Betty the human cannonball is back again.

Now she's dressed in black mules and a stunning pair of black Chinese lounging pajamas, with the square box coat topped by a white embroidered collar—she brought the outfit back from Honolulu after her eight-week trip through the South Pacific. "Across the hall—march!" she orders, and you find yourself in a tiny sunroom-bar with one wall almost entirely windows overlooking the canyon and surrounding hills. She's already behind the little white leather bar mixing up something; and meanwhile you notice the black-and-white-checked linoleum floor that looks like marble tiling, and the glass-topped table and white iron chairs. You're barely settled in one, when Mom calls from somewhere below, "Dinner's ready!" and Betty leads you down from this floor to the one below.

On this second floor down are the dining room, breakfast room, kitchen, Mary's pleasant bath and bedroom—and a private wing holding Mom's big bedroom and bath. (There is more to come, still another floor down, but so far you're in blissful ignorance of that.) The green-carpeted long flight of stairs downward deposits you smack in the dining room, which is the least eye-stopping room in the house. It's just a nice dining room, with a walnut dining table under a small crystal chandelier. Standing on the green rug, against the tan-striped wallpaper, are tan upholstered chairs; and the drapes are in ivory with a tan floral print. Here you, Mom and Betty are served a delicious dinner by Mary and you notice that Betty is not eating very much. "Gotta diet," she says, "because yesterday I slipped up."

Her best friends are four, and they drop in as if by signal the minute dinner is over . . . Lindsay Durand of the Paramount publicity department, Eunice MacFarlane (Betty's pretty hairdresser), her husband Hank MacFarlane who works at Republic Studios, and Jimmy O'Toole of

You Said Please—

and we are pleased to give you

Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll winner—

June Allyson

You'll find the loveliest picture of her on page 35

Whose picture would you like to see in Photoplay? Send in the ballot below to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

I'd like to see a color portrait of.....in Photoplay

the Universal publicity department. These four are closest to Betty's heart, and at sight of them she whoops hellos and you find yourself being escorted down another flight of stairs to the playroom, three stories down the hillside.

You can't help gasping in sheer pleasure at sight of it. It's everything a playroom should be. It has log-cabin walls and it looks like four low-ceilinged rooms in one—making a long, irregularly-shaped play-spot. One "room"-section has a Ping-pong table in it; another has a billiard table; a third has a card table, a blue couch and some easy chairs set on a rose rag rug—but the middle section is the one to which you all head instinctively. It has a huge natural rock fireplace with a wide rock ledge to sit on and blue velvet easy chairs grouped comfortably around it on a blue rag rug. A small bar faces the fireplace, and a big radio . . . and arranged around the mantel are Betty's trophies from her trip into the South Pacific, which she immediately and enthusiastically begins showing you.

She has everything, from a bleached Jap skull with a lot of Yankee names scrawled on it in ink to Japanese prayer books; a Banzai (or Japanese death) flag; dozens of shell necklaces from South Sea natives; a hari-kiri knife; one American general's complete decorations—and a beautiful rosewood cheese tray shaped like three big hollow leaves, which Betty carted back from Honolulu as a present for her mother.

THEN Betty tells you what happened in the South Pacific to her complete wardrobe of Edith Head-designed clothes—they rotted and moulded away in three weeks of the moist tropical weather. Threadbare, she flew to Honolulu for a new wardrobe, and then headed back to the G. I.s in the remote islands—only to have wardrobe number two destroyed also. In order to have something to fly back to Hollywood in, she had to shop once again in Honolulu, coming home with a couple of suits and two pairs of lounging pajamas. Meanwhile she had lost \$2,000 worth of clothes in two months. The result? She's going right back to repeat her tour the minute her current picture, "Too Good To Be True" is finished.

She also tells of the powder room problems on Saipan—how every time she and the pretty dancer Virginia Carroll were faced with bathroom necessities, thirty soldiers had to escort them through the sniper-ridden trees to the improvised bathrooms. Then the men formed a discreet circle around the girls, with backs turned, and stood guard until the girls called to them—then the thirty men closed in on them again and marched them solemnly back to camp, in formation!

But suddenly it's eleven o'clock, and the guests file through the silver-walled powder room off the playroom—and to an enormous cement storage room. Here is an electric stove, a refrigerator and shelves full of food and dishes . . . and in no time Betty has whipped together a pot of coffee, some scrambled eggs, and toast. After the late snack, the guests go home; and you and Betty yawn your way upstairs, turning off lights as you go, and head for your own rooms.

The next day Betty doesn't have to report to the studio and long before you have awakened she has had her breakfast in bed on a tray, and has diligently read the Los Angeles Times, the Examiner and the Hollywood Reporter. Then she has taken her first shower of the day (she takes four, usually), and climbed into slacks and a shirt. Finally, it's ten o'clock and you are still serenely asleep—when you are almost knocked out of bed by a blast of sound. As you plunge in bewil-

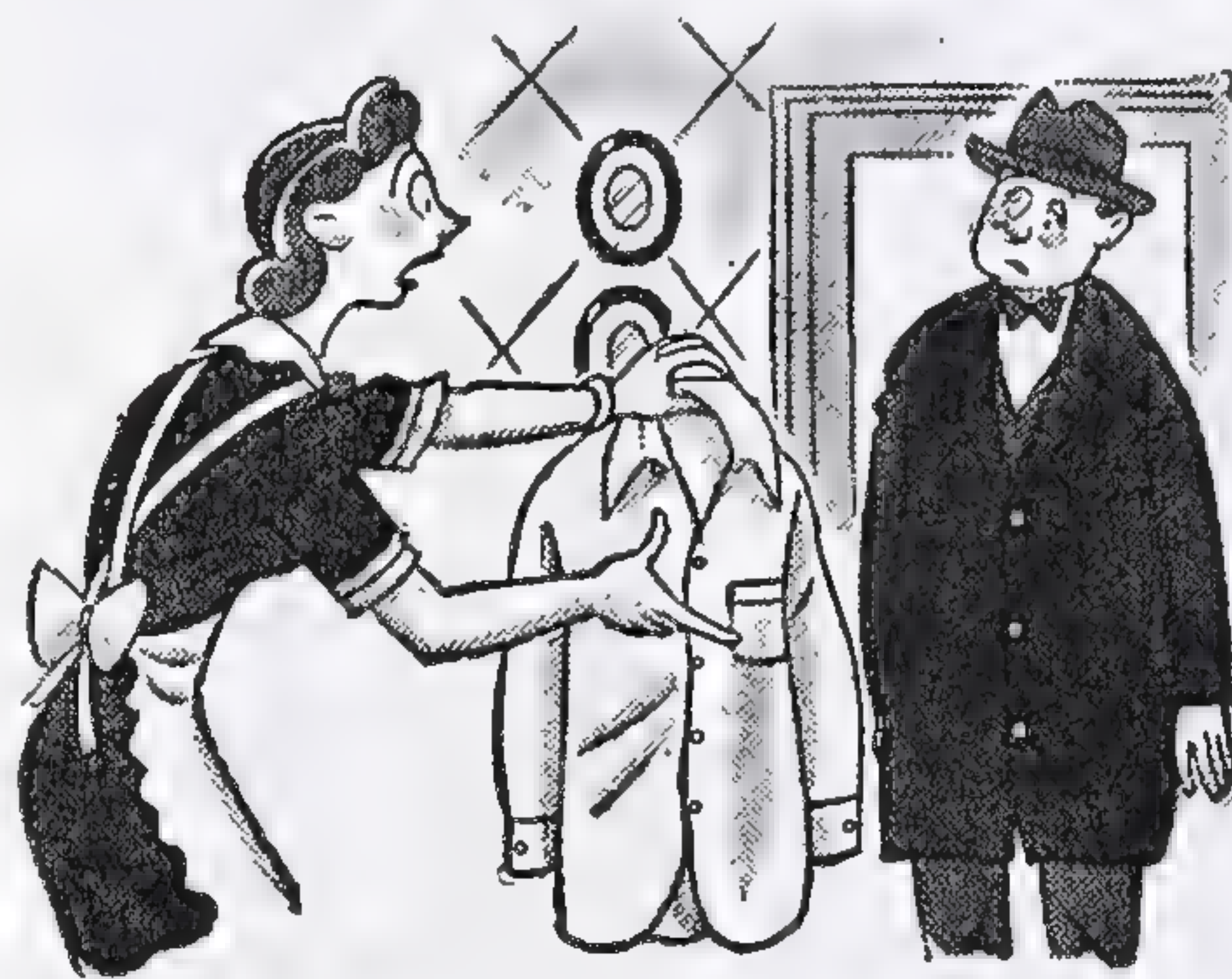
If at first you don't succeed....

(A SEQUEL)



If you've got a little grocer
Who is worn and sad and gray —
And you ask your little grocer
For Fels-Naptha Soap *today!*

If you nag him and you scold him
Even try your cutest tricks
Yet in spite of all you've told him
He continues to say "Nix."



Don't accuse the man of hoaxing
Don't mistrust his empty shelf —
Think of Mrs. Grocer 'coaxing'
For Fels-Naptha Soap, herself!

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE" GRAY





Be Lovely to Love

.....

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use

F r e s h

.....

the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth . . . 50¢, 25¢, 10¢



derment to the middle of the floor, it dawns on you that the Blonde Bombshell is practicing a song in the living room. You can also hear the tinkle of the spinette keys—Joe Lilley, music arranger for Paramount and the Hutton arranger par excellence, is playing to her singing.

Afraid you'll miss something, you hurry getting showered and dressed, and you wind up in the living room watching Betty's roof-shaking performance for an hour . . . side-by-side with her entranced little nephew Johnny.

You have breakfast. The minute you've set down your empty coffee cup, Betty starts rushing you through one of her dizzying days—dashing about town with her, horseback riding—any number of things. By nighttime, when you're ready to beg for peace and quiet, Betty is still shooting on six. Though you may go out you usually end up staying at Betty's with the same foursome joining you.

By another day you know the story of Betty's climb to fame from poverty as a child in Lansing, Michigan, when Mom worked hard upholstering furniture to support her two daughters. You know that Betty began singing publicly when she was twelve, and that she sang progressively for Vincent Lopez's band, for the Casa Manana night club in New York, in vaudeville and in Broadway shows before hitting Hollywood. You know that for many months at a time she owned only one cotton blouse and skirt, which she washed and ironed every night in her boarding-house room so that they'd be fresh for the next night's show. You know that years of a starved love for loveliness have made her clothes-mad now—and you know that somehow all that energy demands nine hours' sleep a night, and gets it!

You know that she doesn't own a hat, and that she came to Hollywood four years ago dressed like a boudoir doll in ruffles and bows—and that since then she's become one of the smartest dressers in Hollywood. You know that she favors black, and all shades of pastel. You know that she's one of the most famous girls of twenty-three in the world today; that she's five feet four inches tall, that she weighs 112 pounds, and that she has toy pandas, dolls, dogs and horses all over the house in various rooms—beginning with the time Lou Costello gave her a toy monkey years ago in New York. You know that she reads every best-seller going, that she drinks milk all day long, that she's very proud of having been chosen "The Most Cooperative Actress of the Year" by the Hollywood Women's Press Club.

And you know—as if you didn't know it by just watching her on the screen—that she can't sit still a moment, unless it's with a good book. You know that wherever Betty is there is noise, excitement and confusion . . . and that you loved every minute of your visit with her. Why, the minute you're rested up again you'll be back for more!

THE END

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Were you looking for the answers to

APRIL FOOL?

Try again—you'll find them on page 131!

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Sentimental Celt

(Continued from page 55) couraged by Coward, she accepted a London engagement and achieved a success which eventually brought her to Hollywood. She, too, had chalked up one unhappy marriage as the former Mrs. John Carroll.

She and Dennis met on a blind date, which doesn't quite describe it, for Steffi, at least, had her eyes wide open. She had seen a picture called "The Chaser," featuring a hunk of man named O'Keefe. Like every feminine creature from six to sixty she had had her screen crushes, but this was the first time she "had ever wanted a man to come down off the screen." In her forthright manner she decided to do something about it. She got Virginia Field, who was engaged to young Britisher Richard Greene, to get Dick to ask best pal Dennis to dinner.

The date almost didn't come off. "With her cute little Hungarian slyness," as her husband now recalls it, Steffi thought it best that Dick didn't tell Dennis who it was that wanted to meet him. She had no way of knowing, of course, that the big screen thrill of the O'Keefe boyhood had been Renée Adorée, whom she closely resembles.

H HE FORGOT the dinner party. He was lounging in the locker room of his golf club, somewhat the worse for wear after a strenuous eighteen holes, when Dick phoned him.

"I had on a pair of slacks so old they were a hop ahead of a pension, and a very tired old leather jacket. All I could do was borrow a suit of clothes. Truman Bradley lent me a clean shirt that didn't fit and I had to wear the borrowed pants falling off my hips all night, in one of those Gary Cooper belt-lines—

"I might add, that was my last night for lingering in locker rooms—wives have a way of making you forego the post-mortems and get on home."

The dinner party was pretty hard on the lend-lease togs, because every time Steffi aimed one of her "happily hashed" bits of conversation in his direction—which was continuously—Mr. O'Keefe nearly laughed off Mr. Bradley's shirt buttons. He was convinced that Miss Duna was a girl of rare discrimination where males were concerned—and she should see what he could do in a suit that fit him. He made a date for the very next evening, and since all actors have a pretty fair wardrobe, managed to fill in all of her time until she left on a road tour with a George Jessel show.

He put up with her absence until she got as far as St. Louis. The long-distance proposal cost \$80 with no war tax, and the punch line came when Steffi insisted she was just a working girl and couldn't walk off her job. "But if you weren't a working girl, you wouldn't need your job!" said O'Keefe. Not standard romantic phrasing perhaps, but he is proud to recall that it was all A-picture dialogue.

They were married in the picturesque Spanish quarter of Phoenix, Arizona, a few minutes after Steffi arrived by plane. Not till several weeks afterward did the groom find out that all her life the bride had harbored a fear of flying. Evidently it was no time for a girl to be squeamish about such things as life and death.

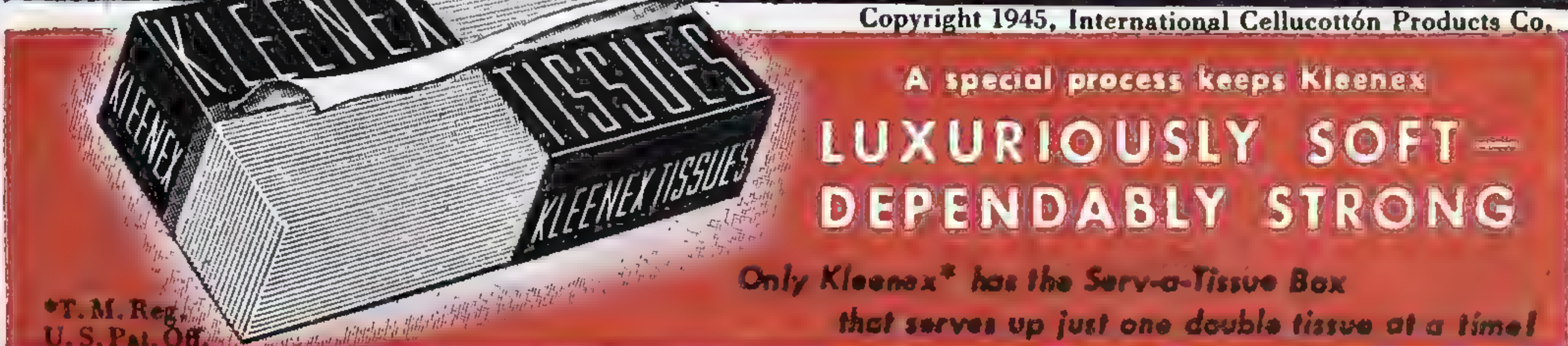
Sentimental, as every other Celtic soul, Dennis still remembers every detail of their wedding trip. After four years, you can interrupt him in the midst of any conversation with a question such as, "What was the most beautiful sight you ever saw in your life?" and he'll answer quickly, "The Painted Desert—on the first day of my honeymoon—"

LITTLE LULU

by Marge



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Watch for Paramount's latest LITTLE LULU cartoon in technicolor at your favorite theatre

Wrisley Bath Superbe



best loved of fine bath soaps

"To get good and mushy about it, it seemed like all nature was alive with the color of my own happiness," he'll recall. "In one day Steffi and I drove through miles of beautiful sunset, through a cloudburst and a rainbow, a hail storm and, finally, as we headed up the mountains, through falling snow. Purple snow, falling at sunset on a canyon rim. It was the hail that really fascinated Steffi—they don't have a word for it in the Hungarian language. 'Look, Dennis,' she said, 'ice-pieces it's raining!'"

His wife's English is still his greatest source of amusement and delight. One night recently they were Mocambo-ing with friends when another male in the party thought it might be fun to tease her with some deprecating remarks about her mate. Steffi took it wide-eyed for a minute, then turned to him in distress. "Dennis, you better stop him—" she wailed, "he's building you down to me!"

"I am beginning to suspect," he says, "that Steffi is pretty cunning about that garbled lingo of hers. I happened in when she was arguing with a delivery boy one day and she was giving it to him in straight English. I think she knows just how to charm me—"

The O'Keefe's, Mr. and Mrs., at first moved into a home owned by Steffi, mostly because she couldn't dispose of it. With a mannish desire to provide shelter of his own, Dennis bought a cottage at Malibu Beach. Although they have since acquired a more formal residence, the "shack" continues to be their favorite possession.

"It's one of those places where you think the roof is going to come down every time a wave breaks. I bought it when it was just a hop ahead of complete collapse. We each took a thousand dollars and got to work fixing it up. Steffi bought furniture, curtains and things—I did the painting, inside and out, put a few nails in the roof and built a fence around it. You can't imagine the fun—it turned into a race to see who could get the most effect with the least money.

"We don't care much for formal parties—I'm always self-conscious in a crowd. It's not claustrophobia, but it might be 'elephantitis'—I never lumber across a room without knocking over someone's cocktail. I am also (Continued on page 72)

The Demand For

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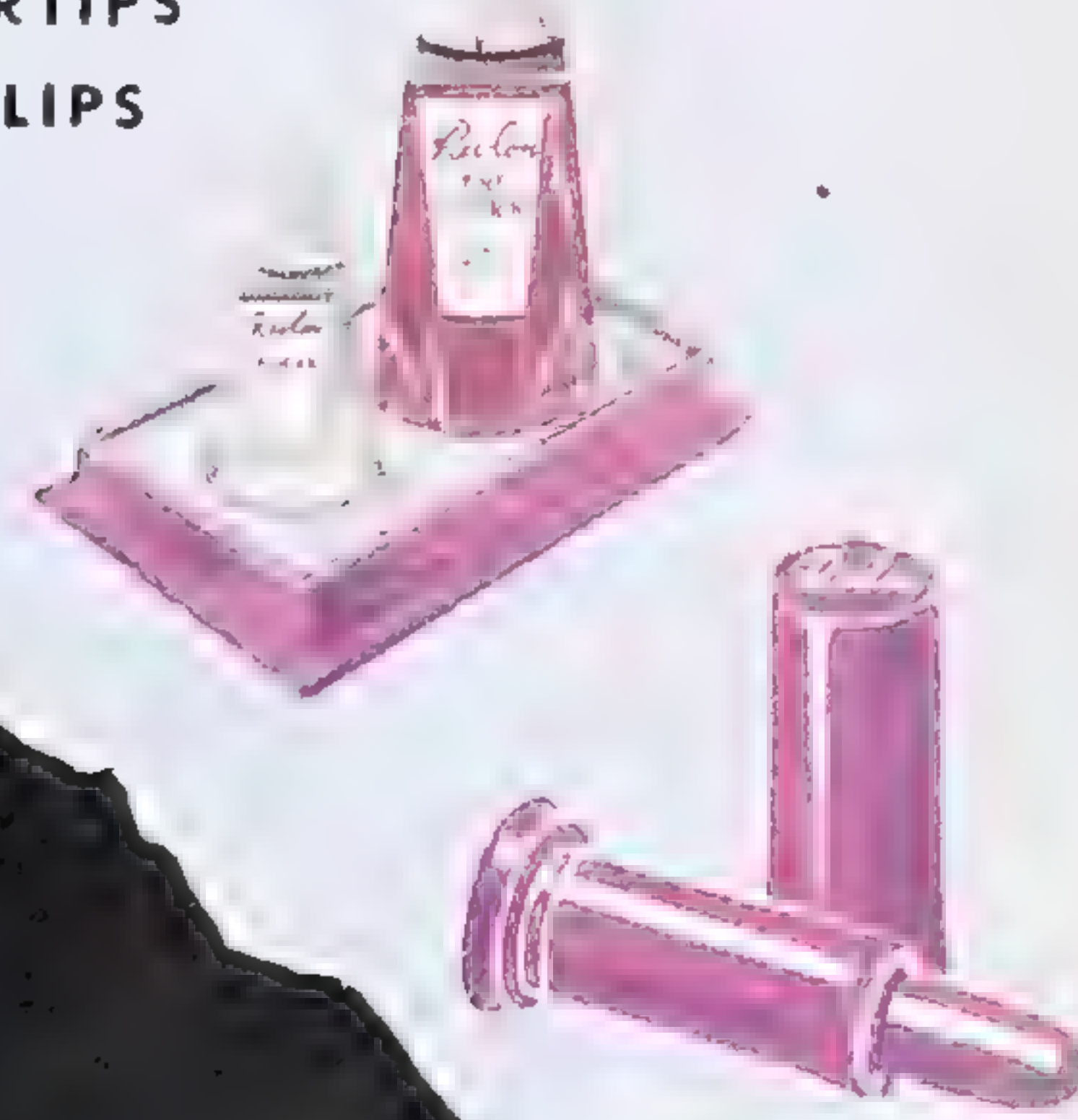
color by

Revlon

"PINK LIGHTNING" flashing sparks of high voltage fuchsia on the lips
and fingertips of the nation's smartest women has the whole country talking
... talk such as only Revlon's 21 pace-setting color originals could provoke.

Of course the matchless cling of Revlon Nail Enamel and the lasting perfection
of Revlon lipstick are too well known to talk about.

FOR MATCHING
FINGERTIPS
AND LIPS



new Film-Finish Powder

**Smoother new texture...lovelier shades
for that flawless film-star "finish"**

It's star dust magic . . . this new Woodbury Film-Finish Powder! Made to give your skin the same enchantment...every day...stars like the lovely De Haven have on the screen!

New five-way blending creates stay-fresh shades, smoother new texture that clings, hides lines and blemishes, never clogs, cakes, nor turns pasty. Choose from 8 film-star shades now!



GLORIA DE HAVEN now appearing in "BETWEEN TWO WOMEN", a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Woodbury NATURAL adds flower-petal fairness to a pink-and-white skin like Gloria's.

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP \$1. Now with your \$1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your shades of matching lipstick and rouge. No change in the box; all Woodbury Powder is the new "Film-Finish."

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax



Woodbury Film-Finish Powder

(Continued from page 70) addicted to mistaking those large hats ladies wear for lampshades, and trying to find the pull-cord—"

The O'Keefe household now numbers four, including dark-eyed Juliana, Steffi's daughter by her first marriage, and small Edward, who is a sort of bird's-eye view of dad Dennis. Their home proper is in Beverly Hills.

"It's not a new house—we like the feel of a place having been lived in. The architecture is none too brilliant—Mediterranean in style—but we'll do it over, a room at a time, after the war. Meantime, it has all the things we both wanted—all kinds of room for the kids, and four bathrooms, which delights Steffi. There's a small guest-house in the back—no pool for the kids to fall into—but a nice large solarium upstairs. What attracted us to it in the first place was the lovely trees—three beautiful straight palms out front—they're our landmark."

It's easy to see that somewhere, back in those days when the big things weren't coming too easy, this very intelligent young Irishman learned the pricelessness of small things. Success is a great mental satisfaction, he admits, but materially it's mostly a matter of being able to buy a \$4 steak once in a while at a place he used to pass by, sniffing, on his way to coffee and doughnuts. He belongs to an expensive country club now, where he shoots golf in the low 70's, but he still likes to play baseball on the lots with the extras. One of the things he's retained from those days when fate was treating him like a yo-yo, is the memory of how some of these fellows stepped back and pushed him up front of the cameras, to "give the kid a chance."

IT'S a satisfaction, too, to be able to repay his mother for the unfailing humor and good sense which helped him when he was, "sitting by a telephone struck dumb, when it should have been ringing with calls from the casting departments."

"There was a kid across the street doing extra work just like I was, and it didn't help any when I'd see him dash out of the house on his way to a job somewhere. One day I saw him come out of the house in a tuxedo, headed for a wedding scene to which I hadn't been invited, and it made me sore. 'That does it,' I yelled. 'If that guy can keep working when I can't, I'm going to get out of pictures!' I remember my mother washing dishes at the sink, and chuckling. 'What do you mean, get out of pictures?' she asked. 'You haven't even been in them yet!'"

It's been interesting for him and Steffi to discover that sentiment, and also superstition, is practically the same in any language—it isn't any better to walk under a ladder in Hungarian than it is in English. He has a private superstition against being superstitious about black cats. It dates back to a time when he turned around on the street to avoid an ebony feline and hit a car, strewing the automobile he was driving (a borrowed one) all over the street.

When Producer Edward Small first announced his intention of giving him over-the-title billing in "Brewster's Millions," Dennis protested.

"My idea of being starred is that it puts the actor in the same spot as the comedian who walks out on the stage with baggy pants, floppy shoes and a nose that lights up. After all that build-up, he'd better be funny—and the star had better be good!"

Steffi just smiles—she knows Dennis won't have any trouble living up to Mr. Small's "build down!"

THE END

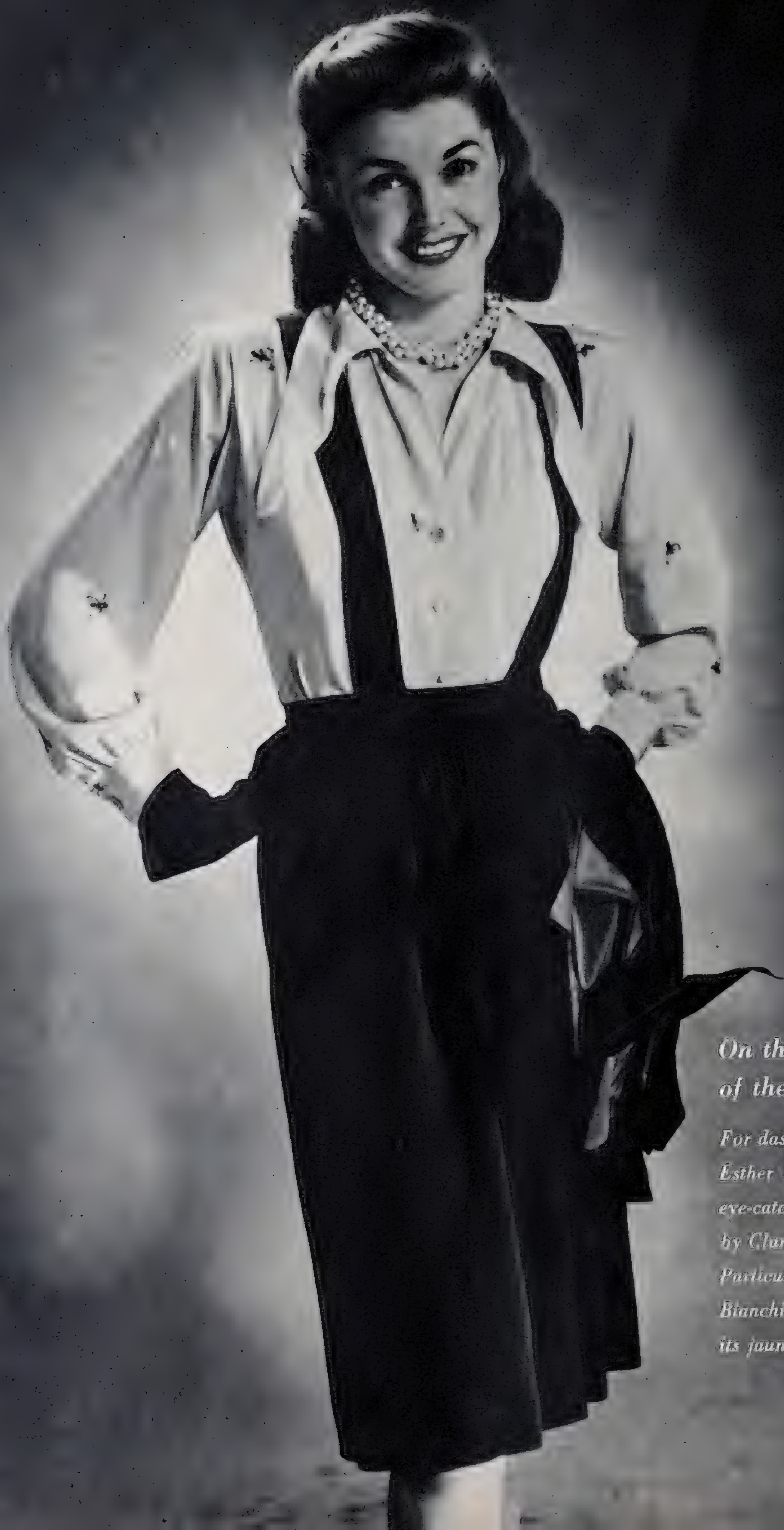
Esther Williams . . .

currently starring in M-G-M's "Thrill Of A Romance" with Van Johnson, is a pirate's darling in this exciting Tina Leser original. The gaily striped Guatamala cotton skirt is a treasure with its debonair paunch pockets, nail-head studded with pieces o' gold. The perfect top . . . this severely simple turtle-neck blouse of jersey. Costume belt by Phelps



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YOUR SUIT DRESS (top) A tri-color triumph by Lombardy. Rayon twill bolero jacket is *red* . . . trimmed with braid of navy *blue* to match the navy skirt. Shining *white* rayon bengaline dickey. 9-15. About \$14.95 at J. L. Hudson, Detroit

YOUR PRINT DRESS (right) is sweet with soft front fullness . . . spicy with black lace ruffles. Everything nice! . . . it's a Henry Rosenfeld Original of rayon crepe in aqua, pink, fuchsia or lime. 12 20. About \$14.95 at L. Bamberger and Co., Newark

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Hats shown here with your five-piece wardrobe described on page 30

A five-piece wardrobe for

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YOUR COAT . . . a broad-shouldered
topper over suits, dresses.
Aqua or gold with black lapels, cuffs
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saucy, with two-colored bow tie, as a suit
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Henry Rosenfeld, 498 7th Ave.,
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Lombardy, 134 W. 37th,
New York, N. Y.
Baltimore, Md.—The Hub
Buffalo, N. Y.—Sattler's
New York, N. Y.—Russek's
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Weatherbee Raincoat

Triangle Raincoats, 520 8th Ave.,
New York, N. Y.
New York, N. Y.—Emily Shops
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Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann Dep't. Stores, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.

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McKettrick-Williams, 1350 Broadway,
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Boston, Mass.—W. Filene's Sons Co.
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Friedman & Lobell, 136 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.
Hollywood, Calif.—The Broadway-Hollywood
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Sheer Blouse with Jabot

Lacher Blouse, 525 7th Ave.,
New York, N. Y.
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JAUNTY, DEBWAY STRAW SAILOR—shown with topper coat—is white pique trimmed. Red, white, navy, brown, black. About \$5 at Chandler's, Boston; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh. For store in your vicinity write Debway, 42 W. 39th St., New York

FELT CALOT BY DEBWAY—shown with print dress—bedecked with one big rose in gay spring colors. About \$5 at Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Chandler's Boston. For store in your vicinity, write Debway, 42 W. 39th St., New York

MEDALLION-TRIMMED FELT BERET—shown with your suit dress. It's a Topps, in black, about \$6.95 at B. Altman, New York; Bullock's, Los Angeles. For store in your vicinity, write Topps, 32 W. 39th St., New York

FETCHING AND FELT, the cute bonnet shown with your quick-change dress. All colors, about \$3 at R. H. Macy, New York; The Emporium, San Francisco. For store in your vicinity, write Year Rounders, 65 W. 39th St., New York



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Little things that make a costume count:
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YOUR BAG, a big squashy shoulder pouch in wool mixture felt. Red, turf tan, kelly, navy, brown or black with fake-tortoise trim. \$5.00 at Saks 34th Street, New York



YOUR BLOUSE, so airy-fairy like a handful of cloud. It's white dotted rayon sheer touched off with lace and net. 32 to 38. \$5.95 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn

See page 80 for a representative list of stores where you can buy these photoplay first-run fashions



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All good things come in threes . . . like the three proportioned lengths Hudson brings you in hosiery. There's a length for the diminutive, the average and the statuesque . . . sheer, clinging, alluring . . . and as perfect in fit as though it were knit with only you in mind. If you don't find them at your favorite store the first time, try again.

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READING, PA.



Judy Garland looked so dreamy at the Jack Benny party in a long dinner dress of dove-gray jersey, by Irene. It had a high neck and long sleeves and drapery (only for a girl with narrow hips) which lay in horizontal folds from hip to hip—1880 fashion. A silver bead and sequin embroidered flower and stem almost encircled the neckline. Judy wore no jewelry. With this simple, graceful dress anything of the kind would have been superfluous.

Ginger Rogers' gown was of stiff taupe-colored satin. Her tight basque bodice was embroidered in beads. The skirt was long and full. Her jewelry was antique pieces, carefully chosen.

Joan Crawford was lovely and striking in a sequin dinner suit with a long tight skirt and a short Eton jacket of black sequins with a tailored blouse of white sequins.

Dotty Lamour favors black velvet gowns—probably because they're so becoming. Especially when, as upon this occasion, they're low and strapless, with a simple, tight bodice, a pinched-in waistline, a peplum and a long tight skirt. Dotty wore a band of black velvet about her throat and diamond aquamarine jewelry.

Gene Tierney looked out of this world in pinkish gray-beige satin. Her bodice had a stiff and narrow ruffle about its décolletage and her full skirt was gored to a tiny waistline. Gene wore no jewelry except her gem of an engagement ring.

Lauren Bacall is a sweater and suit and blouse girl, favoring tweeds and careless combinations—even for night-clubbing.

Greer Garson, caught on a shopping tour the other day, wore a snug-fitting dressmaker suit of a soft reddish-tan wool. With it, instead of a blouse, tied sailor fashion about her neck, she wore a scarf printed in beige, tan and bright brown and green. Bag, gloves and shoes were dark brown. She looked like a fashion plate even if she didn't have a hat over her wondrous red hair.

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In This Corner

(Continued from page 51) during the shooting of "Devotion."

Olivia doesn't tell this part of it—that Ida is apt to row with somebody in almost every picture in which she works. Nobody takes it too seriously, recognizing it as part of the Lupino temperament, the same kind of nervous exhaustion that makes her insist that her father is taking part in every interview she ever gives out. Papa Lupino has been dead for some years, but Ida will stop midway in some press statement, look at an empty chair and say, "Yes, Stanley?" She will listen intently to no sound audible to the others present and then turn to the dazed writer, remarking, "Stanley says—" and proceed to report the unheard conversation.

According to Olivia's story, having rowed through most of "Devotion," she and Ida decided to patch things up over a cup of coffee at The Players. So thither they repaired and as they were sipping this dish of peace, a gentleman in the next booth smiled at Olivia and came over to their booth saying, "Introduce me to Miss Lupino, will you?"

Now Olivia was at that moment in that horror state everyone has been in sometime. She knew perfectly well that she knew the gentleman, but for the life of her she couldn't recall his name. She said quickly, "Ida, you two must know each other," and the gentleman sat down beside them saying, "I thought you two were feuding?"

Olivia, ill-at-ease enough by this time, murmured, "Oh, that's nonsense. If you want to see a feud you should see Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins on another set in 'Old Acquaintance.' But then, you can't blame them. They've got such a terrible script it's enough to drive anyone crazy."

"Really?" said the gentleman, "I didn't think it was so bad when I wrote it."

It was at that sickening moment that Olivia recognized their companion as no less than John Van Druten, the author of Broadway's two greatest hits this season: "The Voice Of The Turtle" and "Mama's Bank Account."

ACTUALLY, bouts are much in the Hollywood tradition. The fight enjoyed—and we do mean *enjoyed*—years ago by Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri is famous. It was not the silent variety. They fought in the front office, in their dressing rooms and in the interviews they gave—oh, so lavishly—to the press. Life went on at the Paramount studios in the Swanson-Negri days. Their rivalry undoubtedly cost thousands of dollars and altered the courses of several lives. When two celebrities as emotional and determined as *les* Swanson and Negri square off anything can happen—and did!

There was, you may remember, Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins. Ernst Lubitsch needled these girls into making a hair-pulling scene the real thing. He wanted an exciting scene. However, their personal fight didn't end when the cameras stopped turning.

Even Hollywood's younger generation has contributed to the fighting legends. During all the years that Shirley Temple and Jane Withers starred in pictures for Twentieth Century-Fox it was deemed advisable—to say the least—to have them work at separate studios—Jane on the Fox Western Avenue lot and Shirley at the Beverly Hills studio.

The Temple-Withers fracas began, literally and figuratively, when Jane—then an unknown—slapped Shirley across the face. The script called for this and it might have been forgiven if the critics hadn't found Janie's brattish antics amusing and the

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studio hadn't signed her to a handsome contract.

Also, not long ago—even though Shirley and Jane are young ladies now and not really rivals any more—when a photographer discovered them dating at the same place and asked them to pose together both girls ran off, presumably to powder their noses but really to telephone their respective mothers.

The picture never was taken.

JEANNE CRAIN and June Haver aren't friends any more. They're silent about it, however. Perfect ladies, in fact! They take good care their eyes do not meet as they pass one another on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. That they will ever appear in another picture together is most unlikely.

Everything was fine until the girls clicked in their first film, "Home In Indiana." The studio, delighted and impressed and in sore need of new stars since Gene Tierney, Brenda Marshall and Maureen O'Hara were occupied having babies, decided to give Jeanne and June a build-up.

First of all, Jeanne and June were sent out on a personal appearance tour throughout the Middle West. All the arrangements made for them entailed the greatest luxury and care.

However, things did not go well. It might have been a happier tour had the girls traveled alone. Their mothers, who served as chaperones, also acted, in the parlance of the ring, as seconds. At last there was nothing to do but split up the tour and send the girls to different cities.

Time didn't help matters any, either. It wasn't long before everybody knew Jeanne and June were out-and-out rivals. Though they may avoid one another's eyes, rest assured each is always well aware of what the other is doing. Each, in turn, is grimly determined not to be outdistanced by the other.

In all other respects, we hasten to add, Jeanne and June are as sweet as spun-sugar angels. There is no end to the way they work and study and co-operate with any and all who are assigned to work with them.

Another pair who never speak as they pass by, who never see one another, even when they're face-to-face in the same room, are Betty Hutton and June Allyson. This is a situation of long standing. It all began back on the Broadway stage when June landed the job of understudy for Betty in the musical show, "Panama Hattie."

Both girls were young and ambitious and determined to make their appearance in this hit count in their careers. They succeeded. Hollywood beckoned both of them. Whereupon—you know how things grow in Hollywood—their rivalry flourished like the old green bay tree.

At first, no doubt about it, Betty had everything her own way. Then, slowly, the demure-appearing June began hitting her stride. Now, with time, it's even possible June will out-point the gay and lusty Betty. Which would be strictly poison to Betty's ego.

That Betty and June haven't squared off, even verbally, up to this writing is attributable to the fact that they work for different studios and are not, consequently, contenders for the same director, dressing room, publicity representative or anything of the kind. Also to the fact that they are so very careful not to see each other—ever!

Certainly the stars have their troubles. And more often than not they are other stars.

Now, in this corner. . .

THE END



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Lana Talks about Turhan

(Continued from page 31) in 1945—but she believes she's lived a lifetime.

She said, a little bitterly, I thought: "I've had so much publicity that I wish now I hadn't had. Other girls do things—but they don't have it all written up. I was only sixteen when I met my first beau, Greg Bautzer, and for three years I went out just with him.

"Then came my marriage to Artie Shaw. That shouldn't have been. I was a silly, romantic child—in love with love. And my marriage to Steve Crane wasn't the experience of a mature woman, either. Again I was a foolish girl—governed by my emotions.

"You wouldn't believe I worry about those past mistakes, would you? But I do. I worry because of my little girl. Nothing in the world has ever meant so much to me. I have the responsibility of bringing her up, her education and, of course, I take care of my mother. Sometimes I get frightened, fearful that something might happen to me and I wouldn't be able to give the baby the things I want her to have. I don't want any more emotional mistakes in my life—nothing to divert me from my baby. I think I love Turhan more because he loves Cheryl and finds her so enchanting."

"But if you love him," I asked, "why do you say you won't marry?"

I think only Lana would have been frank enough to say, "He's never asked me. You know, he's been brought up differently from American boys. He still considers that I'm married and will be until I get my final decree. Neither one of us goes out with anyone else. We love each other, but as for any matrimonial plans—we haven't any. Sometimes I think I'll never marry again."

I remembered an interview I'd had with Turhan in which he told me that his mother and father had separated years before—so I was quite sure it wasn't Turhan's mother who would object to her son's marriage to a divorced woman. In fact, Lana speaks very sweetly about Mrs. Bey who is an Austrian. It was Turhan's father who was Turkish.

Lana even told me that the very exotic perfume she was wearing was a gift from Mrs. Bey. "She's a delightful woman," she said, "and a wonderful mother to Turhan."

I asked if it were true that young Bey



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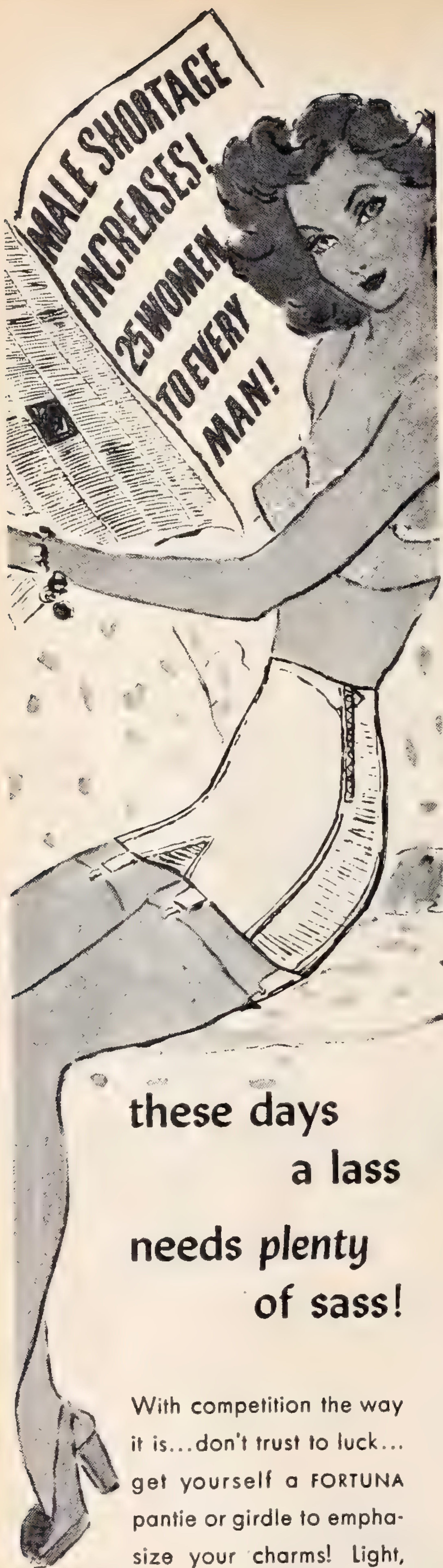
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has a fortune in Turkey and that his father is a very prominent man. "I don't think I should discuss his affairs," she said. "He has a title, it's true."

"Bet you can't pronounce his real name," I kidded.

"Oh, yes I can!" Lana laughed. "It's Turhan Selahettin-Schultavy Bey. Bey is the title."

I couldn't help commenting on how much more mature she seemed.

"That's what I'm trying to convince the studio," she replied. "They gave me some roles I didn't like at all and when I begged for something more substantial they said, 'Oh, wait until you are older—you've got a long way to go.' But I don't feel I have so many years of a career ahead of me. I think twenty-four is old when you think of how many young girls still in their teens are coming into the limelight."

Obviously, Lana is at the stage where she feels she's had a rather bad break from many sources. She's been so photographed, so written up and her affairs have been dragged out into the cold spotlight. I wish I could tell her that so many of the things that worry her now are just because she is so young. But philosophy and a bit of humor about life come with experience. It has to be learned—not talked.

Somehow I've always had a warm spot in my heart for the little Turner girl back from the days when she was first discovered by Mervyn LeRoy. Her real name, "Julia," was changed to Lana and "Lana" became the name of hundreds of babies. What she did, the sweaters she wore, the things she said, her mode of dressing her hair, became fads. No wonder the little schoolgirl's head whirled—and she made foolish mistakes.

Now she wants more than anything else to settle down, to be a dignified mother and have her romances kept out of the newspapers—for Cheryl's sake. And there's no doubt but that Turhan has also been influential in making Lana more serious-minded. "My romance with him has been the most beautiful thing in my life," she said.

"I can't say that I've never been wildly in love before," she went on. "That wouldn't be true. But this is a different feeling. Perhaps it's because he seems so young to me. I call him 'my child boy friend'—but he has a lot of good common sense for a boy of his age, and his upbringing has given him dignity."

I asked, "How old is he?"

Lana smiled, "I kid him and say he's nineteen. But he's really twenty-four."

"Then why do you feel that you are so much older?"

"A woman is always older than a man—even if they are the same age. I feel I've lived a long time—through so many experiences Turhan has never known."

I thought if Lana knew my age she'd think I ought to lie down and die or do something equally drastic. But I tactfully kept off that subject.

After she had gone I couldn't help wondering what is next in the cards for Lana. She is not a girl who will find life peaceful and calm no matter how much she may desire it. She is too vivid and emotional. Will she marry Turhan? Perhaps. Or there may be many other men in her life.

Somehow I feel, too, that this sober, mature attitude may be just another phase of her development. But of this I am sure—she does feel the responsibility of her baby and it will influence anything she does in the future.

Her sweater-girl, night-clubbing days are behind her—but as for new romances, new loves in her life, new emotional experiences—well, we'll wait and see.

THE END

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It Had to Be You

(Continued from page 62) when I'm married to a grand soldier?"

The blood drained from Jeannie's face. "I think I'll go."

"And admit I've won?" Gloria asked.

Jeannie, who had started to rise from the table, sank back again. She knew she could not leave. Not with everyone watching.

WHEN the Hollywood Reporter and Daily Variety, previewing "Summer Moon," acclaimed Marian Morgan a new and brilliant star, it was more than Gloria could take. Her last film, she knew, was a horrible failure. What did the new girl have that made her so sensational?

Gloria demanded that "Summer Moon" be run off for her in the projection room and as she watched it, for the first time in her life, she experienced a deep sense of frustration. Never before had she sincerely wanted to be a great actress. She had been content with her proven ability—the ability to take men, permanently or temporarily, away from other women. But as she watched "Summer Moon" she resented Marian Morgan with all the weakness of her poor little soul because she knew that Marian was good.

Marian was in her dressing room when Gloria opened the door. "Thought I'd drop by and get acquainted," Gloria said. "I just saw your picture."

"Did you like it?" Marian asked.

"It's a nice little picture," Gloria said. "Good for the first try. Congratulations."

"Thanks."

"You're a funny girl," Gloria mused. "I never see your name linked romantically with anyone. Don't you have a sweetheart?"

"Yes," said Marian quietly, "I have a sweetheart."

Gloria brightened. The huntress, the woman who finds a man attractive only if he belongs to another woman, was titillated.

"Who is he?" Gloria asked.

"It isn't a he. It's an it."

"Now that," Gloria said, "I don't get."

"I'm madly in love with my job."

Furious, Gloria stood up. "Very funny," she said slowly. "Very, very funny."

As she went down the hall, her four-inch heels clicking on the cement floors, she could hear Marian's maddening laughter.

She flung open the door of Paul's office. "Paul," she said, "I've got to make a good picture, not this tripe I've been turning out. Paul, I want to be an actress."

Immediately Gloria was plotting a way of taking Marian's lover away from her.

The following week they started the new picture which Paul assured Gloria would make her a great actress. After one day's work in it, Gloria, filled with curiosity, went over to the sound stage where Marian was filming her second picture. Marian had just stepped before the camera to do her biggest emotional scene when she saw Gloria's scornful eyes upon her. Trembling, she went up in her lines.

"What is it, dear?" her director asked. "You never blow."

Marian pointed at Gloria. "She's here to spy on me." Her voice sounded like the tinny, metallic sound a tuning fork makes. "Get her off this set. Make her leave—right now!"

Gloria shrugged her lovely broad shoulders, "Happy to go," she said. "Wouldn't like to be anywhere I'm not wanted."

Seething, Marian walked over to her. "You're here for no good. Now get out of here!" she screamed.

The next day the columns were full of the Gloria Thornton-Marian Morgan feud. Paul saw them and they reminded him stabbingly of the girl who wasn't mentioned. So when he left the set



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that day he went directly to Jeannie's dressing room. Her suspension was over. She was working on a new picture. "Jeannie," he said softly, "May I come in?" Jeannie thought, "Now is the time to talk to him, to get our relationship settled."

But before she had time to speak Paul said, "Jeannie, I'm such a jerk. How can you ever forgive me?" His face was old and tired and desperate. "You know I fell for Gloria. I don't know what it was, just something that a man thinks is important temporarily. And now that she knows I've come to my senses she's making my life unbearable. She's ruining my picture. She thinks she's a great actress. Instead she's ridiculous."

"I know I haven't any right to say this, Jeannie, but I'm mixed up and confused. I need you. You're just a kid, but you're wise and kind and womanly too. Will you help me, please?"

Jeannie pushed the fair hair away from his troubled forehead and kissed his cheek. It was not love she felt, only compassion for his weakness and misery. She, too, had been weak and miserable.

She couldn't settle anything, she knew, while his need of her tied him to her.

FOR months the Hollywood Victory Committee had been involved in a laborious and secret job. Determined that the boys overseas should have the kind of entertainment they wanted, the committee, with the aid of public relations officers, had balloted thousands of men in service to determine the three Hollywood personalities the G.I.s would most welcome.

The task of sorting and sifting the ballots completed, the committee member in charge of the project read the report. "This will never do," he said to his assistant. "These three girls all work for the same studio. We've got to spread this . . . this honor . . . around."

His assistant stiffened. "What about the boys? Those are the stars they *really* want."

"You're right," the committee member agreed. "It's a funny choice though, isn't it? I understand Gloria Thornton. And Jeannie Holmes, of course, is the homey girl who reminds them of their sisters. But Marian Morgan—why, she's only had one picture released."

"But, don't forget, it was the most talked of musical of the year."

"Okay," said the committeeman. "Get Lance Bradshaw on the telephone. Find out when these three can be ready to go. I hope they like each other; they'll be together for a long, long time."

Obviously he had not read the gossip columns.

You never would have taken them for Hollywood glamour girls if you had seen the three of them in their tin helmets and long raincoats reporting to a shack known as headquarters in a deluge of Italian rain. Six months ago Gloria would have thought death preferable to being seen like this by the handsome public relations officer. But that was six months ago. That was before Africa.

Once Gloria had played in a film laid in Africa. In a long white chiffon dress she had walked across a fake desert into a fake sunset as the wind machines blew back her draperies. On that day she had complained of the wind machines and the dust they whipped into her eyes!

She had learned that the real Africa is incessant sand and burning sun and freezing nights and long miserable rides in jouncing jeeps. Sometimes she had been so weary that she had not known whether she could make them hear her opening line, "Well, boys, home was never like this." She opened the show, paved the way for Marian and Jeannie, both of whom could sing and dance. She allowed the

boys to get their whistling and cheering over before real talent came on.

But Africa, grim as it was, had been safe. When Marian, who always seemed able to ferret out the news of their next move, told them one night, "We're going to Italy," Gloria's blood chilled in her veins.

"They're really fighting in Italy, aren't they?"

"Sure," Marian answered, "and we're going farther up front than any entertainers ever have been before."

"But won't that be dangerous?"

"You stupid idiot!"

It was here that Jeannie stepped in. Jeannie always stepped in when Marian and Gloria quarrelled. She had absorbed so much of those miserable African camps that she felt that never again would anything connected with her small life seem important. Her mother, Paul, her career, all were dim and shadowy. Only one thing remained clear—Peter Blake. And he was lost to her forever.

As they presented themselves at Italian headquarters she said, "Pipe down, kids. Don't fight any more." Then they were greeted by the special service officer.

"It is certainly good to see you," he said, his teeth showing white in his dirty face. "I suppose everyone tells you how swell it is of you to come, but it is particularly wonderful for these boys because they've had no entertainment of any sort for months."

Gloria heard the sound of distant artillery and shuddered.

"I apologize for the weather," the officer continued, "but mainly I must apologize for your accommodations. We had hoped you could give the show in a high-class opera house where Caruso once sang. But after last night, it doesn't exist any more."

"What happened?" Gloria asked and, knowing the answer, feared it all the more. "Direct hit."

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"Air raid?" Marian's eyes were bright and eager.

The officer nodded.

"Will there... will there be any more?" from Gloria.

"Probably. Afraid?"

Jeannie spoke for the first time. "No," she said. "No, she's not afraid."

The officer went on. "The boys have renovated the movie theater. It isn't as large as the opera house and it smells faintly of garlic but we can guarantee you an enthusiastic audience."

Air raid! Air raid! Gloria's mind said. What will I do if there's an air raid?

"Oh, by the way," the officer was saying. "We're assigning a sergeant to look after you. He's from Hollywood and says he knows you ladies."

That was almost inevitable. Boys always were coming up to them with, "My sister went to school with you in your home town." And even when the home town named was a spot they had never even visited, they smiled sweetly and said, "Give her my best when you write." And it seemed as if every boy from California had played extra in one of their pictures.

WHEN the Sergeant walked in Jeannie did not recognize him. She had thought of him so much, looked at his picture so often, run his films so many times that when he stood before her, husky and straight in his muddy uniform, he had no reality. It could be that she was afraid to believe what she saw, of course.

"Peter!" Gloria cried.

"You know him, then?" The officer laughed.

"Know him? He's my husband!"

Yes, Jeannie told herself, he's Gloria's husband. Stand by, Jeannie, and watch him kiss her. Fill your eyes with the sight of him. But hold onto yourself. Be casual. Be easy. He has kissed her now.

He shook hands with Marian next. And last he stopped to kiss Jeannie on the cheek. It was the light kiss of an actor greeting a fellow worker. "Fancy meeting you here," Peter laughed. "Come now, give with the Hollywood dirt."

The four of them grouped themselves around a little table. It had been so long since they had seen anyone even remotely connected with anything they knew—and all they knew was Hollywood—that they all talked at once, telling Peter who was making what pictures, whose heart belonged to whom, what changes Hollywood had undergone.

Finally Jeannie said, "But you, Peter, what about you?"

"Nothing to tell about me," Peter said. It was then Jeannie saw how old he looked. The boy who had loved her was a man now. And bottled up inside of him were emotions she wanted to share.

"Oh, Peter," she cried out, "What have they done to you?"

He started forward and looked long at her. She felt he was trying to communicate with her in some intricate lover's code. Then she decided that had been only wishful thinking. For he didn't answer. And Gloria went on telling him how sensational she was in her last picture.

"Hey," Marian said. "It's stopped raining."

Marian standing at the door of the shack was the last image Jeannie remembered until the German planes were overhead.

She remembered emotions, however. She remembered fear so sickening that she could taste it like bile in her mouth. She remembered a great deal of running around, Peter herding them to another place, and a withering, devastating noise all around, as if the world had become nothing but deafening sound.

That was the first time they came over.

By the time the second wave, or maybe it was the third, arrived her brain and her eyes were functioning again and she was aware of the others.

First, she was aware of Marian's avid eyes upon her, of Marian watching the whole shocking spectacle as if it were a film devised for her entertainment. No, not quite like that. Marian was watching as if she were a medical student observing an experienced physician perform a delicate brain operation, eager to learn, greedy for the surgeon's skill. Yet it was more than eagerness. Marian's eyes were so gluttonous, really. Jeannie knew she must change the look in Marian's eyes before anyone else saw how naked they were.

During a lull in sound that was almost worse than the noise, Jeannie whispered to Marian, "Aren't you afraid?"

"No," said Marian. "But you are!" And then those hungry eyes devoured Jeannie's face until Jeannie was almost more afraid of Marian than she was of the hissing, spitting, thunderous bombs.

"Don't look at me that way," she said. "I've got to see everything," Marian whispered, her voice husky. "I'm going to be the greatest actress in the world. I can use every moment of this."

It was not until months later that Jeannie wondered why she had not asked, "But wouldn't it be better to examine yourself? To test your own emotions instead of feeding on the emotions of others?" And three years later Jeannie, seeing the film that won for Marian her second Academy Award, said to herself, "Technically her performance is wonderful. But she leaves me untouched." And then thought, "If she had watched herself instead of the others during that air raid she would give more warmth to her performance."

But at the time all Jeannie knew was that Marian frightened her and she thought, "People think Gloria is hard and that Marian is just an eager, ambitious kid. But Marian really is the hard one. Gloria is putty compared to her." For Marian served hard masters—art and ambition.

Fear was personified in Gloria, and her behavior under fire made Jeannie ashamed to look at her. Gloria was neither acting nor observing. As the tearing, shattering noise ripped at the Italian skies her face contorted and she writhed on the ground. Then she beat her head with her hands and tore at her clothes.

"Gloria!" Jeannie shouted, "Behave yourself!"

She rolled blood-shot eyes in Jeannie's direction. She muttered something. She pulled at her hair. Then she stood up, weaving like a drunken person.

Peter was beside her instantly, trying to get her down, saying, "Gloria, you must not behave like this." Gloria looked at him as if seeing him for the first time. Then she screamed. And the sound was more terrible than the sound of the bombs.

Peter, looking at her steadily, drew back his fist. A second later it came into contact with Gloria's chin. She crumpled to the ground. Mercifully now she was oblivious. Peter crawled back to Jeannie. "I'm sorry I had to do that. But it's better for her. Besides, hysteria spreads. We knock them out quite a lot."

Jeannie did not speak for at that moment a bomb fell so close that mud splashed up on her mouth.

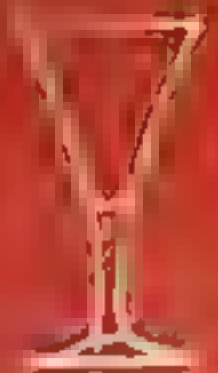
"Are you afraid?" Peter asked.

"Yes," Jeannie said.

"But you don't show it."

Then it happened. Peter drew her to him and held her in his arms. "Oh Jeannie, my darling. It's just you. It's always been just you."

"Darling," Jeannie whispered, happy for the first time in all those months.



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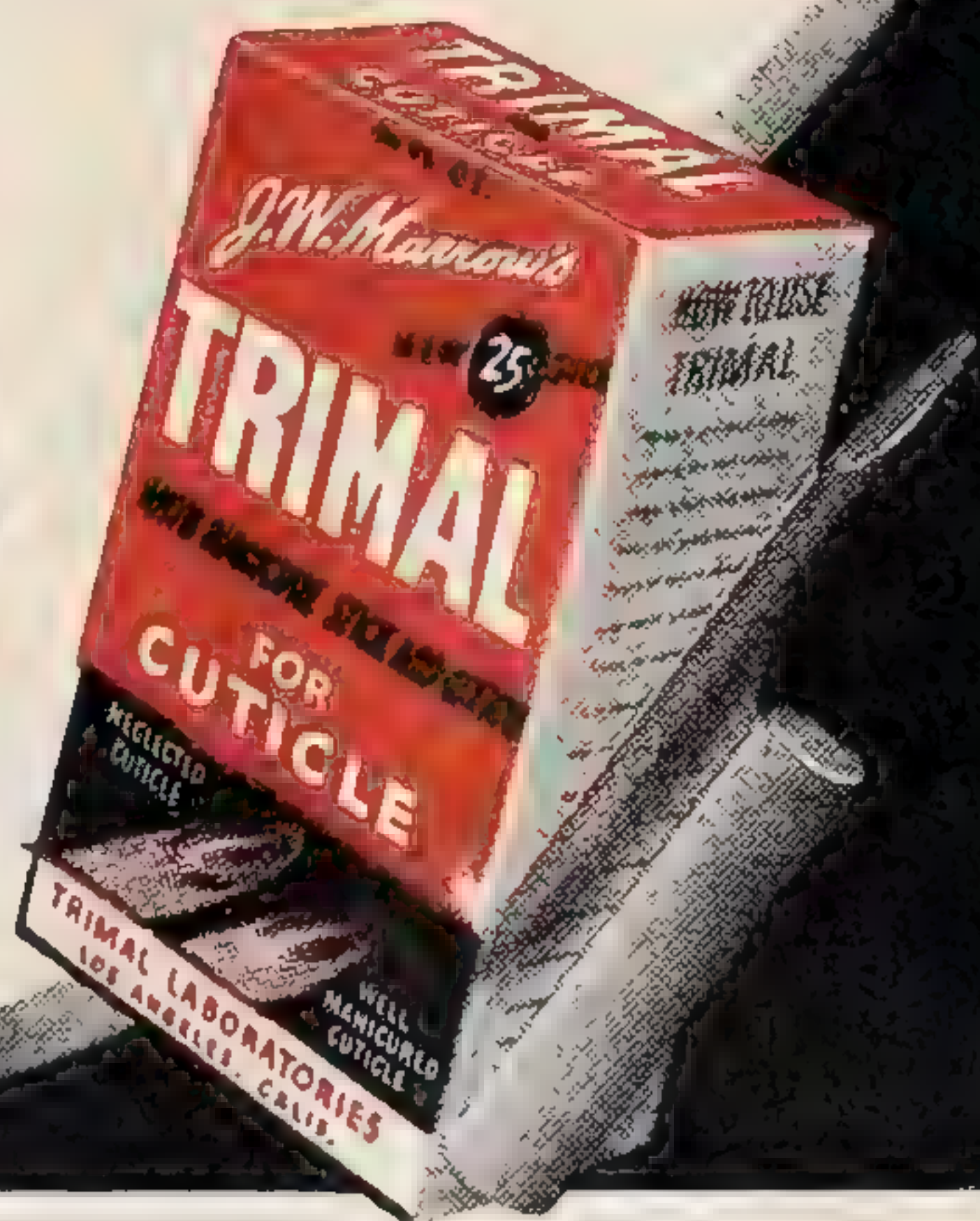
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"When this is over," Peter whispered, his mouth close to her ear, "We'll be together, darling."

"No," said Jeannie desperately. "Gloria would never give you a divorce. Particularly not now. You see, because I was engaged to him, she went for Paul. He was crazy about her, too, and then he saw her as she was and came back to me for help. Just before we left he told her he was through with her. It made her furious. No man had ever told her that before. So I know she wouldn't take having you go, too."

"I see," Peter said. And then later: "And you and Paul?"

"I settled that before I left," she told him wearily. "I couldn't have loose ends. He understood. For Paul, weak as he is, always really knew there was nobody for me but you."

"Then, Jeannie, it will be us."

Sadly Jeannie shook her head, "She'll never, never give you up now."

THAT night they gave their show. And the men laughed and applauded when Gloria, the bruise on her chin carefully concealed by make-up, came out on the stage and said, "Well, boys, home was never like this."

Gloria was the hit of the show that night. And this was unusual because usually Marian's and Jeannie's talent overrode Gloria's appeal.

But somehow that night the talent did not come through. Marian's songs were too studied and there was no life in Jeannie's dancing. It was Gloria who really pulled the show together. And when it was over it was Gloria all the boys crowded around.

Jeannie was taking off her make-up when Peter came back-stage. He sat watching her, her hair tied back off her forehead with a towel, as her fingers dipped into the cold cream and smeared it over her little face.

At last he stood up and leaned over to kiss the back of her neck. They sprang apart guiltily as they heard the door open and looked up to see Gloria standing there.

"Relax, kids," she said as she sat quietly and calmly at the improvised make-up table and adjusted a towel over her hair.

Peter and Jeannie waited for a storm of vituperative words. But none came. Instead Gloria cold-creamed her face and said "ouch" as her fingers touched her chin. "I guess maybe war teaches you something," she said at last. "I don't quite know what it is. But it has something to do with . . . with . . . would you laugh if I said personal standards?"

"No," Jeannie answered quietly, "we wouldn't laugh." And then she blushed realizing she had said "we" when she had no right to say it.

But Gloria, so calm now, so unafraid, picked up the very personal pronoun. "That's just it. We. I never belonged to Peter and he never belonged to me. Talking about things like that seems funny here, but look, Jeannie, when we get back, if we do get back, I want to divorce Peter because he was never really mine. And somehow after today I don't, ever again, want anything that isn't mine. Really mine, I mean."

Jeannie reached out her hand and took Gloria's greasy little paw. "Thanks," she said.

"Oh, skip it," Gloria said. "I'm still okay. I won't win any Academy Awards the way Marian will. Not that I think those Awards will make Marian happy. Maybe I don't know what spells happiness. I never could spell anyhow. But," she looked up at Jeannie and Peter, "I feel better now—better than I've ever felt before in my life."

THE END

Strictly U. S. A.

(Continued from page 36) now to learn music. He's a music nut in a good way. No pretense about it. He knows more about hot trumpet players than anybody I've run across. He also knows what happens when Toscanini gives the downbeat. He just knows it instinctively because by instinct he is a cultured, sensitive man.

And it means he knows Anne. I think Anne has more talent, charm and good sense than any other youngster in the business. She proves it in the way she picks her friends. People mean a lot to her so she's very, very careful about them. She's never gone for glitter, has been a wizard at avoiding phonies and phoniness. She met Hody on the set of "Sunday Dinner For A Soldier" and they've been meeting ever since. Not that theirs is an untrammelled romance. There have been and still are some hurdles to be cleared. And neither one will say what's to be tomorrow. But today's okay. So is Anne.

And so is Hody.

You have probably guessed by now that I am very glad I investigated Hodiak. I think he's one of the best things that's happened to Hollywood in a long time.

THE END

Time Out for Love

(Continued from page 41) from having nothing to say, and the other produced by poise and intellect. He decided then and there that Miss Morley came under the latter classification—and made a note to find out what made her tell time without even ticking.

On the other hand, Kay Morley was thinking that Richard Crane was an unusual type of man to be in the acting business. He was without pose or pretense. There weren't two points worth of ham in his entire system. He looked like a champion athlete, which he had been. He looked like a nice boy, working his way through college by hashing in a drive-in, or like a filling station attendant with a string of steady customers, or like a truck driver with a perfect safety record—all of which he had been. But he didn't seem to want to remind people in his off-hours that his profession was creating illusions. Hmm, thought Kay.

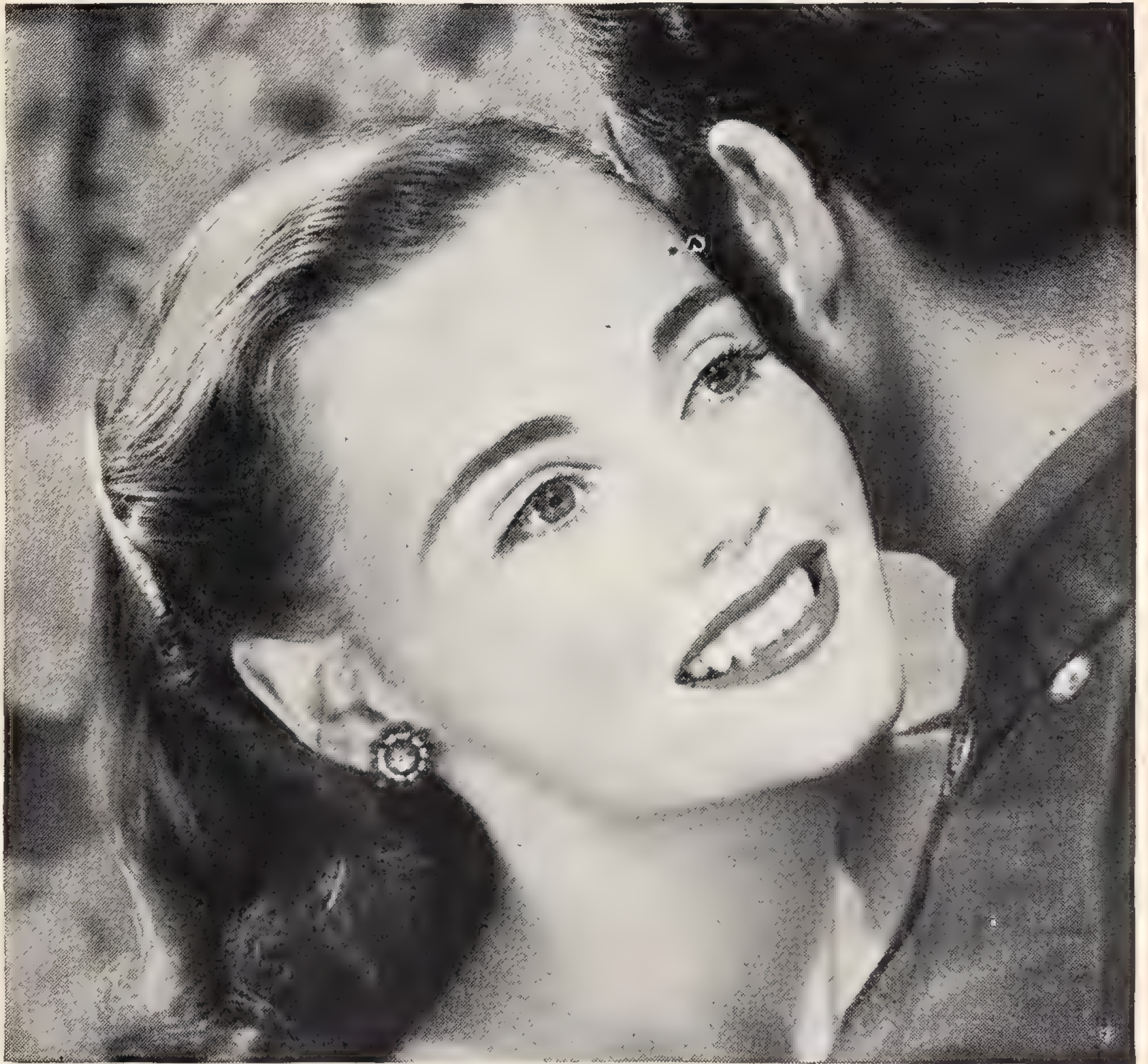
So, three or four weeks later, she was having dinner with her brother, a handsome chap in uniform, when Dick Crane again entered Victor's. It wasn't exactly because Kay knew that Dick frequented the place that she had selected it when her brother asked her to name a dinner spot. It was because the food was so good. At least that's what Kay told herself.

However, when Dick caught sight of his fellow Marx client practically surrounded by a very big, very good-looking man, he bowed formally and moved on to another table. A crisis! Luckily, a casual friend of Kay's lounged into view, giving her an opportunity to call out, "Oh, Eddie, won't you join us? I want you to meet my brother!"

Wonderful word, brother! Dick caught it as a starving hobo would reach for a piece of angel-food cake and presently eased over to the Morley booth. It was then that he learned that Kay Morley was really Leona Elaine Lenore deVinna. She had grown up in Long Beach with her parents and a family of brothers, all big, tall and critical of their sister's boy friends.

However, this particular brother said, as he was leaving Kay that night, "Say, that Crane isn't a bad guy at all. Seems okay." From a deVinna this was like being presented with oak leaf clusters.

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That did it! Kay and Dick started dating. Then came the hurdle of passing the deVinna scrutiny. Many a young man had fallen by the wayside at this point, for the deVinnas, though charming and cordial, were also placid and silent—two qualities which had proved the undoing of more than one of Kay's aspiring beaux. They arrived at Kay's apartment one day and so did Mr. Crane.

Dick, having always been one of his mother's best friends, felt no shyness toward people who were her contemporaries. He marched in, shook hands, and asked Mr. deVinna about business conditions in Long Beach. Then he asked Mrs. deVinna if she had the same trouble his mother had getting butter and bobby pins. The deVinnas beamed. They vied with one another to converse with this attractive young man who might have been, so far as conduct and character were concerned, one of their own sons. When the deVinnas left, they and Dick were fast friends. And Kay and Dick looked at each other again—and faced another test.

DICK'S father was killed in France during the first world war just a month after Dick was born. Naturally, Dick and his mother grew up together; they were chums, confidantes, as well as mother and son. In many cases of that sort, the mother is unwilling to share her son.

But Dick's mother was different. Mrs. Crane, who had already noted that Dick's feminine conversation had narrowed down to the word "Kay," suggested that Miss Morley be invited for dinner Sunday.

"Is there anything I should do, or not do?" asked Kay nervously, wanting terribly to make a good impression.

"Just be yourself and we're set," said Dick and kissed her.

Mrs. Crane and Kay had spent about twenty minutes together when it became plain to both that theirs was going to be a supremely happy relationship. "The one thing I've felt that I've missed in life is having a daughter," Mrs. Crane confided. "Ah . . . please have another slice of this chocolate cake, Kay."

"It's wonderful. Could I have the recipe for it, please?" asked Kay.



Not in the script—Kay and Dick Crane take time out to act like newlyweds

Well, that settled it in Dick's mind. There was now nothing to stand in the way of their getting married at once. Nothing—except Kay. She shook her dark head stubbornly. "Your career is just getting started, dear. The studio is building you up as a romantic leading man. If you get married now, everyone may lose interest in you. I won't let you take the chance."

Dick put up a good fight. Kay, so sweet, so near to him, was denying him marriage. "What about Alan Ladd, Ronald Reagan, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby?"

"I know, dear, but most of them were established before they married. No," and she shook her head, "we must wait."

Finally he agreed to her way.

They settled down into that rarest of all Hollywood vehicles: A long engagement. And they found it to be rare fun. Kay came up to Dick's canyon house one day and looked it over with approval and an improving eye. "Drapes for the windows, some pictures," she murmured.

The color schemes were good, they both decided—and went to work on giving the bachelor house a feminine touch. Dick decided that one thing definitely needed was a dressing room in the bedroom. He bought a rough-pine kidney table. He and Kay selected drapes for the backing of that wall space in a pattern that was matched by a ready-made flounce and top for the kidney table. Dick put foundation and fluff together. Presto! The feminine touch. They picked the white string rug out together, admitting it was impractical, but Kay thought it would give the room a sleek, modern look.

FOR his birthday, Kay gave Dick a Maltese terrier which promptly presented him with five puppies. Although her pups had to remain in the back-yard doghouse, Muffins was allowed indoors. She was a puzzled pup, however.

Kay and Dick had memorized lines, scenes, entire acts of celebrated plays. One of their favorite scenes was the quarrel from "Private Lives." Occasionally they enacted this with gusto, whereupon Muffins retired to the bedroom, lay doggo and peered around the door, or flattened herself as thin as tissue paper and crawfished under the lounge.

At other times Muffins sat on a chair, her head cocked on one side, her tongue lolling out, and beamed approval at the love scenes from "Coquette," from "The Male Animal," from "Holiday," from "The Animal Kingdom," or from "Kiss And Tell."

Then Kay was awarded the lead in a Goldwyn picture, "Youth Aflame," and Dick, as thrilled over it as Kay, set to work to coach her in the part. Under Dick's persistent tutelage, gentle, sweet, soft-voiced Kay became—for camera purposes—a cross-grained, blatant juvenile-delinquent witch. Muffins was baffled.

Then last November, Dick was called into the head office and notified that he had been awarded the plum part of his life, that of *Captain Cherry* in the superb Rickenbacker story that is being screened as "Captain Eddie."

He made a mad dash for Kay and before she could protest, they were headed for Santa Monica.

"What is this all about?" she finally managed when she caught her breath.

"We're going to apply for our marriage license," said masterful Mr. Crane. "We know we're in love and that we're going to be married sometime. I've just won the best role of my career, and I'm going to celebrate by marrying my girl."

"I'll marry you under one condition," said the stubborn little Kay, "that we keep it secret until we're positive that being married isn't going to make any difference in your career."



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J E W E L R Y B Y

Jacques Kreiser

"Secret or otherwise, you're going to marry me," he told her.

Now, arranging a secret marriage between two Hollywood personalities is harder than surreptitiously burying an elephant. The fact that their license was taken out under the names of Elaine deVinna and Richard Crane helped some, but every day that the license was kicking around without being used made discovery more possible.

Yet, try to find time to be married! The day that Dick was to be free of the studio for an entire day was the exact day on which Kay had to show up at Goldwyn for fashion art, or for a new test, or for an interview. Then, one noon, Dick learned that he was going to be free for two and a half days. He telephoned Kay. "You're going to be a bride, honey!"

"I just washed my hair," she wailed.

"It will be dry by the time we can round up Bert and your girl friend and get to Santa Monica," he declared. So Kay telephoned her girl friend, told her to leap into pre-arranged bridesmaid's clothes.

From the studio, Dick discovered that he was going to have to make arrangements for Judge of the Superior Court Orlando H. Rhodes to remain at his offices somewhat later than the usual closing hour. Judge Rhodes chuckled, said he would wait.

Dick collected his best man, Bert Marx, his bride and her attendant and boomed down to Santa Monica. They had to stop by the way while Kay rushed into a filling-station dressing room, removed her bandana and combed her hair. Then, in Santa Monica, they located a jeweler and Dick bought Kay's carved gold-band wedding ring. They also bought an orchid corsage. "Long life and happiness," beamed the wise and knowing florist.

AND so they were married on November 14. After the service, Dick grinned down at his bride. "You didn't miff a line," he said in the ultimate compliment paid one performer to another.

"You weren't bad yourself," she returned.

If that was a good performance, it was a mere rehearsal for the parts both Kay and Dick had to play for the ensuing weeks. Honeymooning and not telling. An occasional columnist would inquire as to their intentions. "We think it would be nice to be married," was the way Dick answered them, not liking it. Aside to Kay he suggested, "Let's tell them, honey."

She shook her head. "I don't want to spoil things for you."

A stupendous party was scheduled one December night at Ciro's, sponsored by the local photographers. Everyone in Hollywood, plus his wife or her husband, was invited. Dick received a bid, of course, and it was suggested that he take one of the studio glamour girls. He hedged, said he was going to have to be late because of previous commitments, and managed to stall out of the responsibility.

At the party he telephoned Kay every thirty minutes. He didn't like the idea of her sitting at home, reading and awaiting his return. It just didn't seem right. So, when a studio representative kiddingly asked Dick, "Have you mistaken the telephone for a pin-ball machine—dropping all those nickels?" Dick drew the questioner aside to say, "I've been calling my wife. I wish the studio would announce our marriage. I want everybody to know that Kay Morley and I are married!"

The studio representative saw no reason why he shouldn't oblige one of Twentieth Century's most promising young men stars.

And so the hidden honeymoon was over—to Kay's confusion and Dick's delight.

THE END

Virginia Mayo

in Samuel Goldwyn's
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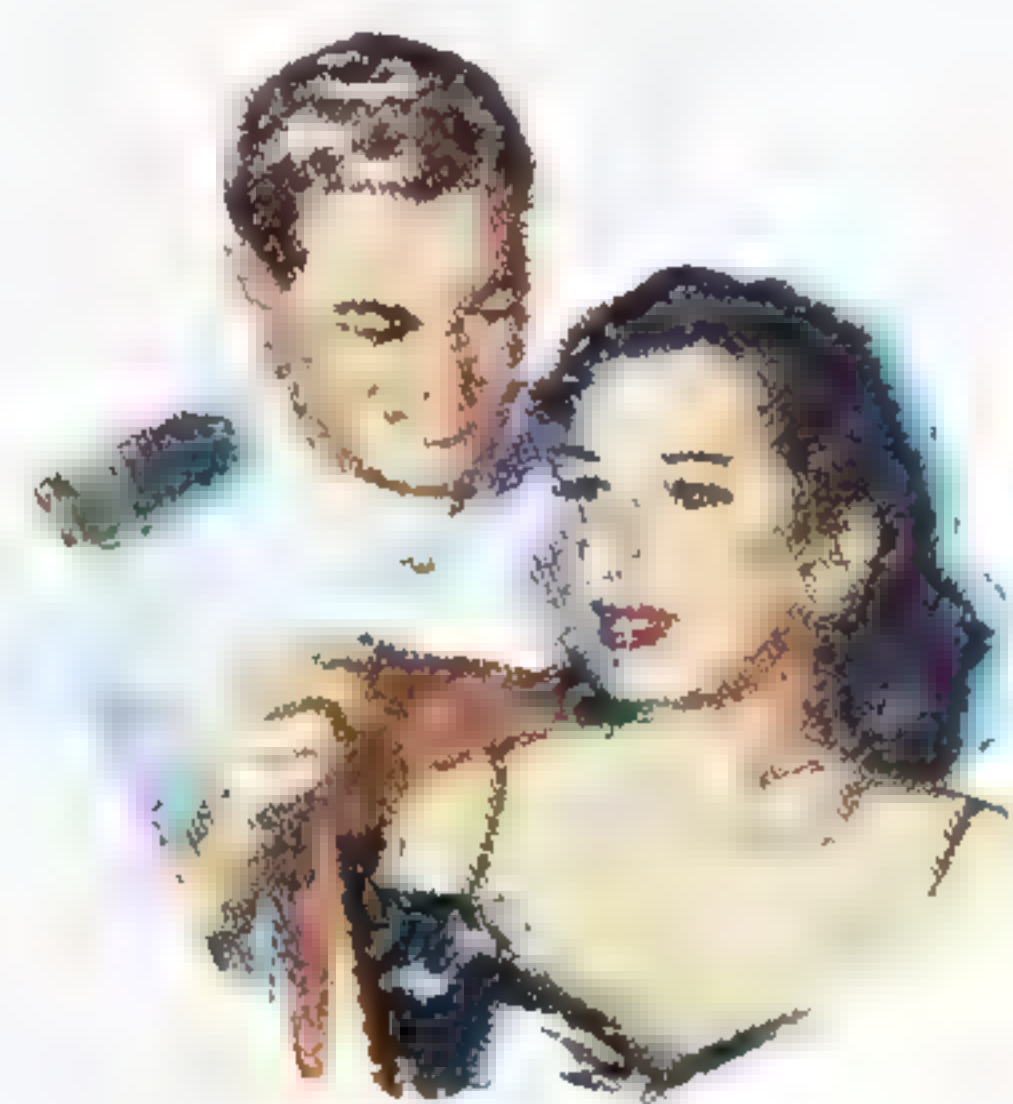
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2 YOU SAVE STEPS AND WORK WITH PYREX WARE BECAUSE:

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- (C) It runs around by itself ☐



3 PYREX WARE IS EASIER TO WASH BECAUSE:

- (A) It makes soap sudsier ☐
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4 LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK WHEN YOU BUY GLASS UTENSILS BECAUSE:

- (A) It's so good-looking ☐
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ANSWER BOX

OF COURSE you know the right answers but here they are anyway:

1 (B); 2 (A); 3 (C); 4 (C).

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Solid Citizen

(Continued from page 54) six months ahead of schedule so that they could strike the Terry box office while it was hot. And his former studio, Paramount, has borrowed him back to play the important part of Ray Milland's brother in "The Lost Weekend."

He was born Fred Kormann. His father was an oil operator of considerable substance, but Fred (hereafter Phil), believing a man needed strong biceps to spend money properly, started working as a water boy in the oil fields when he was fifteen, later graduating to roustabout, rig builder and tool dresser, among other things.

He spent much of his time in the Oklahoma and Texas fields, principally around Oklahoma City and Burkburnett. Anyone who's visited that hardy country knows that a talent for embroidery work and badminton doesn't get a man very far there. Burkburnett was named for an uncle of his, but this afforded him no special standing. He had to slug out his job along with the rest of the husky gentry.

All of which gave Phil a stalwart background and resulted in his growing into a man of six feet, one inch, covered by one hundred and seventy-five pounds of well-muscled flesh. He doesn't look more than five, ten, however, just as he doesn't look more than twenty-seven years old, although indisputable records show he was born in 1909 and is thus thirty-six.

Phil's oil field employment was confined to the summer months, thus leaving his winters to attend school, first in New York and then San Francisco.

AT Leland Stanford, Phil learned that when the great Pop Warner, then the Palo Alto coach, caught a back weighing less than 200 pounds, he threw him back. When Warner looked Phil over and asked him how much he weighed, Phil said, hopefully, "I only weigh a hundred and sixty, but I'm awfully disagreeable."

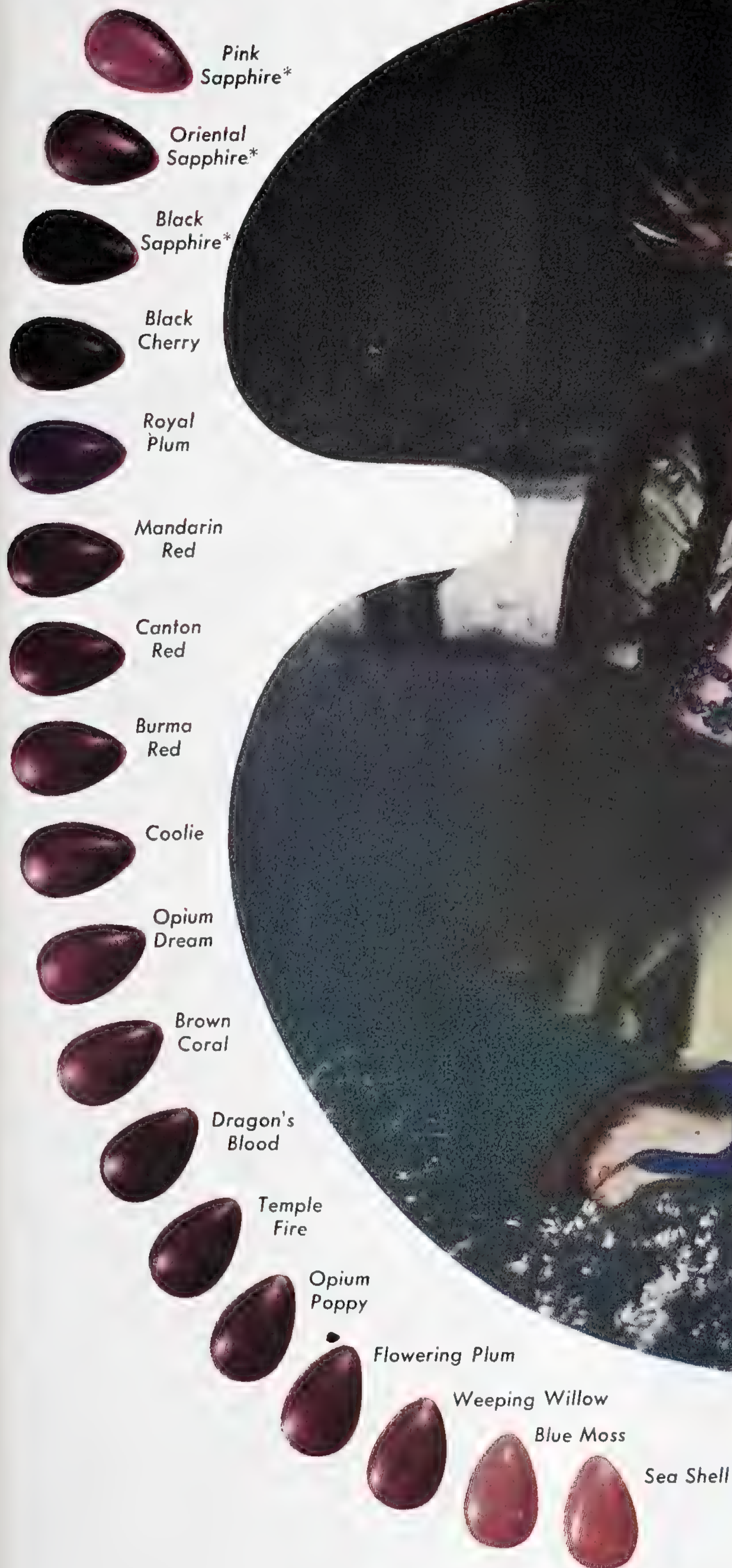
Warner liked his gall and also the way he could kick a football. He got in a few games as a kicking specialist and might have gone places with the pigskin if he hadn't fractured a kneecap in an oil field accident and developed a stiff leg.

By the time his college days were over he had decided to make the theater a career. He was pondering the problem of how to crash show business when a friend advised him to go to England to acquire an English accent. Kormann, père, being amenable to any career his son chose, arranged the finances for a fling at London. Once there, after duly broadening his "A's" and jettisoning his "R's," he found a practically unlimited supply of English accents trying to crash the London stage, a discovery which prompted him to turn his face homeward.

The Kormanns were living quietly in Glendale, a highly moral neighborhood of Hollywood. The cinema capital, however, seemed strangely unimpressed by Phil's synthetic accent. It wasn't until he put away the clipped speech and returned to solid American diction that he got a chance to act, which wasn't in pictures, but radio. Soon he came to the attention of an M-G-M talent scout who signed him to a minor contract.

This was back in 1937 and he felt that he was definitely on his way. However, his first try at Metro simmered down into his playing the foil in other people's screen tests. Phil wanted to prove that he was, or wasn't, an actor, and found himself proving, instead, that other people were, or weren't actors. He managed to stick at Metro for two years, and in all that time, just to show how (Continued on page 100)

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Welcome the Fashion Frocks Representative When She Calls

(Continued from page 98) his luck was running, he didn't even set eyes on Joan Crawford, even though he actually played a bit in "Mannequin" which co-starred Joan and Spencer Tracy.

There was a scene in "Mannequin" where Joan, as a downtrodden tenement girl, ran up the stairs to her dreary flat and en route heard voices quarreling behind all the other flat doors.

Like most "sound" scenes in movies, Joan's running upstairs was shot silently and separately. Later the voices in the flats were dubbed in.

"I was one of those voices," comments Phil.

"Oh, darling, if I'd only heard your voice then," sighs Joan, and they look at one another like *Evangeline* and *Gabriel* just missing one another in the Arcadian wilderness.

Phil finally asked to be released from M-G-M and shortly thereafter Paramount cast him in the title role of "The Parson Of Panamint." After a great build-up, "Panamint" got stuck in a dark corner of a film vault somewhere and vegetated for several months. When finally it was shown it became merely a program picture.

A GAIN he asked for his release, but was cast in "Wake Island" as an alternative. Once more luck ran against him; the spectacular showing of William Bendix as *Smacksie* moved the cutting room to trim out just about everybody except Bendix, Brian Donlevy and Robert Preston. Phil was the sole owner of an oversized blue funk when he saw what had happened. But luck was with him again. M-G-M was casting for "Bataan," an all-male picture, or as near to an all-male picture as can be made in Hollywood, and the best in he-man talent was lined up for the cast, including Walter Brennan, Lloyd Nolan and Charles Laughton to bolster Robert Taylor.

While looking over an uncut version of "Wake Island" an M-G-M casting executive saw Phil's work and decided that he was right for "Bataan." He was sent for and after a test, was spotted in the role of *Gilbert Hardy*. This was before he met Joan.

With this circumstance, Phil is particularly pleased. To those who hint that he became a Metro contract player with a big campaign being cooked up to promote him to stardom because of his marriage to one of the old lion's great stars, he cites the record. As a matter of fact, he hints that if he hadn't already been pretty well established when he met Joan, he wouldn't have had the gall to propose to her.

Phil Terry has an abiding faith in the Golden Rule (do unto others, etc.) and his interests are notably sane. He's a good tennis player, a fine horseman and a near champion swimmer. He plays indifferent week-end golf, but his favorite recreation is staying at home with Joan, five-year-old Christina and very handsome two-year-old Phillip Terry Jr. and the myriad friends who drop in, informally, to enjoy the famous Terry-Crawford hospitality.

He has a hobby which he shares with many famous men. He is an electric train bug. The Terrys are contemplating an addition to their home to make room for his trains, when priorities are lifted.

He attends the movies at least twice weekly. He is frankly pleased with his way of life and states, without equivocation, that if he weren't in pictures, he'd try to get into them. He likes Hollywood and its people; in fact, he can't recall, off-hand, ever having met anybody he disliked, personally, although admitting a definite lack of admiration for certain actors who shall be nameless here.

He usually is deeply tanned and his

hazel eyes seem darker than they prove to be at close inspection. He has to wear glasses continually off screen, it being this extreme near-sightedness that keeps him out of service. His face is on the round side and his chin is strong, even though it has a noticeable cleft. He also has dimples, but refuses to be dismayed by them, having no inclination to question the whims of nature. He plays no musical instrument, nor does he sing, although he will try out his adequate baritone in an informal quartet if given the proper amount and vintage of encouragement.

He does have a favorite singer, however. Her name is Joan Crawford who, incidentally, never calls him "Phil" as everyone else does. To her, he is either "Darling" or "Phillip" and she makes a ceremony of always kissing him and calling him both these names together when they have their nightly before-dinner cocktail. Incidentally, Joan had never tasted any kind of cocktail until she married Phil, though she would sip an occasional glass of champagne. But the guy is a terrific bartender, his masterpiece being a secret Terry-recipe daiquiri. You get two of these before dinner at the Terrys, no more, no less. People with violent thirsts are not long numbered among their friends. But it is typical of Phil's individualism that with Joan and all guests raving over his daiquiris, he will, upon serving them, fix himself a gin and tonic.

HE loves his children, but is a strict disciplinarian, he having been brought up that way. Young Phillip is still at the stage where he beams impartially on all comers, but Christina makes no attempt to disguise her wild crush on her adopted father. She flirts outrageously with him at all times, and Phil, of course, is delighted.

He says that as a child his greatest ambition was to be a fireman. That desire fled, he says, when he passed a firehouse one day and caught sight of one of his smoke-eating heroes mending his own pantaloons.

He doesn't want to play Hamlet, is a quiet dresser, preferring blues and browns, and doesn't own an overcoat with a check more than one and a half inches square. He states flatly he never was even remotely in love until he met Joan Crawford, and he adds just as flatly he will always remain in love with her.

He takes no casual attitude toward safeguarding his marriage. For instance, on the "Luncheon At RKO" radio broadcast, the master of ceremonies one noon said glibly, "And over there we see Phillip Terry lunching with Anne Shirley." This was at the time when Anne and Phil were engaged in making "Pan Americana" together and it was regarded as a good publicity plug for the picture as well as for the two stars.

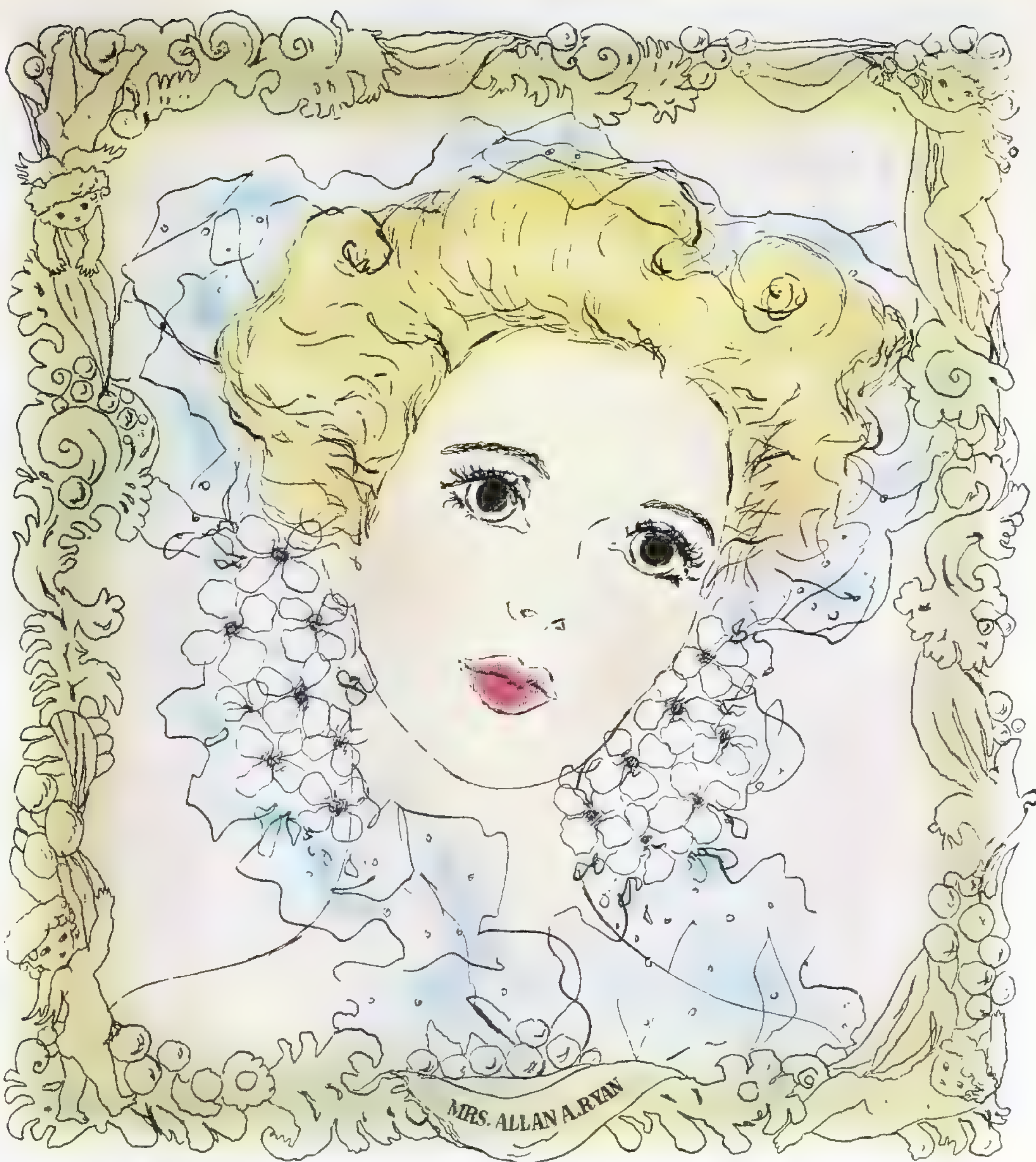
Most actors would have taken it that way, but not Phil. He wasn't lunching with Anne Shirley and he not only didn't want Joan to think that he would be, but he didn't want the public to think so either. He likes Anne very much, but his marriage code is proudly old-fashioned. He feels married men, actors or otherwise, should no more lunch than dine with any woman, save their wives. So, he demanded a retraction, on the air, on the same broadcast, and to the same length as the original statement.

The studio officials told him that this was silly and unnecessary, but Phil refused to yield.

He got the retraction.

In the wolf-haunted atmosphere of Hollywood, we think it's nice to know there are guys like this. So does Mrs. Phillip Terry.

THE END



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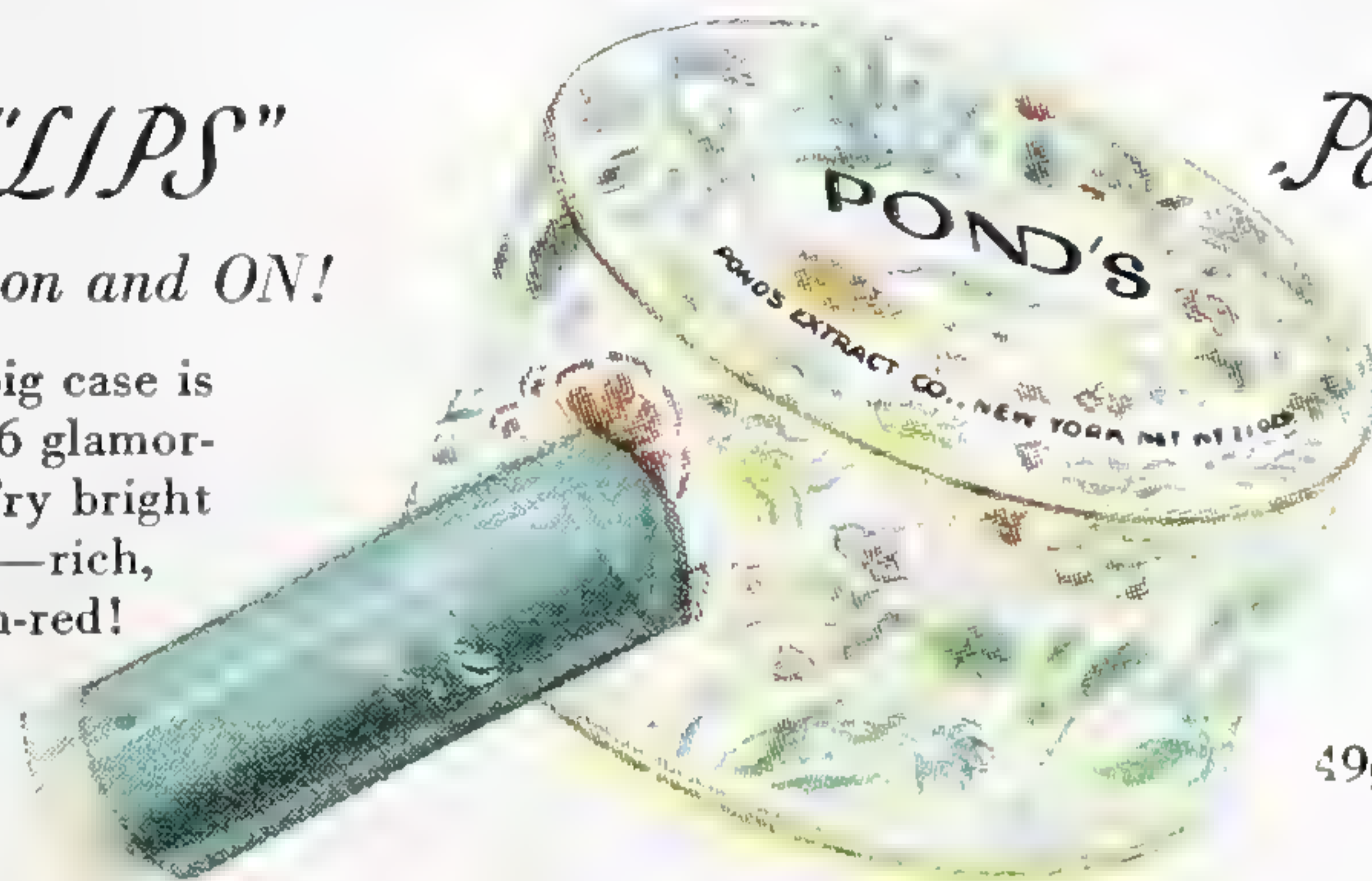
Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, young society leader, is a charming subject for this Dreamflower portrait. Hair of pale gold . . . tawny hazel eyes with wide velvet-black pupils. And a delicate blonde complexion soft-misted with Pond's sweet Dreamflower "Natural" powder.

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MORNING GLORY BLONDE — by Fredric Varady

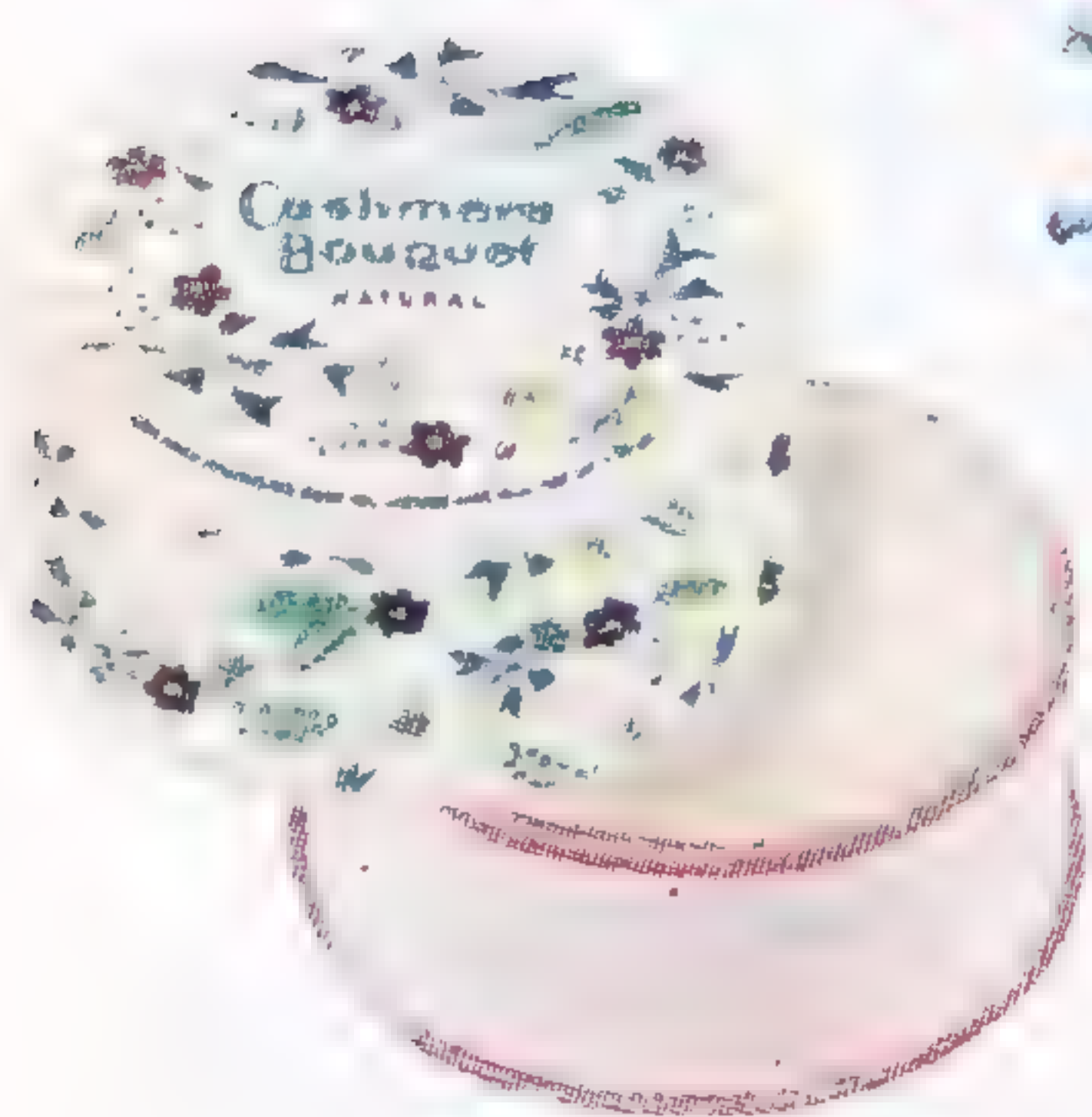


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The Key to Gregory Peck

(Continued from page 47) to be another Henry Kaiser in those days.) Then, after he was severely injured in a seagoing venture—the boat went to the bottom and the captain stayed with his ship—he was revived by a capable doctor. (Instantly he decided to be another Mayo.) Both boats and medicine haunted him throughout his subsequent school years at St. Johns Military Academy in Los Angeles, San Diego High School and then the University of California. At California he was just where he started—rowing on the crew, and studying medicine—when he happened into a school play. (You know what he decided immediately without our tipping you off. He decided to become a great actor—and this time he stuck to his plans!)

SO the minute he shed his cap and gown following his graduation, he headed eastward toward New York City. (Fate, of course, engineered this, with the blonde from Finland in mind!) When he reached the metropolis of seven million people, he had an introduction to only one man, a business friend of his father's. However, the friend was instantly useful. He'd just purchased an amusement concession at the World's Fair and he gave Gregory a job on sight—well, a kind of job! He was barker for a racing automobile that sped around the inside of a huge bowl. But still, it was sort of acting; and it was June of 1939; and Gregory was in New York.

He held it for a month. He made up a spiel and shouted it hoarsely at anyone who came near: “Step this way for a thrilling ride in a death-defying example of cen-trif-i-cal force! Only ten cents—a tenth of a dollar! Ride like a bullet around the rim of a wood-en bowl!” When his voice would trail into a husky whisper, his fellow barker would take up the talk; and when the “pro” collapsed, Gregory would step into his fainting footsteps. But at the end of a month Gregory knew that his voice would be gone for life if he kept it up—so he disappeared into the heart of New York to find another means of support. He found it. He became a guide for Radio City; and this time it was his arches which threatened to leave him for life. Dressed in a blue uniform with a white cap, he conducted groups of tourists through mile after mile of Radio City corridors, each tour taking up an hour while the boy fresh from California told the gaping visitors all about New York.

But this couldn't go on forever if he wanted to be an actor—or if he were ever to meet the woman in his life, which he was. He tried out for a scholarship to the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York City . . . and won it. At last he was really acting—though of course it was in a dramatic school, not on the professional stage. It gave him superb stock company training for two busy years; and he also put in a summer at the Barter Theater in Virginia. Back again at the Playhouse, he played the lead in “Green Grow The Lilacs” to a full house of talent-scouting Broadway producers—one of whom (Guthrie McClintic) almost vaulted the footlights to offer him a job the coming fall in “The Doctor's Dilemma,” playing opposite Katharine Cornell. Presto! The amateur was about to become a professional—and at long last Gregory was to meet the blonde.

It happened the opening night of the play, in Philadelphia. As Gregory was waiting in the wings to go on, she came hurrying through the shadows toward him. She was a tiny blonde with creamy skin and wide blue eyes. Not seeing him, she ran into him head-on, and after he'd

righted both of them she smiled up at him and introduced herself. "I'm Greta Kukonen—it's Finnish," she said with the faintest of accents.

"Very interesting—but what are you doing here?" said Gregory, promptly forgetting all about the play.

"Later! There's your cue!" and she gave him a push toward the stage.

It was as simple as that when it happened. Later he discovered that she was Cornell's hair-dresser and make-up artist—and meanwhile they had dates wherever the show played, in Pittsburgh, in Boston, in St. Louis, in Chicago. Since she had been with Cornell for two years she knew every town in which they stopped—and she showed Gregory each city and the best restaurants in each one. Between cities, as they sat on trains rumbling across America, they talked and talked and talked. By the time they reached Los Angeles, Gregory was all run out of conversation except for one sentence. It was "Will you marry me?" and he said it.

Only the problem was, how could he afford marriage? The answer was, he couldn't. He doubly couldn't a week after he'd proposed, when the play closed. This took place in San Francisco, though he was particularly pleased about it because his family met him there and he was able to introduce them to his future wife, and besides it was Christmas of 1941, and the future held a million promises.

BUT Fate had temporarily turned her back, so none of them came true. He and Greta went on with Cornell in another play—which closed in eight weeks in Toronto. Next, he opened and closed (in two weeks) in a play called "Punch And Julia"—with everyone wincing. Then it was summer and stock again; and finally it was fall again and another sour play. It was called "The Morning Star" and it ran four weeks to empty houses (but rave reviews for Mr. Peck). Meanwhile, a year had slipped by since Greta and Gregory had first agreed on marriage.

They had spent the year pretending they had money. They saw all the shows—without benefit of tickets. This meant they watched plays only from the second act on—since they tricked their way into the theater by mingling with the crowds in the lobby after Act I, smoking and talking; and then filtering inside with the returning mob. (They are still wondering what the first half of "Gone With The Wind" was like—since they saw that "free" at the Astor Theater, thanks to an intermission!)

They ate well—but never at a restaurant; all dinners were served at Greta's apartment, which she shared with her very patient brother Paul, who worked in a chemical company. At first Paul and Gregory weren't satisfied with the menus there because, true to female Finnish taste, Greta's idea of a filling dinner was a salad of cottage cheese with tomatoes. But Gregory sized up this unpleasant situation right after he became a star boarder and began tactfully augmenting the meal with packages of meats and other solid foods . . . thus earning Brother Paul's undying gratitude. Meanwhile, his headquarters were a hall bedroom in a brownstone house—up five flights of rickety stairs.

But at the end of "The Morning Star," Gregory and Greta went on strike against an absent-minded Fate. They decided half a loaf wasn't enough. So they spent one Sunday afternoon attending a baseball game, and that night they were married—in the reception room of the Methodist Church, a few steps from the Men's Room. It was a slightly mad marriage, with strange and sheepish men straggling through the wedding party at intervals



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NEW YORK AND TORONTO

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P
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-the girl he can't forget



-the girl with a
Solitair-lovely complexion

You're the girl he'll carry with him everywhere, deep in his heart. For your satiny skin, your sweet-enough-to-kiss Solitair complexion makes you so appealingly, so unforgettably lovely! Let him remember:

GIN RUMMY FOR TWO—your complexion as smooth as your game. Thanks to Solitair your make-up looks NATURAL. Solitair's LANOLIN richness guards your skin against dryness.

GALA EVENING OUT—your complexion as fresh as the camellia he sent. Thanks to Solitair, your make-up STAYS satin-smooth for HOURS. Tiny lines and blemishes are YOUR secret.



throughout the ceremony . . . but regardless of the traffic, the Pecks were wed. They promptly moved into a dingy but wonderful one-room apartment on East 40th Street. It had leaded windows through which they eyed the whole city and its walls were covered in paneling and faded English wallpaper. They were very happy—and right here Fate rediscovered them and made them even happier.

FATE'S new move came after another flop play, "The Willow And I," via a telephone call from Gregory's agent—just as simply done as their initial introduction. The agent just called and said unbelievably magic words to the ear of a penniless actor: "Say, Greg, why don't you and your wife take a trip to Hollywood and look into movie offers?" Pause—then the punch-line: "And charge the trip to me!"

This glorious shock almost killed Gregory; but the minute he recovered from it Greta quit her job for good and she and Gregory packed their bags in a delirious daze and flew to Hollywood. They stayed in style at the Beverly Hills Hotel, staring fascinated at palm trees and blue swimming pools in the middle of February . . . and Gregory signed his four-way contract with every studio he encountered.

Fate tossed them another bouquet. RKO-Radio presented him with a fat bonus for signing the contract! And the Pecks rushed breathlessly to a dude ranch near Phoenix and spent it all! "At twenty dollars a day!" they kept chanting to each other. Then they were ready for Gregory to do one last play on Broadway, "Sons And Soldiers" with Geraldine Fitzgerald—and they finally appeared in Hollywood to settle down to caviar and the cinema. All was very, very well with the Pecks.

And it still is . . . and Fate is still working hard in their behalf. For instance, not knowing any better (after all, they'd never had servants before), they idly dialed an employment agency and asked for a good cook. Jessie arrived two hours later; Jessie being the best cook in Hollywood and an expert pianist on the side. And for another instance, most of their New York friends are in Hollywood too, and invariably they gather on Sundays at the Pecks—the William Princes, the Zachary Scotts, the Matt Willises, and Robert Porterfield. Nights find the Pecks miles away from night clubs, either at home reading or at a theater diligently studying movies. Only one movie has attracted Gregory back for more, though—"Grand Illusion," which he finally saw four times!

For comic strips he likes the famous trio, "Dick Tracy," "Terry And The Pirates" and "Li'l Abner," for clothes he likes the New York uniform of conservative suits, white shirts and plain ties. But in food he becomes a bit more exotic. He is hardly awake before he downs a raw egg in a glass of sherry. Then comes a short interval during which he gets dressed and puts away breakfast—three courses' worth! At lunch-time he's an average eater; but by dinner he's ready for pounds of charcoal-broiled meats (done by himself outside the kitchen door, with no sauces) and desserts from every country's cookbooks in the world. He also gardens, meanwhile wearing his dilapidated crew cap from college days; and worries over the fact that his dog Perry loves in vain the Persian cat Widgie, and talks endlessly to his wife and baby son.

And that, so far, is the last chapter in the story of the dark young man and the blonde . . . with the happiest of endings to their series of adventures. They'll be even happier in times to come—why not? Fate is leaning heavily in their direction, every hour or the day!

THE END

A CAMPANA PRODUCT

Love Song for Judy

(Continued from page 29) solemnly, and she said, "I don't know yet myself. We—we've been talking about it. But this time I want to be sure; this time I want to take everything into consideration, all the things that have to do with my work and his. There isn't any use saying—for me at least—that I'd give up my work and my singing. Vincente doesn't want me to do that. But—we want to be very sure. When you are a movie star," said Miss Garland very seriously, "you find that there are a lot of things to be taken into consideration that other people don't have." She paused a moment and then she smiled and added, "I like being a movie star. But maybe that's because I've been one so long it's become a habit."

"How long have you been here at M-G-M?" I asked.

"Ten years," said Judy, "but before that I was in vaudeville for ten years."

"And how old are you?" I inquired.

"I'm twenty-two," Judy Garland said.

Twenty-two. Ten years at M-G-M, ten years in vaudeville. Judy made her first appearance when she was two; she came to M-G-M when she was twelve.

But somehow there was a great deal more to it than that. Twenty-two is not so very old. You aren't supposed to be adult enough to vote until you are twenty-one. A great many girls are just graduating from college at twenty-two. Yet into those short years little Judy Garland has already crowded so much of living, so much of success and applause and hard work and problems.

I thought of something Lana Turner once said: "It's very difficult, growing up in public."

JUDY has grown up in public. And now a new air of womanliness sits upon her, without in any way disturbing the little girl she still is.

"You've put on a little weight," I said. "It bothered me a little when you were so thin."

"It bothered *you*," said Judy, with a little shout of laughter. "You should know how it bothered me."

"I thought maybe you did it on purpose."

"I," said Judy, gravely, "have been trying to gain ten pounds for four years. I mean literally. First, I was too fat; I was sort of chunky—remember when I was with Mickey—so everybody was trying to get me thinner. Then I got thinner and thinner and thinner—and then everybody was trying to get me fatter. Now I've gained ten pounds— isn't it wonderful?"

But it set me to thinking, while Judy wrapped Christmas presents, of the crowded, incredibly hard-working life Judy Garland leads. The phone rang half a dozen times. Somebody was consulting Miss Garland about dance routines. Wardrobe wanted Miss Garland the day after Christmas for fittings. Songs had to be tried and recorded and re-recorded. The portrait gallery wanted a sitting. The publicity department wanted to arrange some interviews. All this, of course, in addition to making the picture.

Judy handled it all with ease and great good humor.

"You know, the way I feel about Christmas," Judy said suddenly, "I think the men overseas want to think of Christmas at home the way they always had it and loved it. Maybe it's funny to say, but I think we're really having Christmas for them so that if over there somewhere they're thinking about Christmas at home, they aren't kidding themselves. I like to think of it this year as sort of keeping in practice for them. That makes it easier. You know what I mean?"

Bonita Granville

Famous Hollywood Star says:

No toilet article is so important to a girl's peace of mind as a deodorant. And for my money, Arrid is by far the best deodorant. It's the tops! I use it regularly and recommend it highly to every man and woman.

Bonita Granville



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STOP *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



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At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

Helps reveal your fresher **CLEARER 'TOP SKIN'** ...with all its natural blushing charm!



This Remarkable Method In Skin Culture Also Marvelous For Enlarged Pore Openings and To Loosen Blackheads

If the skin (even of young girls) doesn't constantly "flake off" those dried-up, faded, aging top-skin cells—your complexion often appears muddy, drab, coarse-textured and lifeless.

This "flaking off" process is practically invisible but it takes place as any skin specialist will tell you.

And here's why Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack is so helpful in hastening this process along—why it's one of the quickest and most effective ways to reveal this underskin with all its naturally clear, blushing freshness.

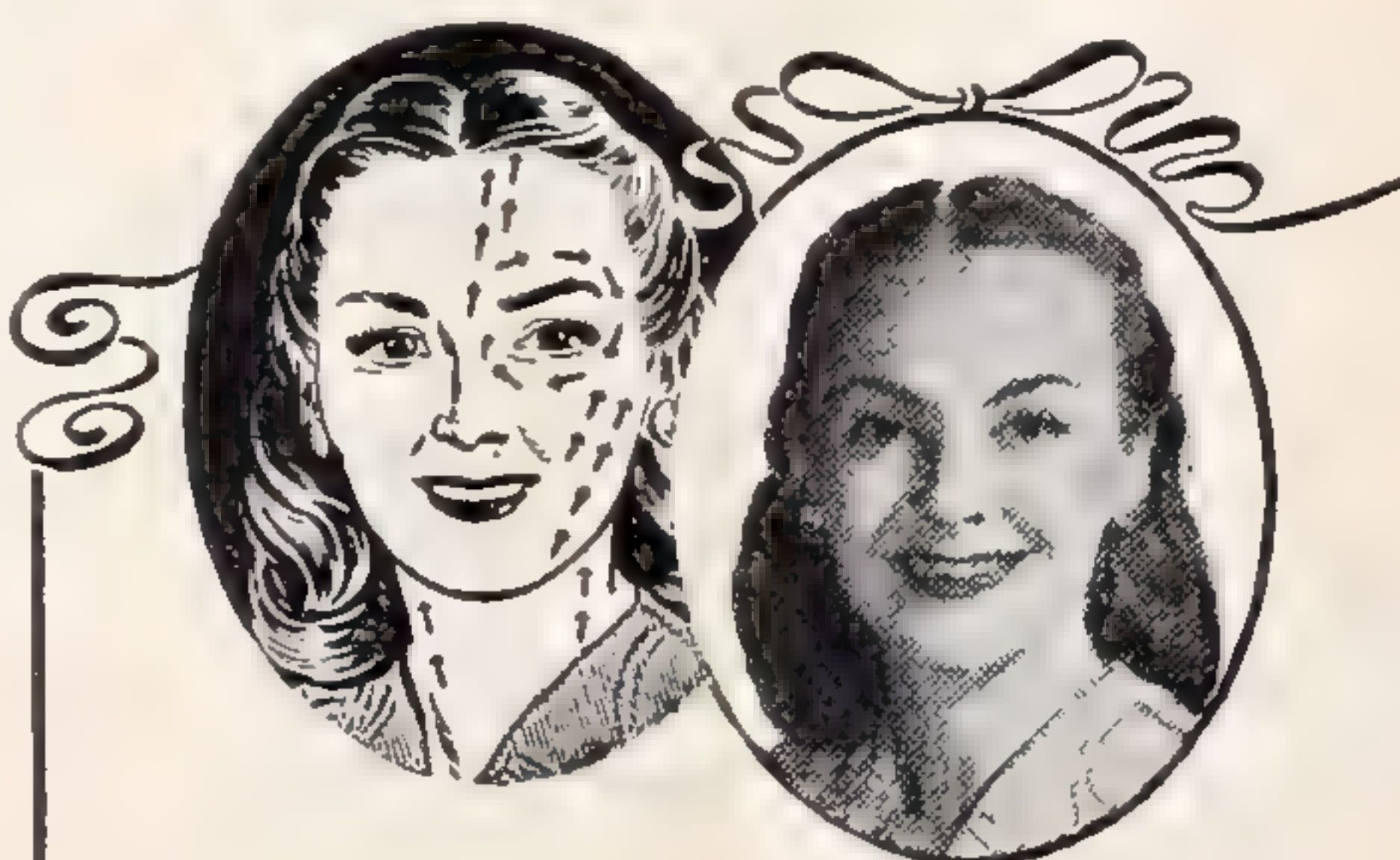
The Simple Easy Treatment

Just spread Hopper's White Clay Pack over your face and neck. Lie down and relax. Feel how refreshing its tightening, stimulating effect is on tired tissues and muscles. Wash off after 8 minutes. Now look in your mirror—

Notice how that tired, faded look seems to disappear. Your skin appears so alive looking. The mild rubefacient or "blushing" action of Hopper's Clay Pack helps give your skin a thrilling glow—a bewitching rosy charm and fascination which should captivate

the most "hard-to-impress" he-man.

Use Hopper's White Clay Pack whenever you want to look your own dazzling best on short notice—and to help maintain an enviable 'top-skin' thruout the years. Buy Hopper's Clay Pack at any cosmetic counters.



Homogenized Facial Helps Give Face and Neck Exciting 'BEAUTY-LIFT'

Always use Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream every night. This super-lubricating cream works wonders for face and neck. Press an extra amount of cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on at least 8 minutes or overnight. Also excellent base for make-up.

Since one of my sons was somewhere with Patton's Third Army, I said I knew very well what she meant.

"Do you think people are more religious this Christmas than they've been in a long time?" Judy said, sitting down beside me on the big couch.

"Of course," I said, thinking how mature she was for one so young.

"You know, Judy, you didn't just grow up in public. You grew up as the baby of the entire Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot."

"Well," said Judy, with an enchanting grin, "they were all wonderful about it, at that. The only thing that ever bothered me was how hard it was to make anybody realize I wasn't still twelve years old. They still kind of think I am."

That, I knew, was true. When Judy married Dave Rose the whole lot took it as a personal matter, watched the progress of the love affair, talked about it and advised Judy about it. She had met Dave Rose somewhere at a party with her sister Virginia, who is her greatest chum. She was eighteen then and still to everybody who knew her a "baby." The thing that drew them together was music. Young Dave Rose was playing the piano when Judy walked in and that did it. From then on they were inseparable, they had musical evenings at Judy's house with her mother and sisters, they did songs together and soon they were in love and then they married, on Judy's nineteenth birthday.

But it turned out that music was about all they had in common. There is a simple, direct quality about Judy Garland; she has the courage to look life right in the face and when it didn't work she met that, too. Not happily. With a good many tears and a good deal of regret that it hadn't worked.

Part of her growing up, that marriage was.

When I saw a preview of "The Clock," her newest picture, it came over me that Judy Garland is a big star, a very important star in the movie heavens. For a long time I'd taken her for granted, just with a sort of affection for her, always going to see her pictures and enjoying them because she was Judy. But in "Meet Me In St. Louis" and most particularly in "The Clock," as you will see, she is more than that. There are moments in "The Clock," a divine story written by Paul Gallico, adapted for the screen by Robert Nathan and directed by Vincente Minnelli, in which Judy Garland does some magnificent and delicate acting worthy of

Here's a Hot Tip!

A NEW MAN

is coming to Photoplay
in May—

Name: **TOM DRAKE**

Occupation: **Blood pressure
raiser**

Rating: **High in the feminine
heart department**

Remarks: **You can fill in your
own after you read**

THE MAY PHOTOPLAY

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** WHITE CLAY
PACK

Helen Hayes—acting so sincere and so encompassing that I found myself putting her in a much higher bracket.

Judy has come of age as a star as well as in her private life.

And she has brought with her the things that have made her. The heart-break of an unhappy love affair might have been good for her, because every girl has to fall in love sometime with an older man who seems to represent life and glamour and the older phases of life she's read about. The marriage that was founded on music but got out of tune. The friendships, the big family, the years of hard work and the simple philosophy of doing your job well and trying not to jostle the other fellow and expecting the best from life. All these things are in Judy's eyes and voice and the simplicity of everything she does.

"Did you intend to become a movie star?" I asked her. "Did you have a direct ambition about it and set out to achieve it?"

JUDY considered, curled up with her feet under her. "No," she said, "it just happened. All I wanted to do, I guess, was sing. I'm sure I never thought about acting. My father and mother were both on the stage. My father was a wonderful guy. He died just after I got my first M-G-M contract—and I was always glad he saw me sort of get started. When I was little, they just kept taking me around with them and letting me sing. My mother didn't always want to, and after we moved to California she always insisted I had to go to school. But—I had such a good time singing and it's no fun singing unless you sing to somebody, is it? So—I don't believe I ever thought of pictures, but little by little I sort of drifted into them because we were out here and it was a good place to sing. Then I learned to dance—my mother taught me. And that was part of it. I think it all just came about sort of naturally, you know. The way things do."

Of course. The way flowers grow, the way birds sing and fly, the way a garden comes into being.

Fat little Judy, leading the band and singing in "Pigskin Parade." Little Judy with Mickey Rooney—and in "The Wizard Of Oz"—and finally a star in her own right in "For Me And My Gal" and now a real artist in "The Clock."

All in twenty-two years.

We went about our Christmas preparations in our own separate ways but I kept thinking that I would like very much to know more about Vincente Minnelli. I knew a good deal about the only two men who had been in Judy Garland's life up to this time. Both of them had served a purpose, both of them had helped her grow up. She spoke of them with a rather touching friendliness, a little wry humor, not blaming them that things hadn't worked out, not even blaming herself.

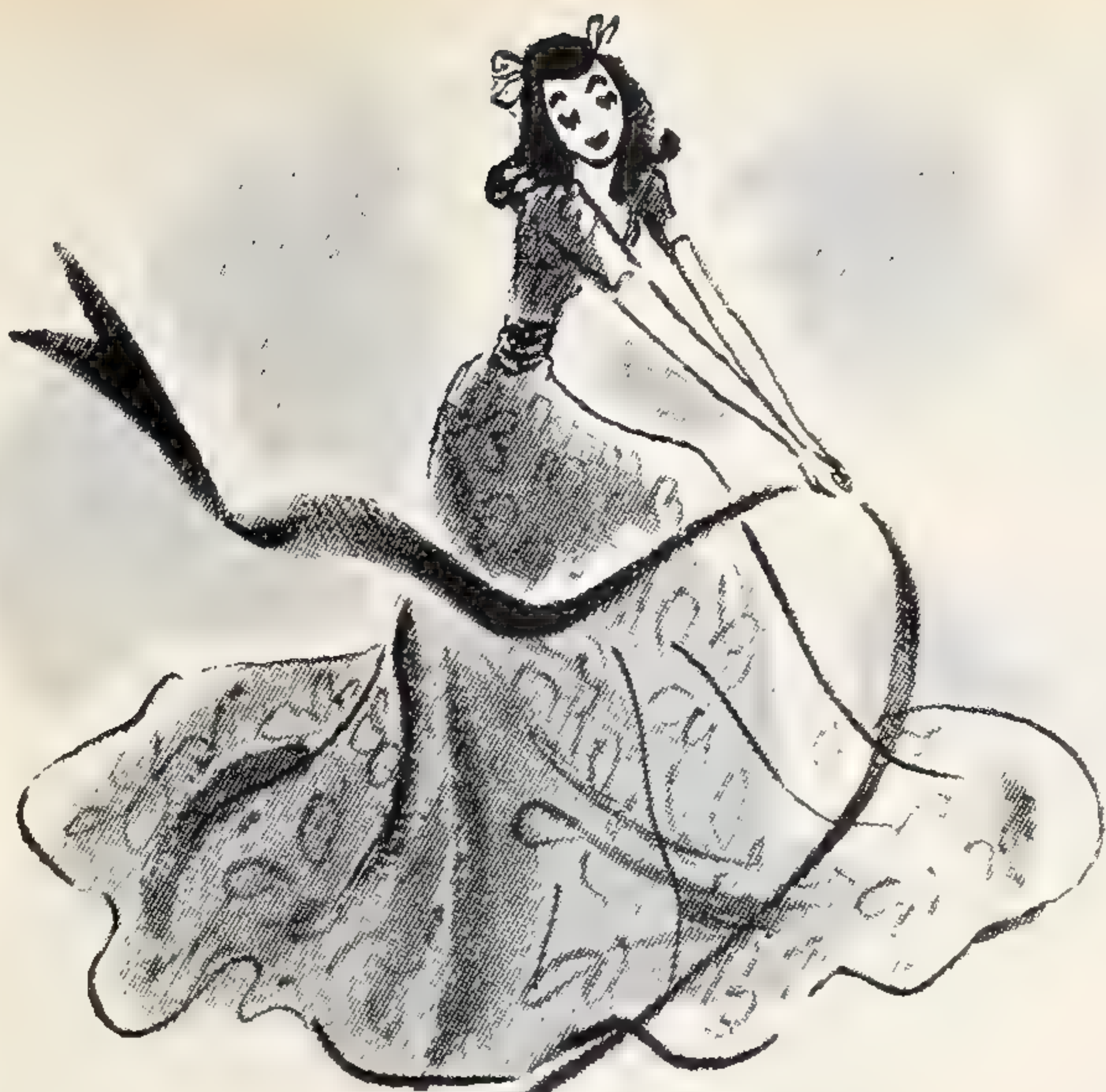
Now, it would be different.

A week or so later the phone rang and Judy said, "I'm starting my next picture much sooner than I thought, but I wanted you to meet Vincente. We're going to announce our engagement next week. Would you like to come and have lunch with us?"

I said I would like it almost better than anything and we set a date for two days from then.

It isn't every movie star that I wish those who see her on the screen could know personally. Some idols have feet of silver or gold. They do not always have feet of clay. That's why I want to take you with me to lunch with Judy Garland and the man she is going to marry.

Judy and Vincente tell this famed writer their marriage plans—at luncheon and thereafter. Join them next month—in May Photoplay.



Vigny's

Beau Catcher's

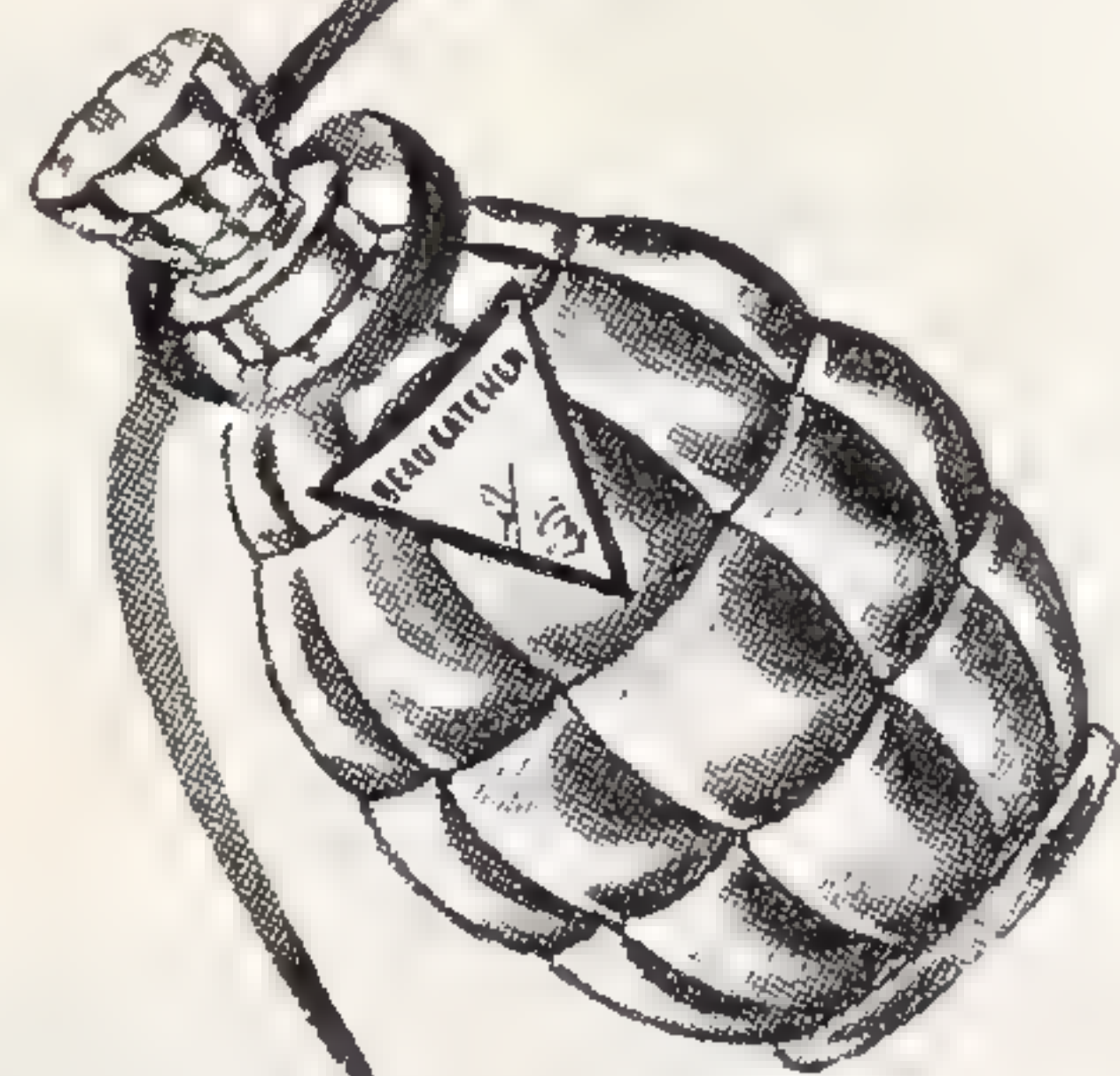
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is a heart catcher...

the saucy scent
that won't take "no"
for an answer

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● Are ugly externally-caused pimples, blemishes and other annoying skin irritations spoiling your appearance? If they are, get a jar of the Medicated Skin Cream, Noxzema, and see how quickly it can help your skin back to normal soft smoothness. Nurses were among the first to discover how Noxzema helps. That's because it's

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NOXZEMA MEDICATED SKIN CREAM

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 59) wrong side. The school happens to be located on the other side of town and the wealthy kids act as though they own it. They have organized sororities and fraternities which exclude most of us. The kids in them hold all the school offices. Furthermore, a boy from the good side of town wouldn't dream of dating a girl who wasn't in a sorority.

I have thought about going to school in a nearby town but that would cost tuition that my family can't pay because my father is in service. I can't quit school because my mother would never consent; furthermore, I am in my last year so I think it would be foolish to quit now as I realize the importance of education.

I don't know what to do in order to get over my feeling of inferiority. Can you think of a way to combat these snobs and get some happiness out of my school life?

Corinne N.

Dear Miss N:

You have no reason at all to feel inferior. I like your thoughtfulness in not wanting to work a hardship on your family, also your sensible admission that you think it would be foolish to quit when you are in your last year. In general, I like your entire letter and feel that you are a superior person.

In five years you will look back at the days when you yearned to belong to a high-school sorority and smile. They will appear supremely trivial. However, I agree that—at the present—this thing looms large to you.

Personality has always been the dominant factor in popularity. To have an appealing personality, you will first have to overcome all visible signs of feeling inferior. Some of these are sullenness, suspicion of the motives of any person who happens to be nice to one, and unwillingness to go out of one's way to compliment another girl, to boost her, to make an effort to be friends with her.

Bear this in mind: Ninety-eight per cent of the successful career girls, not only in Hollywood, but throughout the world, came from middle or lower-class families. By "middle or lower-class" I refer entirely to financial conditions, certainly not to mental, ethical and spiritual equipment. Go to a library and read the biographies of great men; you will be impressed with the fact that most of them—at your age—would have been snubbed by the silly people in your school.

Life is too short for you to allow it to be modified by the meanness of those for whom you really should care nothing.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

About two years ago, when I was nineteen, I met a soldier eighteen years old and married him. We knew his parents would disapprove, but we were both so much in love—and still are.

The week following our marriage, he left for a camp near his home. He told his parents of our marriage, and they promptly had it annulled.

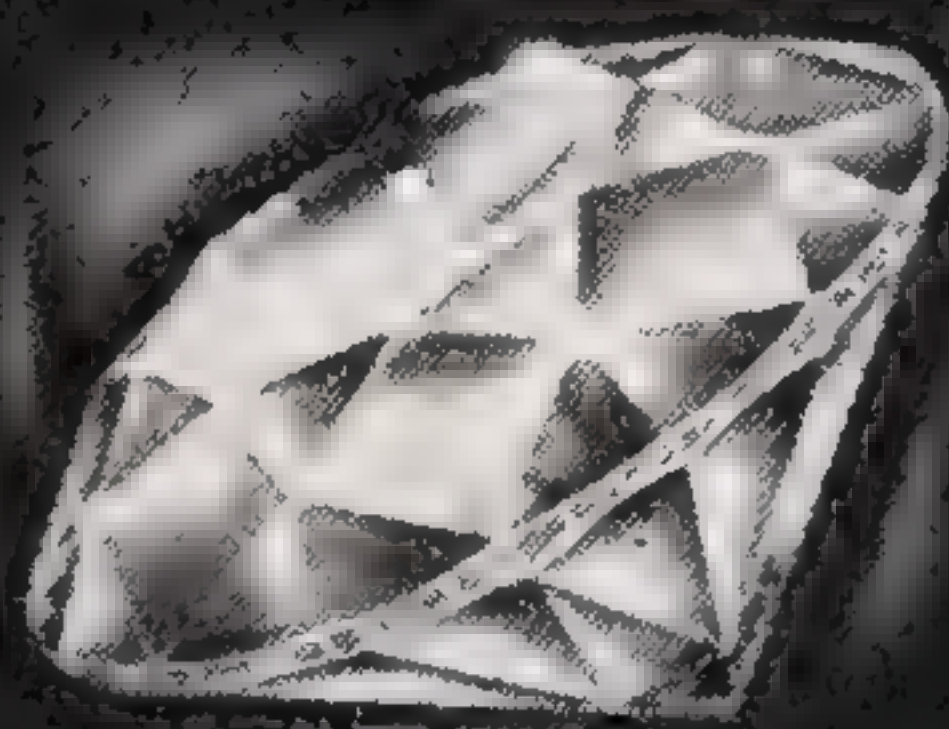
We continued to write and agreed to marry as soon as he was twenty-one and this awful war was over. When our marriage was annulled, we didn't know that I was going to have a baby, and when I was sure, I was so mad about the whole thing that I wouldn't tell anyone. Neither would my parents. They said I was better off without such a weakling as my husband, and that they would see me through.

He was transferred to a coast camp preparatory to being shipped overseas, but just before his boat was ready, a girl that he had known after he and I had split up

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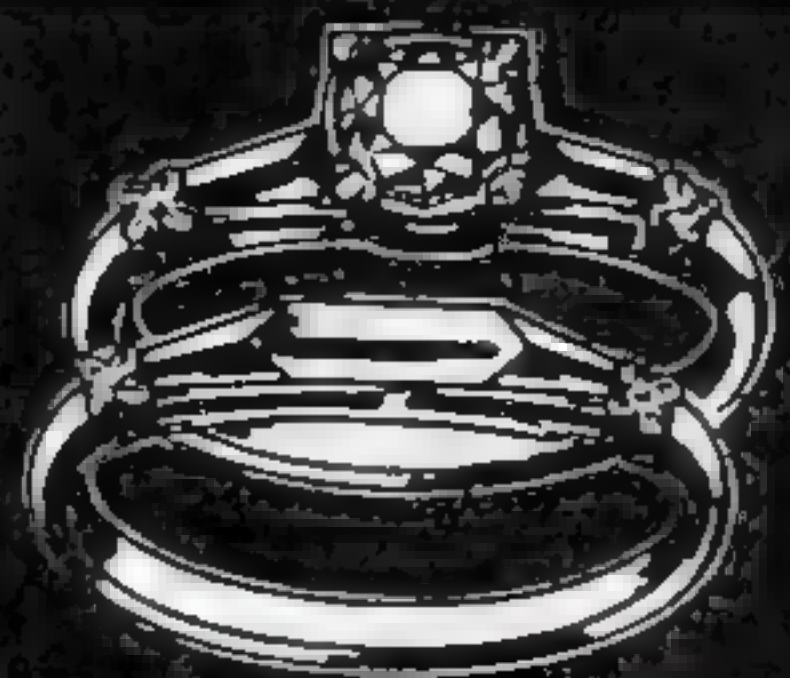
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MY NAME _____

MY ADDRESS _____



TALISMAN \$100★
Wedding Band \$15★

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arrived at his home and threatened to ruin his family's name if he didn't marry her. So his family made him marry her.

Now he writes me that he doesn't love this girl and never did. Even his parents have written to me, saying that they are sorry that they interfered with our marriage. My husband (I still think of him that way) wants to come back to me when the war is over. However, this other girl is going to have his baby in a few months, and legally he is married to her.

Should I return to this boy and, if so, how about his second wife? She doesn't want to divorce him.

Denton L.

Dear Mrs. L:

First, before you make any plans, including this boy, let the war be over, and let him have returned to this country.

Your case is a signal example of the error a man's parents make when they attempt to interfere with his marriage. However, what's done is done. Now it would seem to me that the decision for the future is in his hands, not yours. Having begotten a second child and married that child's mother, he owes a definite obligation to her. If she senses this fact so strongly that she will not free him, he will have to abide by her decision.

The only thing for you to do, I'm afraid, is to write one letter to this boy, telling him that at present you feel that, were he free, you would marry him. Why don't you point out that he is married and that you would rather have nothing further to do with him until his status is clarified. Then it is up to him.

I know this seems brutal, but someone is going to be hurt. Perhaps, since you write such a charming, sensible letter, you have the intellect and the moral courage that giving him up would require if that becomes necessary.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Two years ago I married a boy who was quite a bit older than I, but he was so handsome and so thoughtful that I didn't care to listen when my mother said that I should wait until I knew him better before marrying.

Time went on and I had a sweet baby girl. Before she came, my husband was away a lot, but he told me that he was working to make more money for us now that we were to have a family. He also stayed away after the baby was born. Then a girl friend of mine told me that she was positive she had seen my husband out with a strange girl. I laughed and said she was seeing things.

One afternoon I left my baby with my mother and went to a bridge club. I saw a girl I hadn't seen since I was sixteen. I asked her to come home to have dinner "with my husband, my baby and me."

When she took off her things in the bedroom, she turned and stared at a picture of my husband. Then she flew into a rage and stormed out. At the door, she said that I had stolen him from her, and that she meant to steal him back.

My husband listened to my story with a funny smile, then admitted that he and this girl had been married before he met me. They had quarreled and had divorced, but he had been seeing her lately.

I'm simply heartbroken and I think I'm going crazy. He says that he wants to go on seeing her because she has some very wonderful traits, but he doesn't want me to leave him because he says he loves me and the baby in a different way.

What do you think I should do to straighten out this situation?

Mrs. Arvada B.

I call it **"LUXURY UNLIMITED"**



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It's for you...this flower-scented bath of dancing foam. How it floats away fatigue...leaves you so refreshed! And afterwards your tub is always shining and immaculate. Enjoy "luxury unlimited" tonight...ask at any toiletries counter for Foaming Bath Sachet. Always welcome as a gift.

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ROBERT H. CLARK COMPANY, Dept. B-4, Beverly Hills, Calif.

How to Keep FRESH



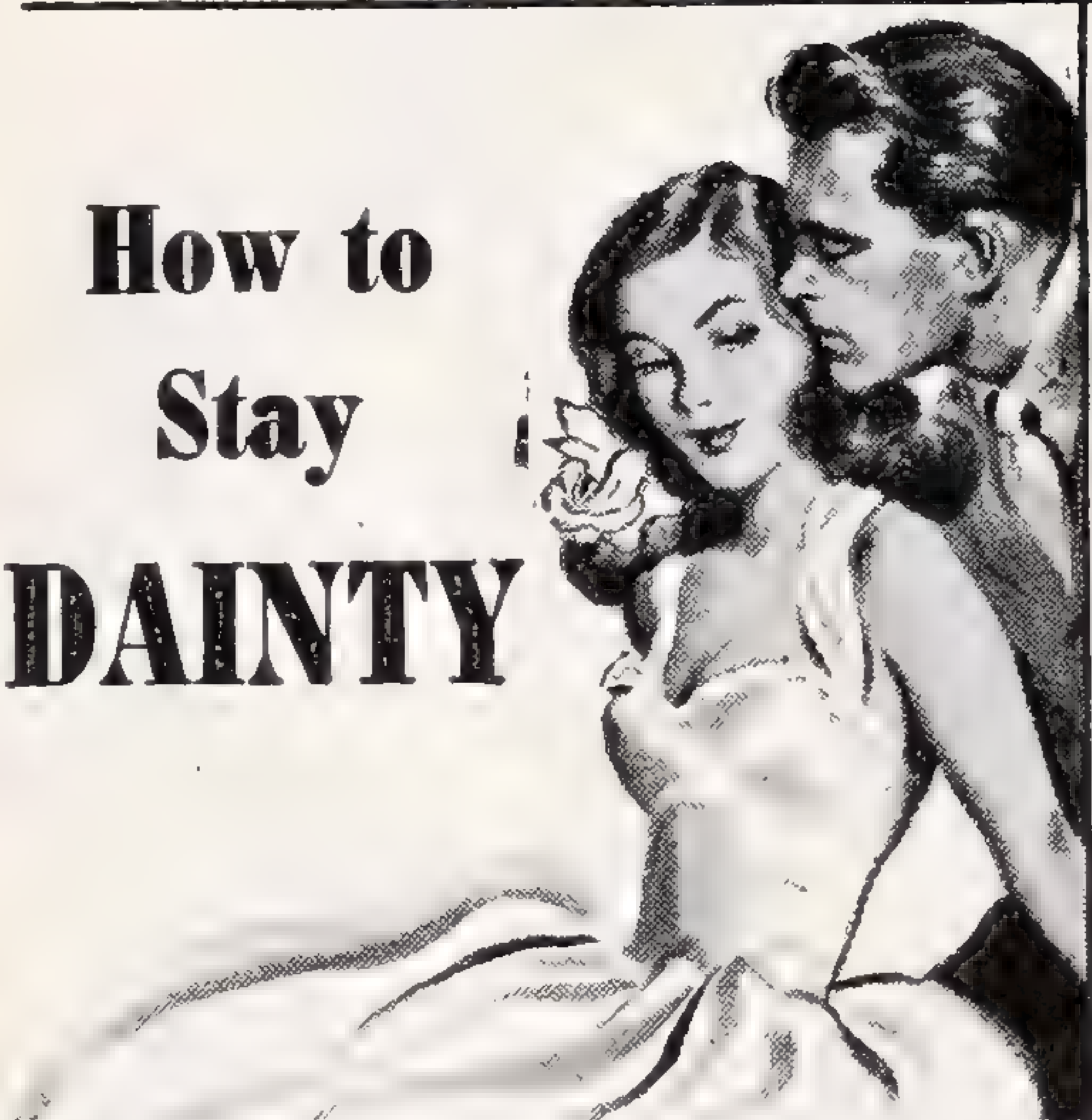
Bathe! Then dry yourself gently. Next shake Cashmere Bouquet Talc over yourself. All over. Quickly it dries lingering moisture. And gives you a ravishing freshness.

How to Feel SMOOTH



For ultra comfort, sprinkle some extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc over those little trouble-spots before you dress. It protects chafable places with a silken-smooth sheath.

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Pamper your body often with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It's an inexpensive luxury. Hours after you use it, it perfumes your person with its dainty fragrance . . . the fragrance men love.



2 Shades
Natural and
Even Tan in
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sizes

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New Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes to do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe for children's hair. Blondex is sold at 10c, drug and department stores.

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You can learn to play your favorite instrument

Yes, if you follow our clear home study instructions for only a half hour each day, you should soon be playing simple melodies. Easy as A-B-C! No tedious scales. You learn to play real tunes by note right from the start! Study any instrument you like for less than 7c a day! If interested, send for Free Booklet and Print and Picture sample. See how easy it is to learn music at home without a teacher. Mention your favorite instrument.

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U. S. School of Music, 3064 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. 10, N. Y. Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument).

Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....

Name..... (Please Print)

Address.....

Easy as A-B-C



Dear Mrs. B:

First of all I should like to say that you have my sincere sympathy, because yours is a very sad case, indeed.

I think that everything humanly possible should be done to avoid divorce but there are some circumstances that simply cannot be faced with dignity, and sharing one's husband is one of them.

In addition to believing in maintaining any marriage as long as it is a good marriage, I also believe in dealing as frankly as possible with the members of one's family. I would tell this man that—despite his statement that his first wife has some wonderful traits, you think he had best admire those traits in memory only. Ask him what he would think of your remaining married to him, but having occasional dates with the boy to whom you were engaged before you got married.

Explain that love can flourish only when nurtured by unquestioning trust.

But, if all your quiet, sincere arguments fail, and you learn after a month or longer that he is still continuing his relationship with his first wife, you may want to ask him to free you.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am the mother of two girls and two boys. Each is intelligent, well-mannered and rather good-looking. All four are very dear and precious to me, of course, but there are times when I think that I cannot endure my older daughter another day.

If I'm tired or overwrought, I find myself picking on her. I know I correct her twice as much as I do the other daughter. I've planned to talk to my husband about this, but he's so busy with his business worries that I'm ashamed to bring this thing into our few private and precious moments together. Incidentally, there is no obscure mother-daughter jealousy between us, because my husband (if he were to show favoritism) would be inclined to be partial to our younger girl.

My older daughter is the most intelligent, the neatest, and has the best sense of humor of the brood. But her very carelessness about her clothing, her voice and intonations, vex me, even though I approve of her attitude. She senses the complete chasm between us and occasionally I've found her regarding me with a baffled, beseeching expression. Instead of melting toward her, this seems only to repel me.

I'm so ashamed that I scarcely know how to close this letter, except to say that I shall appreciate your help.

Mrs. Angus H.

Dear Mrs. H:

It is my belief that you should take comfort in the realization that you have become aware of your problem. Sometimes a situation of this sort exists, but is violently denied by the mother. As long as a person recognizes it, surely there is some hope of correcting it.

The first thing for you to do, I believe, would be for you to ask your family doctor to recommend a psychiatrist. Such a doctor is equipped by training and experience to give you the help you need. Don't feel hesitation about consulting a psychiatrist, and don't feel embarrassment in dealing with him. Give him your fullest confidence entirely without reserve and he will be able to help you.

I shall be happy to hear from you later as to the outcome.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband is handsome, successful, a very young lieutenant colonel, serving in England at present. He has always been very popular. When, because we were going to have our first baby, I had to go

home (instead of following him as I had done), he made nice friends wherever he went. Because of his physical and mental qualifications, he is in a position to grow. His horizons are constantly widened.

Take my case, however. I am living in a town in which there is one movie, one small public library, half a dozen well-meaning women's clubs. I have the care of the little girl three and the baby boy four months old all the time. I don't have time to read—I get my news from the radio. My horizons are narrowing like a funnel.

And so I lie in bed at night and worry about the future. My husband and I are growing apart. When he returns, I don't see how I am going to be able to measure up to his standards. I feel I'm growing older, losing touch with the very things that bind a husband to his family: Common interests, mutual pride, charm and appeal.

Mrs. Dwight de T.

Dear Mrs. de T:

Cheer up, my dear. I think that, while you were lying in bed some night, you dreamed up a gigantic boogie man. Because my husband is in the Navy I have met dozens of Navy men during the last few years and I can assure you that there isn't a one who doesn't spend every available minute off duty either talking about what he is going to do "back home" the moment he is out of uniform, or thinking about the same thing.

Many of the boys from small towns are counting the days until they can return to those small towns, one movie and one Main Street. However, returning to familiar scenes is of secondary importance; first of all, they long for their wives, their parents and their children.

Don't forget that, whereas your hus-

band is enlarging his horizon, so are you. You have the privilege of watching your children develop, and I'll bet a lot that your husband would gladly relinquish his bird's-eye view of some bombing objective in favor of the sight of his young son taking his first faltering step. Although you have said that you can't find time to read, you add that you are lying in bed at night, worrying. Instead of wasting time in worry, why don't you use those precious moments to cover ten or twenty pages in a good book?

Here is the real problem you have: Unless you are careful, you are going to fret yourself into a kind of nervous frenzy. You are going to build, by your very fear of it, a barrier between yourself and your husband. Don't let that happen. Every time you feel old, braid your hair, pull on a sloppy-joe sweater and tune in some boogie-woogie on the radio. You can't lose touch with the outside world as long as you have a radio.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have made such a mess of my life and that of others that I am on the verge of suicide. I have been terribly, overwhelmingly in love with a married man for four years. However, he has a wife and child to whom he feels loyalty.

He has just returned to our town for the duration. The instant I met him on the street, I could feel the old fire and from his glad greeting and the way he took my hands I knew that he was thrilled, too.

Now we are finding ways of meeting one another, if only for a few minutes' hurried conversation.

About two years ago I married a man who has given me everything, but I simply have no love for him. I am going to have his baby in five months and the thought of

it makes me sick since my old flame has come back into my life.

Should I tell my husband that I don't love him and break away, whether I can ever belong to the other man or not, or wait in the hope that fate or luck or something will change things for me?

Call me a fool, Miss Colbert, but just tell me what you'd do in my case.

Mrs. Doris W.

Dear Mrs. W:

Please don't think of suicide. I am forced to agree with you when you suggest that you have brought suffering to a number of persons, but destroying yourself would only increase that hurt. Besides, how are you going to become a gay and interesting grandmother with a trunk filled with exciting memories if you reject the first step of becoming a mother!

Seriously though, aren't you allowing your romantic emotions to unbalance you? You are married to a man who has given you everything. You are about to become a mother. Have you ever stopped to realize how many girls pray every night to find themselves comfortably married and anticipating a child?

Let us grant that you feel a strong attraction to this man. He has obviously let you know that he feels the same way, but he has no intention of changing his life for you. Apparently he has told you that he feels this "loyalty" to his wife and his child. Yet, while keeping his own permanent life happy, he is perfectly willing to destroy your entire future welfare—even your life—for the sake of his own male ego.

If a man really loves a woman, he will overcome enormous obstacles to marry her. If he merely loves himself, he will treat her to endless torture.

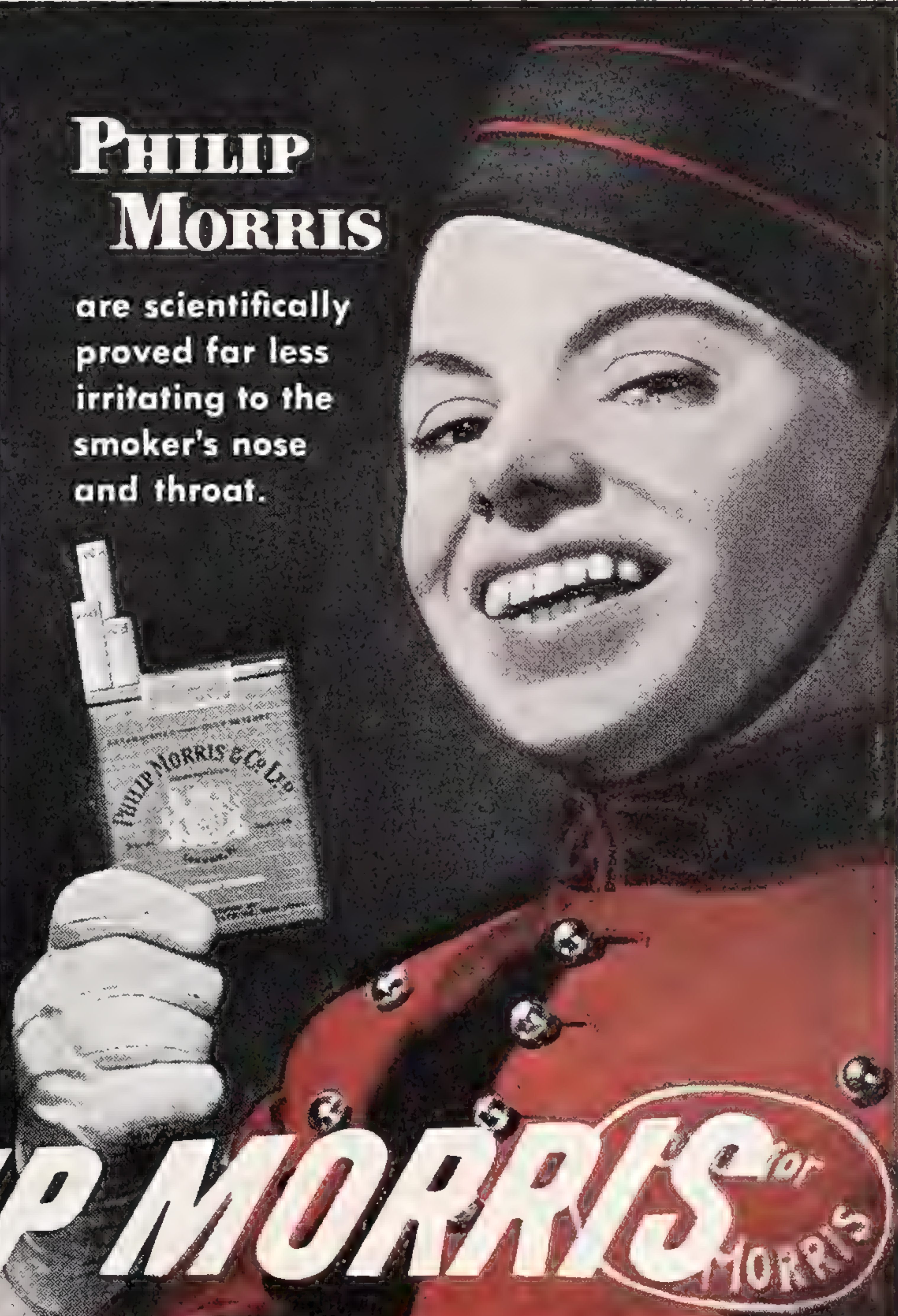
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LE SONIER Inc., New York-Boston

my husband and to planning with him
for your coming child. And I would re-
fuse to see this man again.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

You will please forgive me taking a
few minutes of your precious time, but by
reading so much of your good advice, I
come to you to help me as well.

I have a very lonely life in my home
trying to read or play some music but I do
feel unhappy and wish to have correspon-
dents to bring encouragement. I am
single and come from a very good
family.

Thank you for letters from friends.

Miss Olga Scander,
3 Midan El Adel,
Zamalek, Cairo, Egypt.

Dear Miss Scander:

Although I am happy to print your
letter, I must also admit that no girl
nowadays has any real reason to be
lonely, because the world is such a busy
place. In every city, everywhere, there is
need for Red Cross workers, for nurses,
for teachers, for anyone—skilled or un-
skilled—who is able-bodied.

If you will offer yourself, with a gen-
uine eagerness for service, I'm sure you
will find plenty to do and make close
permanent friends in the doing.

Incidentally, may I thank you for writ-
ing from such a distance?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have always wanted to study people,
and I know there is a tremendous field in
psychology. I'd like to use this knowledge
to discover new talent for the theater. I
have no desire to be an actress, but merely
want to aid others to a career by being an
agent or ten-percenter. I would like, not
only to find promising beginners, but to
help make them over in appearance, make-
up, posture, etc. I'd like to feel a bit re-
sponsible for their future on the screen.

Where is the best place to study and
receive experience such as this? I'd like to
study in New York or Hollywood, as one's
eventual field would naturally be in one
of these two cities. If there are schools for
this sort of thing, would you mind supply-
ing addresses for me? If not, would you
suggest some method for me to follow in
starting such a career?

Leroy G.

(Don't let the name fool you; I am a
girl.)

Dear Miss G:

Preparing yourself to become an
agent will take you a good many years,
perhaps as many as five to ten. One who
aspires to mold careers must be excep-
tionally well-trained, well-equipped with
personality, a knowledge of the entire
theatrical or motion-picture industry and
capable of inspiring trust of both client
and purchaser of talent.

I must warn you in advance that the
field is difficult for a girl. This has been
a man's field for a number of reasons,
so a woman—to break in—must be ex-
ceptionally determined, diplomatic, and
confidence-producing.

Your first step will be to secure work
in an agency, as this is one business that
you must learn, not academically but
practically. You may have to start at the
switchboard—an excellent springboard,
incidentally, as by handling calls you will
begin to grasp the elements of the agency
business. I believe that a genuine inter-
est in people, charm of personality, en-
terprise and thorough knowledge of
your field will assure you of success. The
best of luck to you.

Claudette Colbert

ALL ALONE...

because of

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ODOR!



Her own fault—if she'd check her
hat, pillow or hairbrush, she
wouldn't be sitting home nights.
She'd realize that the scalp per-
spires, too—and that the hair,
particularly oily hair, quickly col-
lects unpleasant odors.

She'd use Packer's Pine Tar
Shampoo regularly and never risk
scalp odor again. This gentle
shampoo, which contains pure me-
dicinal pine tar, cleanses the hair
and scalp thoroughly and leaves
the hair fresh and fragrant. The
delicate pine scent does its work
—then disappears.

Don't risk having scalp odor—
and not know it. Let Packer's care
for your hair and scalp. You can
get Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo
at any drug, depart-
ment or ten-cent
store.



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Due to External Causes

Here are 3 simple steps to take. 1. Don't
scratch. 2. Apply Sayman Salve directly on
affected areas. 3. Bandage lightly. That's
all! See if this grand medicated ointment
doesn't bring you the comforting relief
thousands of others say it has brought
them. Wonderful also for rough, red, chap-
ped or cracked skin, minor burns, other
skin irritations. Big 4-oz. Economy Size only
60c; regular 1½-oz. size 25c. All druggists.

SAYMAN SALVE

I'm Like This

(Continued from page 34) one hair-trick I'd like to pass on to any girl doing her own hair: Part your hair on one side of your pompadour when it's wet and once it's dry, part your hair on the opposite side. This braces up the pompadour and gives it a lift, I've found.

I'm a bit on the hermit type when it comes to people: I find one or two people who like the same things I do, and I stick to them exclusively. It isn't that I don't like everybody else too—I do; it takes me twenty minutes every day to walk across the studio lunchroom to my table because I get so excited talking to people and I talk to everyone I know on the way. But in my free time, I see very few people . . . Jane Willkie, who's my best friend, and Van Johnson and Dick Powell. That's about all. And two evenings a week I spend all by myself—sitting in slacks, a sweater and my most comfortable bedroom slippers, listening to my wonderful collection of symphonic records. I sit looking into the first fireplace I've ever had and I make up stories to suit my idea of what the music means. Sibelius is my favorite. I'd give up any party in the world for Mr. Sibelius—and I often have!

I'm not pretty: And no one will ever convince me I am. Just when I begin to think, "Well, maybe . . ." because I've been chosen "The Prettiest Girl in Hollywood," I get jolted back to my original theory about myself by things like this: Recently I was wandering around a store when two strange women walked up to me, stared me right in the face, and then one of them said in a surprised voice, "Why, you're June Allyson!" As they walked off the other one said loudly, "Guess she just photographs well!" This kind of event assures me I'm right about my looks—but whatever my looks are, they helped me get on the screen, so they're all right by me!

I'm definitely on the short side: As you may have heard, I'm five feet one and I weigh 99 pounds. For the rest, my eyes are blue and my hair blonde.

I'm planning for the future: I plan for a nice, quiet house with a nice, quiet garden and a colossal collection of records . . .



Moment for gay meditation—June Allyson with her favorite date, Dick Powell

"RC tastes best, indeed!"

says

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TEMPLE**



One of the 3 stars in
"I'LL BE SEEING YOU"
a Selznick-International picture
released through United Artists

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Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, fairer, smoother looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug toiletry counters. 30 million jars already used. Ask for Imperial size, or write for a generous Free Sample to Golden Peacock Co., Inc., Paris, Tennessee.



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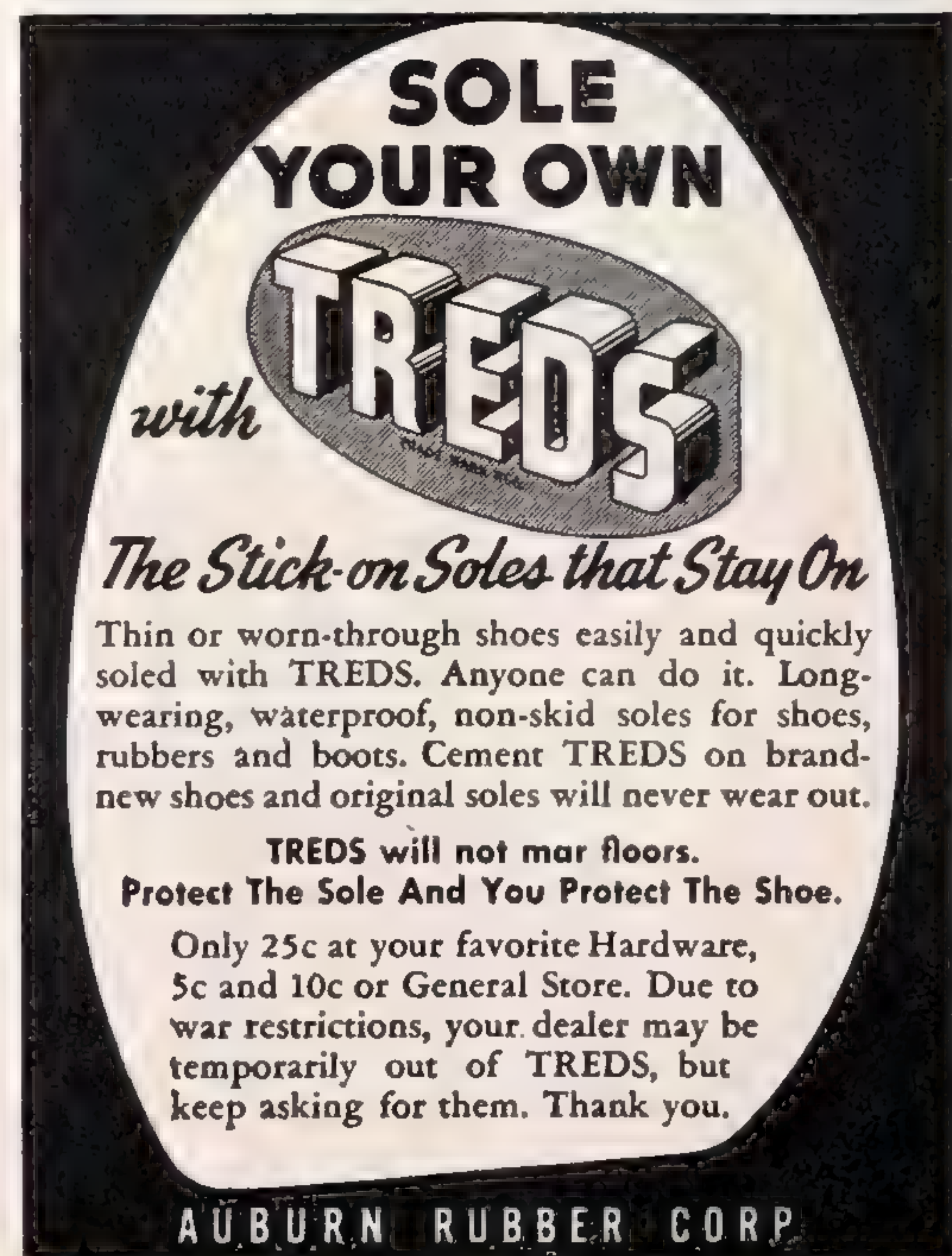
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and I plan on being a producer, eventually. I want to produce pictures that are so real you'll think the camera was trained on people actually living their lives.

I'm mad about the outdoors: Especially when viewed from a sailboat. Some day I want to travel all over the world in a sailboat, with me part of the crew. I'm a good sailor, and I proved it sailing off Long Island; out here I haven't had much time to show off my nautical knowledge!

I'm a good cooker of eggs: Any style, all styles. But my housekeeper won't let me cook anything else. She thinks (and she's right!) that she does other dishes better!

I'm appallingly neat: When guests walk in my door, I strip them of coats and hang them up so fast they think a tornado hit them! I like everything to be done right; even my stationery has my name printed in brown at the top, so I have to write my letters in brown ink! I'm even neat about telephone conversations—I hate to have them slop around with "Hello, how are you, what are you doing, have you heard the latest about the Jones family?" and so forth. I like them to be right to the point, and bang! hang up!

I'm an inveterate reader: Of the comic strips "Brenda Starr" and "Dick Tracy" and every book ever printed, with Somerset Maugham at the top of my list.

I'm a collector of china pigs: I have 200 of them in my apartment, from the kitchen to the living room. Once a fan sent me a live pig, and it broke my heart that I couldn't add it to my collection.

I'm the nearest thing to perpetual motion I know: Except when I'm listening to records (when I act as if petrified in stone). I sit all over my apartment; mostly on the floor. I eat all over my apartment, but mostly in bed. I order a steady stream of cups of coffee all day long on the set—and never drink any of them. In short, I'm too excited and happy to be serene at all—and if that's the price of happiness, I'm willing to be jittery the rest of my life!

THE END

"Let's Be Gay!"

RENE, executive designer for M-G-M and designer of June Allyson's outfit on the cover, says: "Clothes don't have to be elaborate to be gay. No wartime regulations need be broken, and currently available fabrics do as well as their more desirable predecessors. The trick is in the use of interesting or bright colors and in clever detail."

This is well exemplified by June's pert little suit made of brick-red wool. Beautifully tailored, it boasts no trimming, but features the famous Irene slit for fresh flowers. This is the kind of "touch" the distinguished Hollywood couturiere is renowned for. The colors of the stripes in June's gloom-chasing umbrella complement her gray-blue gilet and gloves, and accent her pale yellow carnations.

"I don't see why a girl has to look drab just because a few clouds are out in the morning," remarks Irene. "A good suit will stand a little rain. A gay umbrella will take care of her hair and her hat. And I can't think of any one thing that will brighten a cloudy day more than a few fresh flowers."

It is Irene's belief that tan and beige raincoats will eventually be replaced by more colorful ones, and that as soon as conditions permit, brilliant umbrellas will be available. All kinds of more or less waterproof accessories will pop up on the market, and pretty soon rain-soaked streets will present a festive appearance.

My Husband is Home

(Continued from page 33) very best; so his first sight of me after all our months apart wouldn't let him down.

Which goes to prove the best-laid plans do go astray.

Five o'clock one morning the bell awakened me from a sound sleep. I flew to the door—and found Wayne standing there! The lack of a telephone had made it impossible for him to let me know that he had landed.

We were so happy to see each other that I forgot how unglamorous I was with cold cream all over my face. And he didn't seem to notice. Soon enough we were hurrying to the nursery. Wayne couldn't wait, naturally, to meet his six-months-old daughter.

The minute that little tike, Pam, opened her eyes she began to flirt with her father. And he was so susceptible that I knew I had a serious rival in the family.

THINKING about Wayne's homecoming I had forgotten that besides his outstanding war record, he was a movie star. These facts did not contribute to our privacy. Even his first day home we found ourselves in a merry whirl. Navy public relations wanted Wayne for press conferences and radio programs. His agent had matters which required his attention. Jack Warner gave a big luncheon for him. There were endless cocktail and dinner parties. We had so little time together I began to feel sorry for myself—until a package arrived in the mail. It was a present for Pam from the wife of a boy in Wayne's squadron. From the wife of a boy who had been killed. I took a deep breath and realized how lucky I was to have a husband—even on a merry-go-round.

Fortunately, a little lull in activities came when Bubbles Schinasi, Wayne's former wife, arrived from the East with his adorable five-year-old son. There were some raised eyebrows when Bubbles and I went about together. However, we have long been friends and when Pam was born Bubbles sent me flowers with a card saying, "From my son to your daughter." Above all, Bubbles and I want our children brought up in harmony and peace. It is, after all, to wipe out jealousy and bring about peace and unity among all people that we are fighting. And all of this cannot come to pass unless we strive towards it in our personal lives.

One night, following a game of gin rummy, I played the record I had been fortunate enough to get of Wayne's broadcast from Honolulu. When it ended he grinned and said, mockingly, "Isn't that guy wonderful?"

But then, memories stirred perhaps, he began talking about the impressions he had gained during the fifty-seven combats in which he and his crew had shot down seven enemy aircraft, sunk two small cargo ships, damaged three, a heavy cruiser and a mine-layer. In which, with other pilots, he had sunk an enemy escort vessel and an anti-aircraft barge gunboat.

"You can't imagine what a naval battle is like, honey, without seeing one," he said. "The second battle of the Philippine Seas reminded me of a gigantic Fourth of July display."

"How?" I asked.

"Well, things like pinwheels were bursting. There were streamers in the air and phosphorus and blazing. There were all sorts of colors. I saw one carrier sink, with two cruisers and a destroyer."

As Wayne talked he walked nervously about the room, pounding his fist against the palm of his hand. He was different from the nice boy with lots of charm who made "Kid Galahad," "Flight Angels,"

MARGUERITE CHAPMAN, IN THE COLUMBIA PICTURE "COUNTER-ATTACK"

STARRING PAUL MUNI



YOU: *Wish my hands were so smooth and soft.*

MARGUERITE CHAPMAN: Have you tried Jergens Lotion?

YOU: *Is Jergens your hand care, Miss Chapman?*

MARGUERITE CHAPMAN: Yes, indeed, I use Jergens Lotion.

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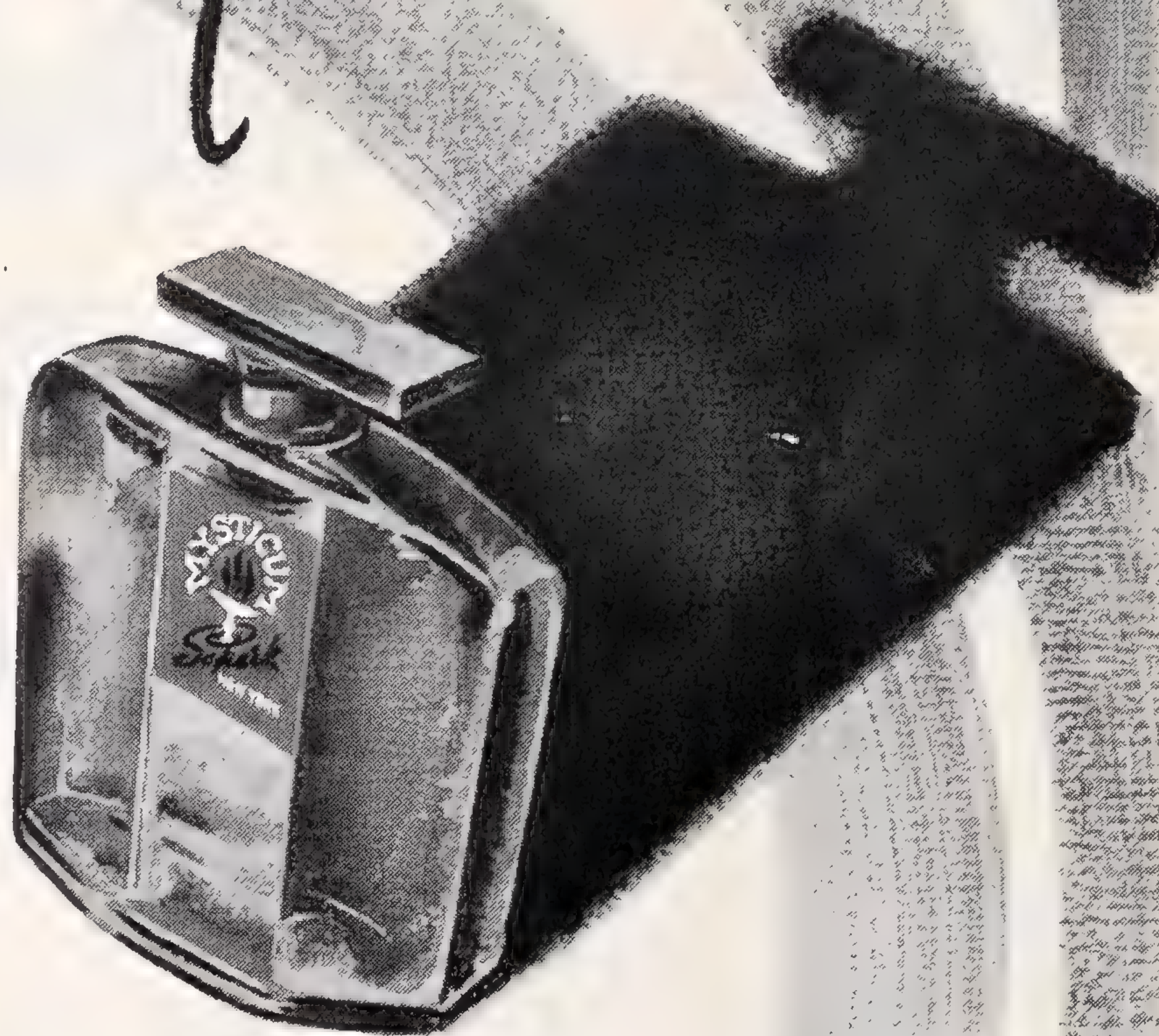
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SCHERK

NEW YORK

"Gambling On The High Seas" and "The Smiling Ghost." He still has charm but it's more mellow now because of his deeper understanding. After the war, when he returns to the screen, I know he will give greater performances.

Wayne went on: "The Jap pilot is pretty stupid, I think."

"You mean the way they believe their own propaganda?" I asked.

"That too. But what I had in mind was the way they just don't stick together. When we jump them they generally split up—never trying to help one another as our pilots do. And, you know, a single plane is duck soup for pilots who combine their fire power and maneuver as a team."

It might be duck soup to Wayne. To me it was terrifying. And the knowledge that it had happened time and time again—at Marcus, Wake, Saipan, Pagan, Roto, the Bonins, Guam, Tinian, Palau, Mindanao, Visayas, Luzon, and Formosa made it more terrifying.

I had won our gin rummy game that night and, after our talk, insisting I deserved a prize, Wayne went to our bedroom and came back with his D.F.C. and gave it to me. Looking at it shining in my hand I found the courage to ask something I always had wondered about.

"Were you ever afraid?" I asked him.

"I sure was, honey," he grinned. "Every time they showed a picture aboard the Essex, I was scared to death it would be one of mine. That's something I never could have lived down. . . ."

Wayne's next assignment is as an instructor in Florida. How long this job will last we do not know. But so long as it lasts I know I will go around, as I do now, saying to myself, almost incredulously, over and over, "My husband is home!" And praying still—for the day when every wife in the land can say the same.

THE END

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and in an exclusive

Elsa Maxwell story!

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The Big Show-Off (Republic)

TAIN'T funny, McGee, and the harder it tries the worse it gets. The story must certainly have been dropped on its continuity at birth and the actors—well the pity is they really don't seem to realize how silly it all is or else they'd have slunk off the screen along about the fourth reel.

Arthur Lake is the meeky-mouse pianist who pretends to be a wrestling sensation, and Dale Evans, singing away like mad, is the supposed victim of this unfunny deception. Lionel Stander, George Meeker, Paul Hurst and Marjorie Manners go round for a couple of whirls.

Your Reviewer Says: They didn't accentuate the positive.

The Big Bonanza (Republic)

RICHARD ARLEN, a disgraced Union officer (here's that Civil War again, Mama), goes west to settle with his old boyhood pal, Robert Livingston, dance-hall-saloon proprietor and horner-in on other people's mines. But Arlen doesn't take to such shenanigans and goes over to help the miners fight for their rights.

Bobby Driscoll is swell as Arlen's kid brother. Jane Frazee who sings and Lynne Roberts who teaches Sunday school, "Gabby" Hayes, Russell Simpson and J. M. Kerrigan, round out a story that needs more than rounding out, believe us.

Your Reviewer Says: The big what?

Here Come The Co-eds (Universal)

ABBOTT and Costello finally have a film worth sitting through and even if it isn't the funniest thing alive, it's still amusing in spots—which is the way we prefer our spots.

The boys find themselves caretakers at a girls' school under the strict supervision of Lon Chaney, made up as Lon Chaney for a change. And then to complicate their lives even more, Lon's sister, Martha O'Driscoll, a night-club show girl, wins a scholarship to the school; Donald Cook, the headmaster, falls in love with her; Charles Dingle, chairman of the college board of trustees, threatens to close down the joint—pardon—school; Lou gets mixed up with a raw oyster and it all ends up in a mad basketball game that's a riot.

Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra is a great big beautiful feature of the film that will please their millions of radio listeners. And peppy, happy Peggy Ryan is still another worthwhile feature.

Nothing, believe us, gives us more pleasure than to announce this pair of comics is back in their stride and the laughs are on the house.

Your Reviewer Says: Try to keep a straight face.

Having Wonderful Crime (RKO)

OUR idea of having a wonderful crime would be to knock that silly, so-gay, charming, aren't-we-the-ones attitude out of the whole business, despite the fact we love George Murphy madly and feel Pat O'Brien good enough to know better.

George and Carole Landis as newlyweds are so devoted to dear Pat they take him along on their honeymoon. First the little pixie trio visits a theater and what happens but a magician disappears and the three get all mixed up in it and later even get involved in murder.

People come and go and nobody ever does find out what is going on. Certainly we didn't but maybe you're smarter.

Your Reviewer Says: Knee-deep in hooley.

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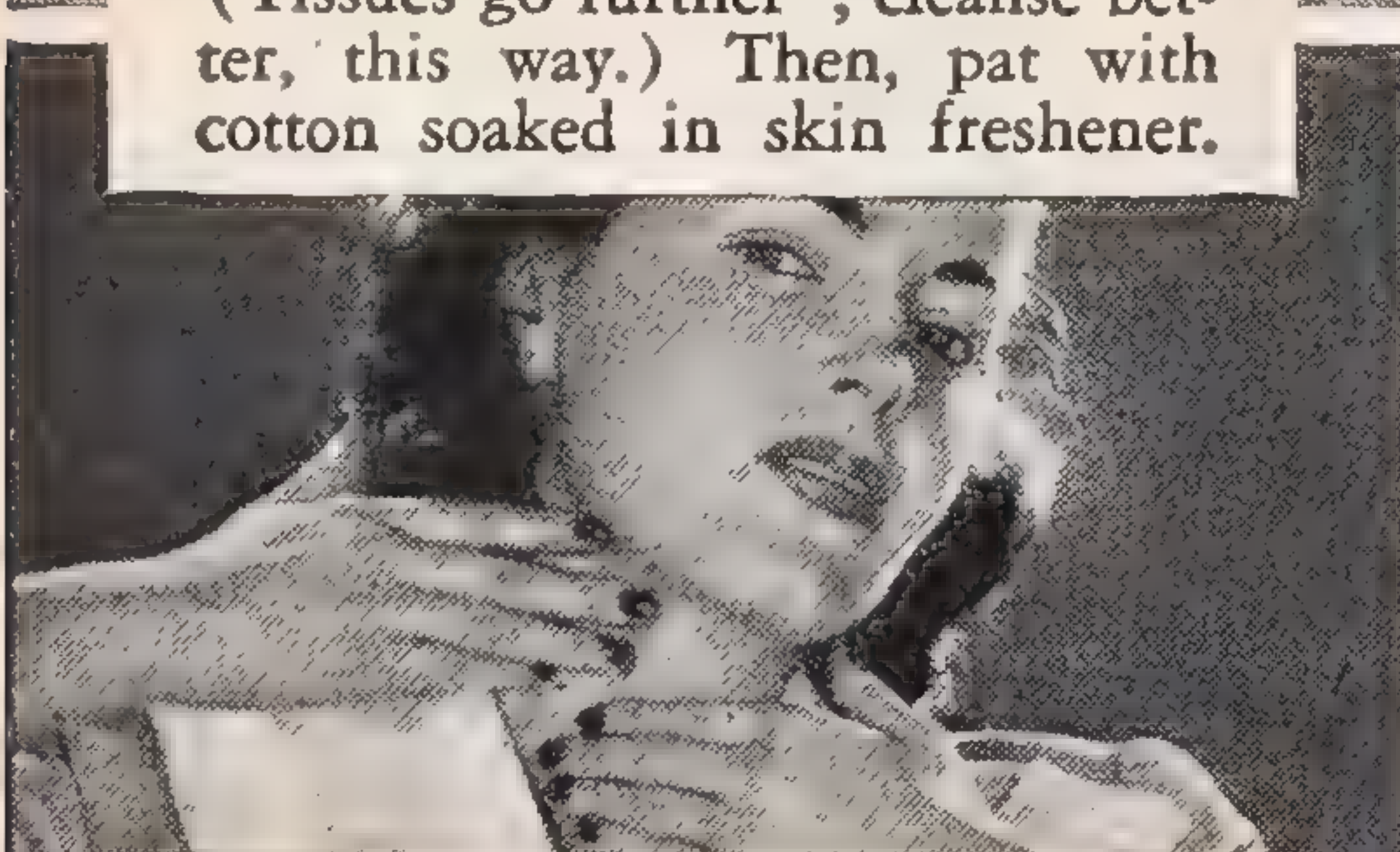
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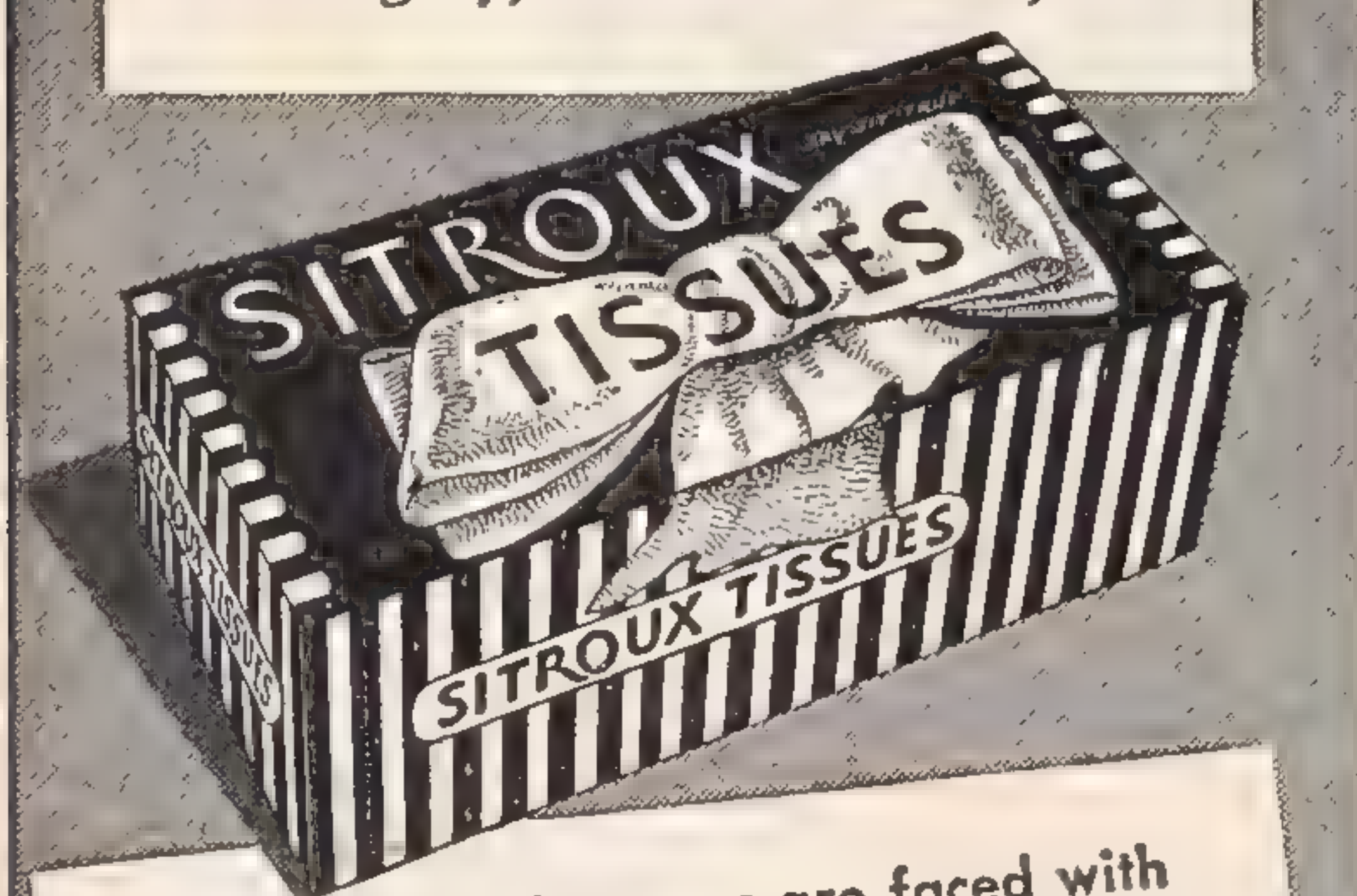
When applying and removing cleansing cream, always use upward and outward motion. To remove, wrap absorbent Sitroux Tissue around hand, like a mitt. (Tissues go further*, cleanse better, this way.) Then, pat with cotton soaked in skin freshener.



Next, apply rich lubricating cream. Start from upper chest; work with both hands. Circle gently upward along throat. Make an upward half-circle around back of neck.



For firming exercise, bend head forward, relaxed; roll to right, back; left, back to front. Repeat, circling left to right. Leave cream on half-an-hour (overnight, for dry skin). Remove with Sitroux Tissue, using upward strokes. Absorbent Sitroux removes cream thoroughly; fine for hankies, too.



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SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

Brief Reviews (Continued from page 22)

Paul Henreid's good acting, Sydney Greenstreet's and Peter Lorre's superb performances and Victor Francen's smoothness. It's all about Nazi spies, the underground, traitors and all the things you've seen before. (Jan.)

DANGEROUS PASSAGE—Paramount: Robert Lowery gets in more trouble when he tries to evade enemies seeking his inherited fortune by boarding a slow steamer. Instead he runs into a phony insurance plot, a secret agent, a night club entertainer and all kinds of troublesome things. Phyllis Brooks and Lowery are both good, but you'd think they'd have a nervous breakdown at least. (Mar.)

DARK WATERS—Bogues-United Artists: A top-notch psychological mystery, people with interesting characters. Merle Oberon survives the torpedoing of a ship and goes to live with her aunt and uncle in the bayous of Louisiana, where weird things begin to happen. Franchot Tone is a young doctor, Thomas Mitchell a visitor in the house of her relatives, Fay Bainter and John Qualen, and Elisha Cook Jr. the overseer. (Feb.)

DESTINY—Universal: A strange and very entertaining film about an ex-convict, Alan Curtis, who finds himself innocently involved in another crime which sends him into hiding. He takes refuge on the farm of Frank Craven and his blind daughter Gloria Jean, who befriends him unquestioningly. Splendid support is offered by Grace McDonald, Frank Fenton and Minna Gombell. (Mar.)

DOUBLE EXPOSURE—Paramount: Photographer Nancy Kelly joins the staff of a weekly magazine, of which Chester Morris is the editor, and outmaneuvers him professionally and romantically until she finds herself embroiled in a murder mystery and needs his help. Phillip Terry is Nancy's beau from the same small town, who follows her to New York to see no harm befalls her. (Mar.)

ENTER ARSENE LUPIN—Universal: Newcomer Charles Korvin is the news of this picture. What a lad! As the jewel thief who takes great pleasure in out-crooking other crooks, and finds himself all entangled with a precious gem, a beautiful girl, Ella Raines, and a comic detective, J. Carrol Naish, he turns in a charming, polished performance. (Feb.)

EXPERIMENT PERILOUS—RKO: This is an absorbing psychological drama dealing with a beautiful woman, Hedy Lamarr, who lives in a nightmare of terror that centers around her husband, Paul Lukas, and her small son. George Brent is the doctor and amateur detective who falls in love with Hedy and finally solves the reason for her terror. With Albert Dekker and Margaret Wycherly. (Mar.)

FACES IN THE FOG—Republic: Jane Withers is in love with Eric Sinclair, but their parents don't like each other; so when Jane's father, Paul Kelly, sees her in a bungalow court with Sinclair he ups and shoots the lad, not knowing they're married. So then we have the trial and the bitterness, but who wants to sit through this kind of thing? (Jan.)

FALCON IN HOLLYWOOD, THE—RKO: The Falcon (Tom Conway as usual) finds his murder mystery this time in Hollywood, where he's gone on vacation. Taxi driver Veda Ann Borg edges him into the case of the murdered leading man, and one corpse leads to another and one mystery to another until Conway finally solves the case. Barbara Hale, Frank Jenks and John Abbott are in it too. (Feb.)

GENTLE ANNIE—M-G-M: *Annie*, as played by Marjorie Main, is a likable character and provides some really good moments of entertainment. Half the romance comes in when Donna Reed seeks shelter with Marjorie and her two sons, Henry Morgan and Paul Langton; and the other half arrives with James Craig, who's really a government detective. Barton MacLane is the sheriff. (Mar.)

GIRL RUSH, THE—RKO: Laid out in the Old West during the gold rush, the thin story has to do with a stranded show-girl troupe and the efforts of Wally Brown and Alan Carney to get them back to civilization. Frances Langford sings several numbers beautifully, Vera Vague's clowning keeps you laughing and Wally and Alan try very hard. (Jan.)

GUEST IN THE HOUSE—Stromberg-UA: An exciting story of a devoted couple, artist Ralph Bellamy and his wife, Ruth Warrick, who invite an ill, neurotic girl to be their house guest. Whereupon the neurotic, Anne Baxter, causes no end of unhappiness and destruction. Marie McDonald is Bellamy's model who fills Anne's heart with fearful jealousy and Scott McKay is the doctor in love with Anne. (Mar.)

WHERE COME THE WAVES—Paramount: A happy-as-a-lark story about the girls of the Navy, with Bing Crosby as a crooner who's the idol of the bobby-soxers, Betty Hutton as twins (imagine two Huttons in one film) and Sonny Tufts, who even sings with Bing. Bettys cute, the show's cute and you'll just naturally want to see it. (Mar.)

HOLLYWOOD CANTEN—Warners: A great big star-studded musical, with the story telling the adventures of two soldiers, Bob Hutton and Dane Clark, who visit the Hollywood Canteen. Bob meets and falls in love with star Joan Leslie, and Dane

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falls for Janis Paige. The conglomeration of stars includes Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Jane Wyman, Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson and many others. (Mar.)

HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN—Universal: Boris Karloff is the mad scientist, Lon Chaney the Wolf Man, and John Carradine the deformed Monster, and they engage in all kinds of repulsive goings-on. Anne Gwynne is the girl in love with the Wolf Man; and Elena Verdugo, Sig Ruman and Lionel Atwell have the misfortune to know all these unattractive people. (Mar.)

I ACCUSE MY PARENTS—PRC: John Miljan and Vivienne Osborne are rich, doting and heavy-drinking parents who neglect their son Robert Lowell. So Lowell meets Mary Beth Hughes, ends up by driving a hold-up car and finally gets mixed up with murder and stands trial for it. But why waste your time? (Jan.)

WE'LL BE SEEING YOU—Selznick International-UA: Ginger Rogers possesses a new sincerity as the girl "on furlough" from prison who visits her relatives for Christmas and meets Joseph Cotten, a war-shocked soldier on furlough from a hospital. Shirley Temple plays Ginger's cousin and Tom Tully and Spring Byington are her parents. It's a different, appealing picture. (Mar.)

IRISH EYES ARE SMILING—20th Century-Fox: A tuneful and happy musical, with Dick Haymes playing Ernest Ball, a ballad writer of the nineties, and June Haver the girl he's in love with. Monty Woolley is priceless as a Broadway promoter, and the songs are nostalgically lovely and haunting. Anthony Quinn, Veda Ann Borg, Beverly Whitney and Clarence Kolb lend welcome support. (Jan.)

KEYS OF THE KINGDOM, THE—20th Century-Fox: Powerfully moving and tenderly touching is A. J. Cronin's story of the humble and seemingly misfit priest who accepts a post in China and endures through plague and revolution with strength and humility. Gregory Peck gives a splendid characterization as the priest and Vincent Price, Thomas Mitchell, Rosa Stradner and Edmund Gwenn turn in fine performances. (Mar.)

LAURA—20th Century-Fox: Sophisticated, adult entertainment so smoothly executed and so cleverly performed that it's a joy to behold. It's a murder mystery involving interesting and alarming people, and you'll marvel at the finished performance of Clifton Webb, enjoy the magnetic appeal of Dana Andrews and appreciate the quiet underplaying of Gene Tierney. (Jan.)

LIGHTS OF OLD SANTA FE—Republic: Dale Evans's rodeo is fast going on the rocks, even though it's managed by Gabby Hayes. So Roy Rogers and Richard Powers, both likely lads, are interested in Dale and her rodeo, and the net result is lots of singing, dancing, trick riding, and everything but worry over the problem at hand. (Feb.)

MAIN STREET AFTER DARK—M-G-M: A short punchy film that serves as a warning to service men against the crooks who haunt cheap beer and dance halls. Selena Royle is the head of a family of such criminals until police lieutenant Edward Arnold cracks down on the gang. With Dan Duryea, Hume Cronyn, Audrey Trotter and Tom Trout. (Feb.)

MAN IN HALF MOON STREET, THE—Paramount: Nils Asther is ninety years old, but looks thirty-five because he keeps transplanting into his body the glands of young men whom he murders for the purpose. Scientist Reinhold Schunzel aids in this defiance of nature. But finally Nils' loyal fiancée Helen Walker discovers his little secret. With Paul Cavanaugh and Edmond Breon. (Jan.)

MARK OF THE WHISTLER, THE—Darmour-Columbia: Richard Dix turns in a bang-up performance as a derelict who poses as another man in order to collect a large sum of money from a bank. He actually gets the money, but collides with crippled peddler Paul Guilfoyle, and from then on he gets deeper and deeper into trouble. Janis Carter, John Calvert and Porter Hall are all very good. (Jan.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—M-G-M: The Smiths of St. Louis in the nineties are the nicest people you'll ever meet. The story of how they don't want to move to New York is replete with charm, color and romance. The family consists of Judy Garland in love with Tom Drake, Margaret O'Brien, Lucille Bremer, and Joan Carroll as her sisters, and Mary Astor and Leon Ames her parents. The music is delightful. (Feb.)

MINISTRY OF FEAR—Paramount: This is filled with confusion and intricacy of plot, but the actors perform so well that it has its points. Ray Milland gets released from a British asylum on charges of a mercy killing, only to get embroiled with Nazi spies hiding behind a charity organization. Marjorie Reynolds is the Austrian girl, Carl Esmond her brother and Dan Duryea a villain. (Jan.)

MURDER IN THE BLUE ROOM—Universal: Anne Gwynne, her mother Nella Walker and stepfather John Litel reopen a haunted mansion with a party at which Bill Williams disappears for good. Grace McDonald, Betty Kean and June Preisser sing and dance right through it all. (Feb.)

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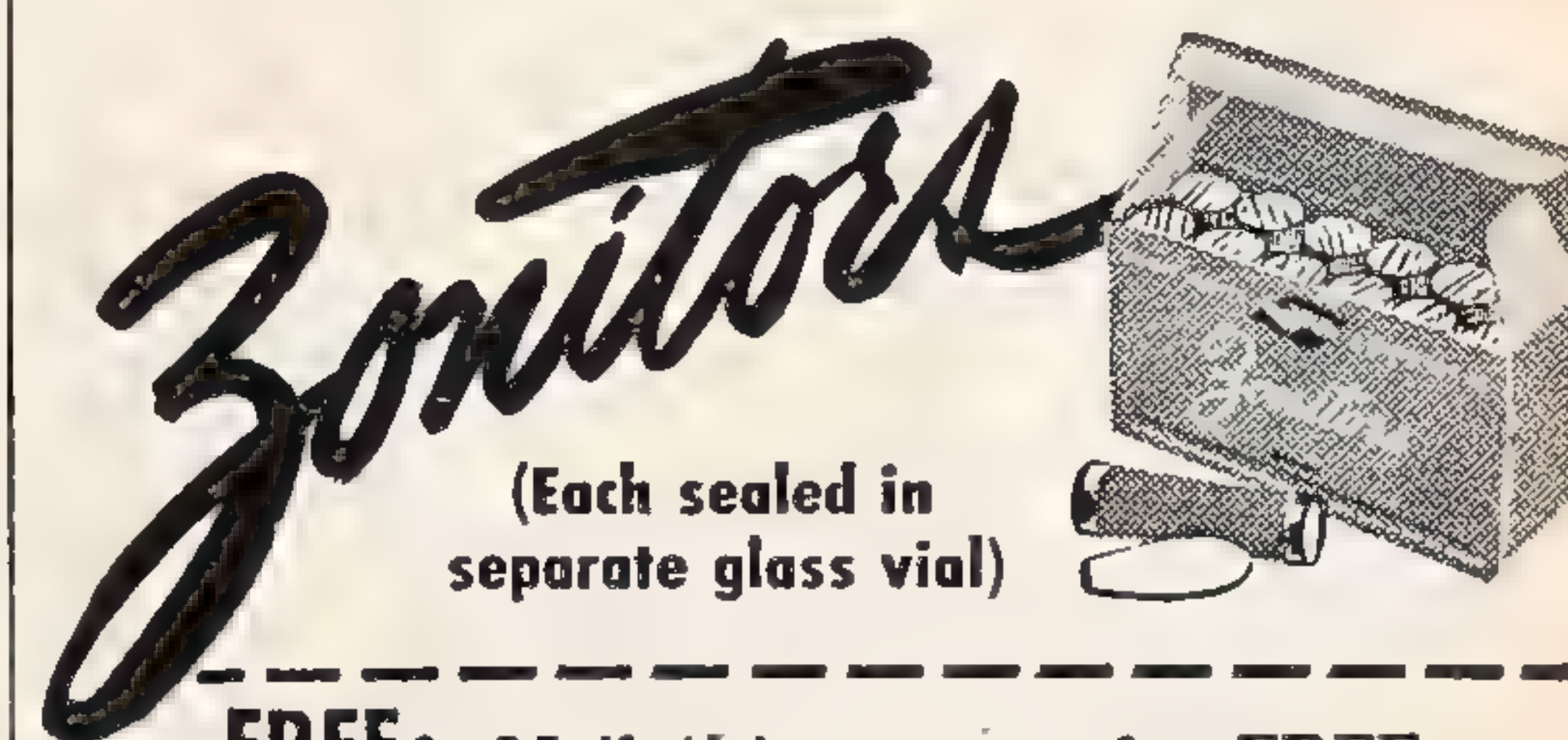
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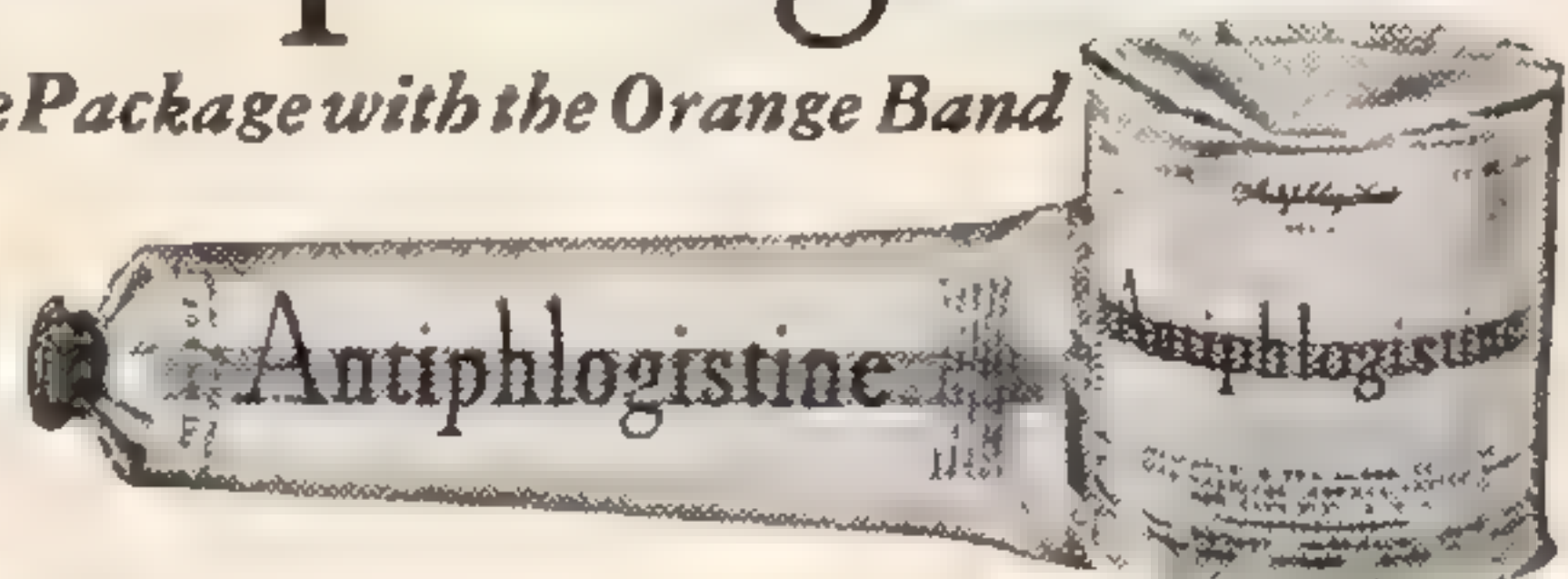
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✓**"MURDER, MY SWEET"**—RKO: Dick Powell's a hard-fisted detective in this tough murder mystery that starts when stir-crazy Mike Mazurki persuades Powell to locate the girl Mike lost when sent to prison. Claire Trevor is Miles Mander's nasty wife, Anne Shirley his daughter and Otto Kruger a psychiatrist. (Jan.)

✓**MY GAL LOVES MUSIC**—Universal: Bob Crosby is a crooner-band leader who puts on a local kid contest over a national hook-up to find a child prodigy. So Gracie McDonald poses as a child and wins the contest, only to fall in love with Crosby. Betty Kean warbles away, Freddie Mercer sings too, and Walter Catlett and Alan Mowbray mug at each other all over the place. (Feb.)

✓**NATIONAL VELVET**—M-G-M: A picture to be enjoyed by every member of the family is this story about a little girl, Elizabeth Taylor, who wins a horse in a lottery and enters him in the Grand National. Elizabeth is a wonderfully talented youngster, Mickey Rooney as the homeless kid is terrific, and Donald Crisp, Angela Lansbury, Anne Revere and Jackie Jenkins are all so good. (Mar.)

✓**NOTHING BUT TROUBLE**—M-G-M: Laurel and Hardy are still going strong after all these years, and this time they get involved in political intrigue, attempted assassinations and kidnaping charges. They have good company in their boy-monarch foolery in the persons of Henry O'Neill, Philip Merivale and John Warburton. (Feb.)

✓**PRACTICALLY YOURS**—Paramount: A thoroughly delightful and enjoyable comedy reunites Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray for another hit. Fred as the returned hero who finds himself, through a misunderstanding, engaged to a girl he isn't even fond of, and Claudette as the unwanted fiancée, give bang-up performances. Gil Lamb and Mikhail Rasumny are both so very funny. (Mar.)

✓**RAINBOW ISLAND**—Paramount: A lush Technicolor dream with Dottie Lamour roaming around in her well-filled sarong. Merchant Marine Eddie Bracken tells the fantastic tale of his adventure to his pals, of Dottie and her romance with Barry Sullivan, of Gil Lamb's capering, of Lamour's full-blown loveliness, and of the comical situations in which Bracken finds himself. (Jan.)

✓**SHADOW OF SUSPICION**—Monogram: Those jewel thieves are back again, as busy as usual. This time they slip priceless gems into a pair of bronzed baby shoes and you get all the resulting nonsense you've seen before. Anyway, Tim Ryan is cute and Marjorie Weaver pretty, and Peter Cookson a brave newcomer to tackle this one. (Jan.)

✓**SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS**—20th Century-Fox: A typical Technicolor musical, with Vivian Blaine, Carmen Miranda and Phil Silvers inheriting a rundown southern plantation which is taken over by Sgt. Michael O'Shea for army wives who cavort all over the place. Miranda garnishes a few laughs as a walking radio set and the tunes are pretty, but on the whole it's just an average movie. (Feb.)

✓**SONG TO REMEMBER, A**—Columbia: The influence of a shrewd woman on the life and works of a genius is here splendidly portrayed by Cornel Wilde playing Frederic Chopin, and Merle Oberon as George Sand, the woman who brings him into the limelight of fame. Paul Muni plays Chopin's old teacher, whom Merle tries to keep away from him. The music is exquisite and exciting, making the picture the musical treat of the year. (Jan.)

✓**SUNDAY DINNER FOR A SOLDIER**—20th Century-Fox: Anne Baxter is head of a family consisting of irresponsible Charles Winninger, two small brothers and a little sister who live on a Florida houseboat. When they decide to have a soldier to dinner, he turns out to be John Hodiak and the picture turns into a charming story. Anne Revere is very good as the meddlesome widow. (Mar.)

✓**SUSPECT, THE**—Universal: You'll like and sympathize with murderer Charles Laughton, who kills his first wife and then marries Ella Raines, only to have the past catch up with him. Stanley C. Ridges is the relentless inspector, Dean Harens is Laughton's son, and both Ella and Laughton give fine performances. (Mar.)

✓**SWING HOSTESS**—PRC: Martha Tilton makes her debut as an actress-singer, and puts over her songs in fine style. The story has to do with a juke-box operator whose voice leads to another girl getting a singing job through an error, and it takes a lot of time before it gets all straightened out. (Feb.)

✓**THEY SHALL HAVE FAITH**—Monogram: The timely theme of this story on infantile paralysis deals with the work of Army doctors with the disease as applied to soldiers on battlefronts. Gale Storm is suddenly stricken with polio and John Mack Brown is the Army major who helps her regain her health. The cast is splendid, including Conrad Nagel, Sir Aubrey Smith and Mary Boland. (Mar.)

✓**THIN MAN GOES HOME, THE**—M-G-M: This long-awaited renewal of the series proves very disappointing in all departments, including the performances of Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Asta. Lucille Watson and Harry Davenport are Powell's parents, and the suspects are Gloria De Haven, Helen Vinson, Leon Ames, Anne Revere. (Feb.)

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THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO—M-G-M: Told with sincerity, integrity, simplicity and authority, this picture of Doolittle's first bombing of Tokyo is a great one. Van Johnson as Ted Lawson proves himself a fine actor, and Phyllis Thaxter as his wife is a charming, gracious actress. Spencer Tracy plays Doolittle with strength and purpose, and Robert Walker is splendid. The suspense created throughout the picture is terrific. (Feb.)

THREE CABALLEROS, THE—Walt Disney-RKO: Three Disney characters, American Donald Duck, Brazilian Joe Carioca and Mexican Panchito, visit the Latin American countries and meet up with such real-life characters as Aurora Miranda, Carmen Molina and Dora Luz. The color is heavenly and the magic of Disney's pencil out of this world, but the story lacks continuity. (Mar.)

THREE IS A FAMILY—Lesser-United Artists: Babies are all over the place in this wartime problem story, even right in the apartment of Charles Ruggles and Fay Bainter. Marjorie Reynolds is the mother of twins, Helen Broderick the maiden aunt, and Arthur Lake, Jeff Donnell, Cheryl Walker and William Terry keep the plot whizzing. (Feb.)

TOGETHER AGAIN—Columbia: Irene Dunne is a small-town mayor who goes to New York in search of a sculptor to create a statue of her late husband. So the sculptor turns out to be Charles Boyer, who follows her back home, captures the fancy of her step-daughter, Mona Freeman, and things happen in all directions. Charles Coburn is cute as her father-in-law. (Feb.)

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT—Warners: The news of this picture is a newcomer named Lauren Bacall, whose performance is so intriguing it has Humphrey Bogart fighting like mad to stay in the running. Despite the repetitious theme of Bogart in Martinique, with Vichy France slugging it out with its enemies, you'll never lose interest. Hoagy Carmichael as the piano player is very good. (Jan.)

TOMORROW, THE WORLD—Lester Cowan-UA: Skippy Homeier from Germany comes into the American home of Fredric March, bringing with him all the hatred and trickery of his Nazi upbringing, and sets out to break up the home and community. In Skippy's interpretation of a Nazi-bred youth we see clearly the future of the Germans and the drastic measures necessary to stop it. With Agnes Moorehead, Betty Field and Joan Carroll. (Mar.)

TOWN WENT WILD, THE—PRC: A crack-jack story full of surprises and cozy laughter, with Eddie Horton and Tom Tully as bickering neighbors. When it appears that Horton's son, Freddie Bartholomew, and Tully's son, James Lydon, may have gotten switched at their births, the town really goes wild. Especially as Freddie wants to marry Tully's daughter, who may now be his sister. (Feb.)

VERY THOUGHT OF YOU, THE—Warners: Dennis Morgan and Dane Clark are soldiers on furlough who plunge headlong into romance, Dennis with Eleanor Parker, although her family tries to oppose the match, and Dane with Faye Emerson. Andrea King plays Eleanor's sister married to a sailor whom she hasn't seen for two years. It's a delightful little story. (Jan.)

WINGED VICTORY—20th Century-Fox: An entertaining, almost documentary film stressing the personal angle of our Air Force. The story begins with three boys, Lon McCallister, Don Taylor and Mark Daniels entering the Air Force, proceeding through basic training, on their ultimate destinations. All the boys in the picture are members of the Air Corps, and there are too many splendid performances and touching moments to list. It's an American triumph. (Feb.)

WOMAN IN THE WINDOW, THE—International-RKO: Edward G. Robinson is a mild, home-loving professor who inadvertently kills a man in the home of Joan Bennett. Their efforts to get rid of the corpse and evade the law is the theme of this neatly constructed story in which suspense runs high. Raymond Massey is the district attorney friend of Robinson's, and Dan Duryea a blackmailer. (Jan.)

! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

APRIL FOOL!

Or did you outsmart us?
Here are the answers to
the quiz on pages 52 and 53:

- 1 & 7—Lana Turner
- 2 & 9—Lucille Ball
- 3 & 10—Paulette Goddard
- 4 & 8—Betty Grable
- 5 & 6—Ann Sothorn

! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

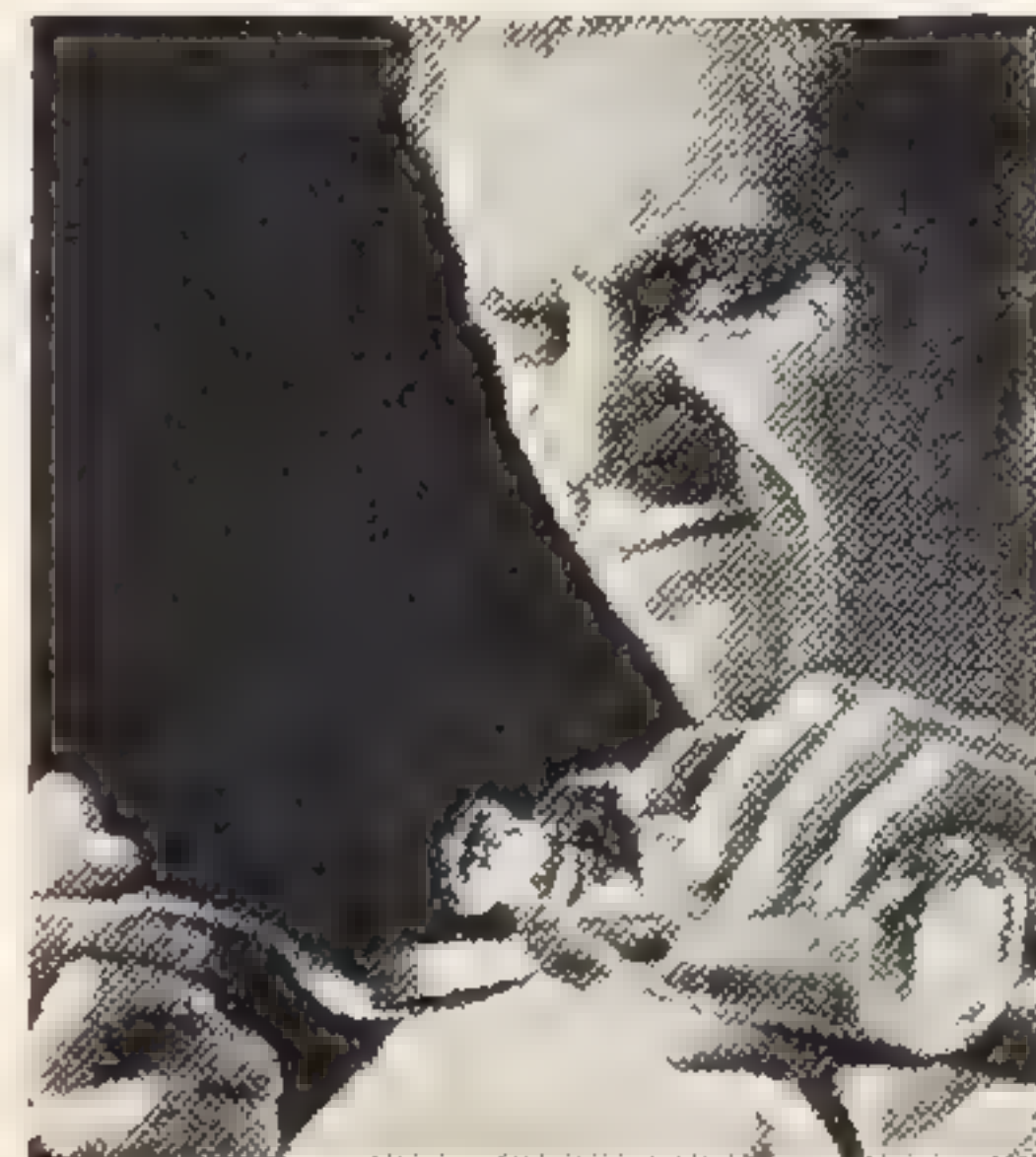
A WORD OF WARNING TO LAXATIVE USERS



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It doesn't pay to
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tasting laxatives!

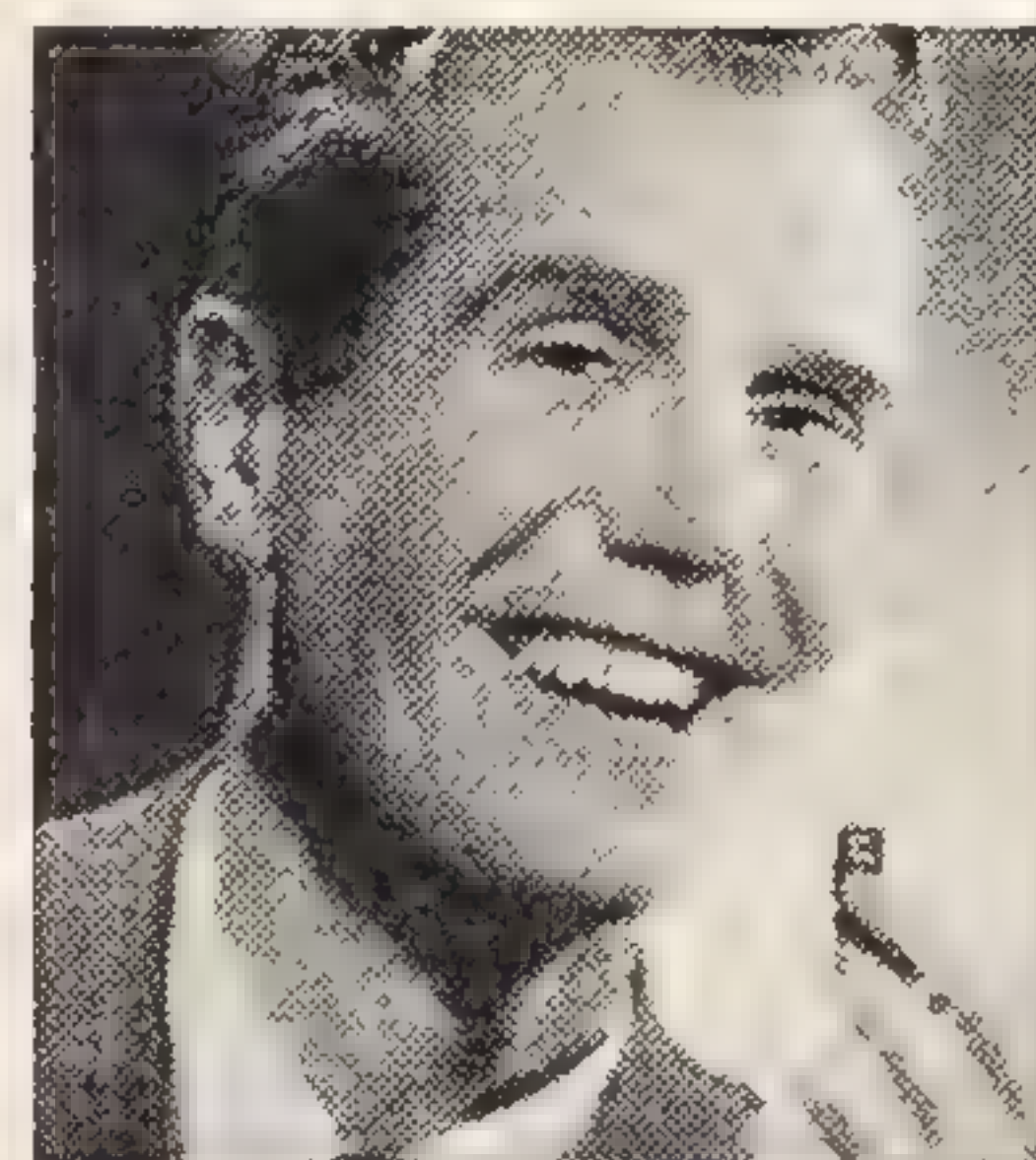
A medicine that's too strong can often
leave you feeling worse than before!



Others are
Too Mild—

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too mild to give
proper relief is
just as unsatis-
factory as none

at all. A good laxative should work
thoroughly, yet be kind and gentle!



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2. Dark Copper	8. Golden Blonde
3. Sable Brown	9. Topaz Blonde
4. Golden Brown	10. Dark Auburn
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Casts of Current Pictures

BIG BONANZA, THE—Republic: Jed Kilton, Richard Arlen; Sam Ballou, Robert Livingston; Chiquita McSweeney, Jane Frazee; Hap Selby, George "Gabby" Hayes; Judy Parker, Lynne Roberts; Spud Kilton, Bobby Driscoll; Jasper Kincaid, J. M. Kerrigan; Adam Parker, Russell Simpson; Dr. Ballou, Frank Reicher; Abraham, Cordell Hickman; Jimmy, Hayward Soo Hoo; Don Pendleton, Roy Barcroft; Roberts, Fred Kohler Jr.; The Singer, Monte Hale.

BIG SHOW-OFF, THE—Republic: Sandy Elliott, Arthur Lake; June Mayfield, Dale Evans; Joe Bagley, Lionel Stander; Wally Porter, George Meeker; The Devil, Paul Hurst; Mitzi, Marjorie Manners; Boris The Bulgar, Sammy Stein; Muckenfull, Louis Adlon; Announcer, Dan Toby; Hobo, Emmett Lynne; Dr. Dinwiddie, Douglas Wood.

BRING ON THE GIRLS—Paramount: Teddy Collins, Veronica Lake; Phil North, Sonny Tufts; J. Newport Bates, Eddie Bracken; Sue Thomas, Marjorie Reynolds; Uncle Ralph, Grant Mitchell; Benny Lowe, Johnnie Coy; Swede, Peter Whitney; August, Alan Mowbray; Dr. Effington, Porter Hall; Rutledge, Thurston Hall; Beaster, Lloyd Corrigan; Joseph, Cig Arno; Gloria, Joan Woodbury; Dr. Spender, Andrew Tombes; Sailors, Frank Faylen, Huntz Hall, William Moss; Aunt Martha, Norma Varden; Spike Jones and his orch.

HANGOVER SQUARE—20th Century-Fox: George Harvey Bone, Laird Cregar; Netta Longden, Linda Darnell; Dr. Allen Middleton, George Sanders; Carstairs, Glenn Langan; Barbara Chapman, Faye Marlowe; Sir Henry Chapman, Alan Napier; Superintendent Clay, Frederic Worlock; Detective Inspector King, J. W. Austin; Detective Sgt. Lewis, Leyland Hodgson; Watchman, Clifford Brooke; Butler, John Goldsworthy; Mickey, Michael Dyne; Yvette, Anne Codee; Ogilby, Francis Ford; Manager, Charles Irwin; Newsman, Frank Benson; Maid, Connie Leon; Costermonger, Robert Hale; English policeman, Leslie Denison.

HAVING WONDERFUL CRIME—RKO: Malone, Pat O'Brien; Helene Justus, Carole Landis; Jake Justus, George Murphy; Gilda, Lenore Aubert; Lance, Richard Martin; Phyllis, Gloria Holden; Motel, George Zucco; Zacharias, Wee Willie Davis; Edgar Winslow, Charles Brown; Elizabeth Lenhart, Blanche Ring; Chili Williams, herself.

HER LUCKY NIGHT—Universal: Maxene, Patty and LaVerne Andrews, Themselves; Connie Woods, Martha O'Driscoll; Larry Wentworth, Noah Beery Jr.; Susy, Marie Harmon; J. L. Wentworth, George Barbier; Papa, Maurice Cass.

HERE COME THE CO-EDS—Universal: Slat, Bud Abbott; Oliver, Lou Costello; Patty, Peggy Ryan; Molly, Martha O'Driscoll; Diane, June Vincent; Johnson, Lon Chaney; Benson, Donald Cook; Kirkland, Charles Bingle; The near-sighted man, Richard Lane; Honest Dan, Joe Kirk; Bill Stern, Himself. Phil Spitalny and his orchestra.

OBJECTIVE BURMA—Warners: Maj. Nelson, Errol Flynn; Jacobs, William Prince; Sgt. Treacy, James Brown; Gabby Gordon, George Tobias; Mark Williams, Henry Hull; Col. Carter, Warner Anderson; Hogan, John Alvin; Lt. Barker, Stephen Richards; Nebraska, Dick Erdman; Miggiori, Tony Caruso; Capt. Hennessey, Hugh Beaumont; Negulesco, John Whitney; Brophy, Joel Allen; Scapy Higgins, Buddy Yarus; Capt. Li, Frank Tang; Fred Hollis, William Hudson; Sgt. Chettu, Rodric Red Wing; Ghurka, Asit Kooma; Co-Pilot, John Sheridan; Major Fitzpatrick, Lester Matthews.

PAN-AMERICAN—RKO: Dan, Phillip Terry; Joe Anne, Audrey Long; Charlie, Robert Benchley; "Hoppy," Eve Arden; Jerry, Marc Cramer; Uncle Rudy, Ernest Truex; Lupita, Isabelita; Miss Brazil, Ramsey Ames; Miss Cuba, "Chinata" Marin.

ROUGHLY SPEAKING—Warners: In the prologue—1902: Mr. Randall, Ray Collins; Mrs. Randall, Kathleen Lockhart; Elinor Randall, Cora Sue Collins; Louise Randall, Ann Todd; Matt, Andy Clyde; Minister, Arthur Shields; First Maid, Olga, Helene Thmig; Second Maid, Anna, Greta Granstedt. Beginning 1908: Louise Randall, Rosalind Russell; Alice Abbott, Ann Doran; The Teacher, Hobart Cavanaugh; The Dean, Eily Malyon; Mr. Morton, Alan Hale; Rodney Crane, Donald Woods; Jack Leslie, Craig Stevens; Lawton Mackall, John Alvin; Rose, Mary Servoss; Doctor Lewis, Francis Pierlot; Doctor Bowditch, Manart Kippen; The Judge, George Carleton; The Professor, George Meader; Harold Pierson, Jack Carson; Tony, Frank Puglia; Svend Olsen, John Qualen; The Proprietor, Chester Clute; Customer in Music Shop, Irving Bacon; Relief Worker, Barbara Brown; George, Sig Arno; Barbara (8 to 11) Ann Lawrence, (15 to 20) Mona Freeman, (21 to 29) Andrea King; John (7 to 10), Mickey Kuhn, (14 to 19) Johnny Treul, (20 to 28) Robert Hutton; Rodney (6 to 9), John Calkins, (13 to 18) Richard Wimer (19 to 27), John Sheridan; Louise Jr. (5 to 8), Jo Ann Marlowe, (12 to 17) Patsy Lee Persons, (18 to 26) Jean Sullivan; Frankie, (3 to 4), Gregory Muradian, (9), John Sheffield, (17) Robert Arthur.

SHE GETS HER MAN—Universal: Pilky, Joan Davis; Breezy, William Gargan; Mulligan, Leon Errol; Maybelle, Vivian Austin; Mayor, Russell Hicks; Phoebe, Virginia Sale; Brodie, Cyrus Kendall; Bleaker, Paul Stanton; Hatch, Emmet Vogan; Wright, Donald McBride.

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Here's Relief
You've Never
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BLUE-JAY**



WITH WAR-PROVED
NUPERCALINE

HERE'S prompt relief from corn torture! Anesthetic Nupercaline in New Blue-Jay deadens throbbing surface pain where corn meets tender live flesh, until gentle medication lets you lift core right out. Greatest advance in years in treatment of corns!

Blue-Jay's soft Dura-felt pad gives you instant relief from deep-hurting shoe pressure; won't skid, won't rub off. New Blue-Jay is streamlined, flesh-color. And only Blue-Jay has Nupercaline. At drug and toilet goods counters.



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GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drop! "Cavity Toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy for children and adults. Follow easy directions.

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Leg Muscles Sore
from too much exercise?
Relieve
that pain with
ABSORBINE Jr.

THIS MAN'S NAVY—M-G-M: Chief Aviation Pilot Ned Trumphet, Wallace Beery; Chief Machinist's Mate Jimmy Shannon, James Gleason; Jess Weaver, Tom Drake; Catharine Cortland, Jan Clayton; Maude Weaver, Selena Royle; Cadet Tim Shannon, Steve Brodie; Chief Rigger Tim Hodum, Noah Beery Sr.; Cadet Rayshek, Arthur Walsh; Lt. Com. Roger Graystone, Henry O'Neill; Capt. Grant, Frank Fenton; Sir Anthony Tival, Reginald Owen; Sparks, Paul Langton; David, Robert Sully; Miller, Bill Phillips; Chief Boatswain's Mate Bert Bland, George Chandler; Lakehurst Operational Officer, Bruce Kellogg.

TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT—Columbia: Rosalind Bruce, Rita Hayworth; Paul Lundy, Lee Bowman; Judy Kane, Janet Blair; Tommy Lawson, Marc Platt; Angela, Leslie Brooks; The Great Waldo, Professor Lamberti; Toni, Dusty Anderson; Leslie Wiggins, Stephen Crane; Life Photographer, Jim Bannon; May Tolliver, Florence Bates; Sam Royce, Ernest Cossart; Rev. Gerald Lundy, Philip Merivale; David Long, Patrick O'Moore; Group Captain, Gavin Muir; Bubbles, Shelley Winter; Pamela, Marilyn Johnson; Frenchie, Mildred Law; Joan, Elizabeth Inglis; Mrs. Peabody, Aminta Dyne; Mrs. Good, Joy Harrington; Annette, Ann Codee. Specialty by Richard Haydn.

TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN, A—20th Century-Fox: Katie, Dorothy McGuire; Aunt Cissy, Joan Blondell; Johnny Nolan, James Dunn; McShane, Lloyd Nolan; Francie Nolan, Peggy Ann Garner; Veeley Nolan, Ted Donaldson; McGarrity, James Gleason; Miss McDonough, Ruth Nelson; Steve Edwards, John Alexander; Christmas Tree Vendor, B. S. Pully; Grandma Rommely, Ferike Boros; Carney, J. Farrell MacDonald; Mrs. Waters, Adeline De Walt Reynolds; Mr. Spencer, George Melford; Tynmore Sisters, Mae Marsh, Edna Jackson; Henny Gaddis, Vincent Graeff; Flossie Gaddis, Susan Lester; Mr. Crackenbox, Johnnie Bernes.

UNSEEN, THE—Paramount: Elizabeth Howard, Gail Russell; David Fielding, Joel McCrea; Barnaby Fielding, Richard Lyon; Ellen Fielding, Nona Griffith; Dr. Charles Evans, Herbert Marshall; Maxine, Phyllis Brooks; Jasper Goodwin, Norman Lloyd; Chester Goodwin, Mikhail Rasumny; Marian Tygarth, Isobel Elsom.

WHAT A BLONDE—RKO: Fowler, Leon Errol; Pomeroy, Richard Lane; Andrew, Michael St. Angel; Cynthia, Elaine Riley; Pat, Veda Ann Borg; Mrs. Fowler, Lydia Bilbrock; Mr. Daffoe, Clarence Kolb; Mrs. Daffoe, Ann Shoemaker; Gugliemi, Chef Milani; McPherson, Emory Parnell; Watson, Larry Wheat; Annie, Dorothy Vaughan; Redmond, Jason Robards.

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last Forever?

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New-Design SAN-NAP-PAKS give a wonderful feeling of comfort, safety. Made with special "Pink Layers" to give triple protection! Cotton faced for comfort—sleek tapered ends. All at no extra cost. So—say "SANAPAK"!

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Mail us \$1.25 and we will send you prepaid 5 boxes famous Rosebud Salve (25¢ size) and will include with salve this lovely solid sterling silver Birthstone Ring your size and month. You can sell the 5 salve and get back your \$1.25 and have ring without cost. Rosebud is an old reliable salve.

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FROM PERIODIC SUFFERING

You, too, should ease periodic pain and discomfort the way four generations of women all over the world have found so successful. 1 to 4 tablespoons of Dr. Siebert's Angostura Bitters in a little water, hot or cold, brings blessed easing of pain. It's pleasant to take—not habit-forming. At all druggists.

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Dragged Out Tomorrow

Yes, wakeful nights are unpleasant but the effects next day are still more unpleasant.

If Nervous Tension sometimes keeps you awake at night, or makes you irritable and fidgety in the daytime, try Dr. Miles Nervine. This time-tested sedative has been making good for sixty years.

Get a bottle of the liquid or a tube of the tablets at your drug store. Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

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GLOW IN THE DARK
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Don't pay big prices for luminous articles: Make your own! Sell at big profit or keep for your pleasure. With our complete outfit and confidential instructions, it's easy! A stroke of the brush—any article glows in the dark like magic! Lasts indefinitely. Absolutely harmless. Hundreds of uses. Use on ties, flowers, jewelry, house numbers, furniture, pictures, statues, toys, etc. Order NOW! Supply limited. Money-back guarantee.

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To Give Cheeks a very soft tint that lasts, Maurice of RKO suggests you apply your dry rouge with the same damp sponge you use in applying cake make-up. A wonderful trick!



If You Tint or Dye your hair, be sure to change your make-up to go with it, says Jack Pierce of Universal. For instance, if you lighten your hair, lighten your make-up, too. And never have dark brows with light hair unless nature made you that way. Nature usually designs eyebrows only a little darker than your hair.



Linda Darnell—starring with Bing Crosby in "The Great John L."—has a lipstick trick worth copying. "After the first application," she says, "I rub off the lipstick on the inner area of my lips with tissue and then re-apply. This keeps lipstick lovelier and longer-lasting."

Star make-up tricks

Beauty on a bright-idea basis—here is advice for added allure from studio make-up experts



As You Grow Older, the lines of your face all tend to go downward, says Jack Dawn of M-G-M. Work for a youthful effect with a good lip brush by turning ends of your mouth slightly upward and penciling eyebrows upward too. Go in for short hairdos, ends turned up! And no long bobs! A softer, more subtle make-up is most flattering.



For Silkier Lashes, don't leave mascara on overnight, says Billy Riddle of Selznick. Stroke cream or vaseline into your lashes to keep them silky. Your eyebrows, says Ben Nye of 20th Century-Fox, keynote your expression. Pluck stragglers below the natural line. When using eyebrow pencil, avoid a heavy line. It gives a hard expression.



A Receding Chin has the illusion of greater prominence if you use a lighter foundation on chin than on the rest of your face. Perc Westmore of Warner Brothers also suggests if you haven't time to start make-up from scratch, do a rejuvenating job by patting cotton, moistened with skin freshener lightly over the face to remove oiliness. Then re-powder.

Now...the models' own formula for lovelier lips

Models' Special Lipstick! Not merely a new lipstick but a true lip make-up created for fashion models and *color-styled* by them. Now for *your* lips the brilliant beauty you've envied in the fashion pages. In the model's own radiant colors...

Definitely Red, With Orange, Deep Rose, Ripe Red, Midnight Blue, Sable Dark.

The professional stick, \$1.00, plus tax.

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Bettina Bolegard, famous for her models of hats and hair-do's, says: "I've loved Models' Special Make-Up from the beginning and now I've added Models' Special Lipstick to my make-up musts."

Models' Special
LIPSTICK



Exquisitely Lovely—

your Opalescent Creme Wave—so soft and

lustrous...so natural-looking...so long lasting. Wonderfully easy to care for and beautiful from the very first day you get

it—thanks to the gentle Opalescent lotion and the skillful hands of your beautician. Ask her to show you the Opalescent Creme Wave.

It's a personalized permanent in an individual, sealed box—created for YOU by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

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OPALESCENT

CREME WAVE

AT LEADING BEAUTY SALONS • ALSO AVAILABLE FOR **UNDINE**

That's Hollywood For You

(Continued from page 39) for actors and actresses. When Mickey Rooney started at Metro, he had his dressing room in the actresses' building, but soon the studio learned better and they moved him over with the men.

Bette Davis has what is known as "The Bungalow" at Warners. This is a perfectly equipped little house, parlor, bedroom and bath. Miss Davis has furnished it with her own furniture, and the two features of it are a canopied bed and stuffed dove wearing the beard that decorated Brian Aherne in "Juarez." Bette Davis's bungalow is a great hideout, and once while the studio was looking for her, she was residing there. . . . The dressing rooms of the actors and actresses are really great, and James Cagney, sitting in his dressing-room suite, once said to me: "This is wonderful. I only wish that when I was a struggling actor on Broadway I could have had a hotel room as clean and as comfortable as this."

* * *

I favor Marlene Dietrich's principle that a woman should look her best in bed, and Marlene, when she isn't on tour entertaining the soldiers, always makes up to go to bed . . . Ingrid Bergman is an actress who looks like what an actress should look like, to me, and she always appears so lady-like even though she does chew gum . . . I always look up to Irene Dunne on the screen for she appears tall to me, and she always portrays a lady. Therefore, you can imagine my surprise when I stood next to Irene Dunne with her shoes off on the set of "Over Twenty-one" and discovered that I was as tall as she was. It's so nice to have Irene Dunne with her shoes off . . . I like this sign which Darryl Zanuck had in his office: "Really great people never think they are great. Really small people never think they are small." . . . The president of a brassiere company visiting Hollywood recently went on a tour of the studios. He said that he only wanted to see the actors, as he knew all about the actresses, and that's Hollywood for you!

THE END



Sidney Skolsky with his idea of a very wonderful gal—charming Irene Dunne

Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco

"I adore the softer look and 'finish' my skin gets from a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," says beautiful Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco, who is the glamorous young heiress to one of America's great names and fortunes. "No doubt about it—the Mask makes a noticeable difference in my complexion—and *quickly!*"



"Quick way to look my very best!"—Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco

How to have a softer, clearer-looking skin— in one minute!

Spread lavish white fingerfuls of Pond's Vanishing Cream all over your face—except eyes. Leave this refreshing Mask on for one *full* minute.

"Keratolytic" action of the cream goes to work! Loosens and dissolves tiny powder-catching skin particles and grubby specks of imbedded dirt.

Thrilling! Results show as soon as you tissue off the Mask. Your face seems to light up—looks radiantly fresher and clearer. *Feels* smoother, too—ready for a flawless make-up job!

Quick Make-up Trick . . . Smooth on a satin-light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and *leave it on*—for smoothing, protective make-up base. It's non-greasy—and *expert* at holding powder!



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

The Life of "The Look"

(Continued from page 57) Born in New York City, Betty, her mother and grandmother lived in a series of apartments. One gathers that the going was not very good, or the environment glamorous. Betty's mother worked—and still works—as a private secretary. Of her father she says, with a shut expression, "We don't talk about him." She didn't like school, didn't like to study "and never did," but managed to graduate from The Highland Manor School for Girls, at Tarrytown-on-Hudson, the June before she was twelve and from the Julia Richmond High School in New York when she was fifteen.

Of her school days she remembers, and then with bored reluctance, only that she was "in some class plays," loved the great outdoors, wasn't "a bit femme," once fell down a hill while riding her bike and got "pebbled legs." Also, that she was stupidly sensitive, got hurt feelings easily. "I'd see two girls, heads together, whispering, and be sure it was about me, and brood over it."

After Julia Richmond, Betty considered going to college. "But I suddenly changed my mind. Takes too long. Not necessary at all for actors. Anyway, I never do anything I don't like to do, if I can help it. That I could help."

When in middies and skirts, Betty had decided that acting was the thing she would like to do. Bette Davis, her favorite actress, was "the inspiration."

By the time she'd graduated from Julia Richmond, she'd seen enough Davis pictures to be sure that it took training to be an actress. She put in a season's study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and completed her pre-Hollywood training by playing small parts in two short-lived plays. One, "Johnny Two-By-Four," never reached Broadway. The other, "Franklin Street," had a run as brief as a breath. If talent scouts, on the prowl, caught the latter, they must now be weeping in their beards, for they overlooked Bacall.

BUT that arresting face and 119 pounds, five foot six and a half inches of nonchalant grace did impress one of the editors of Harper's Bazaar. He gave the Bacall girl a job as a model, which proved to be a short cut to Hollywood.

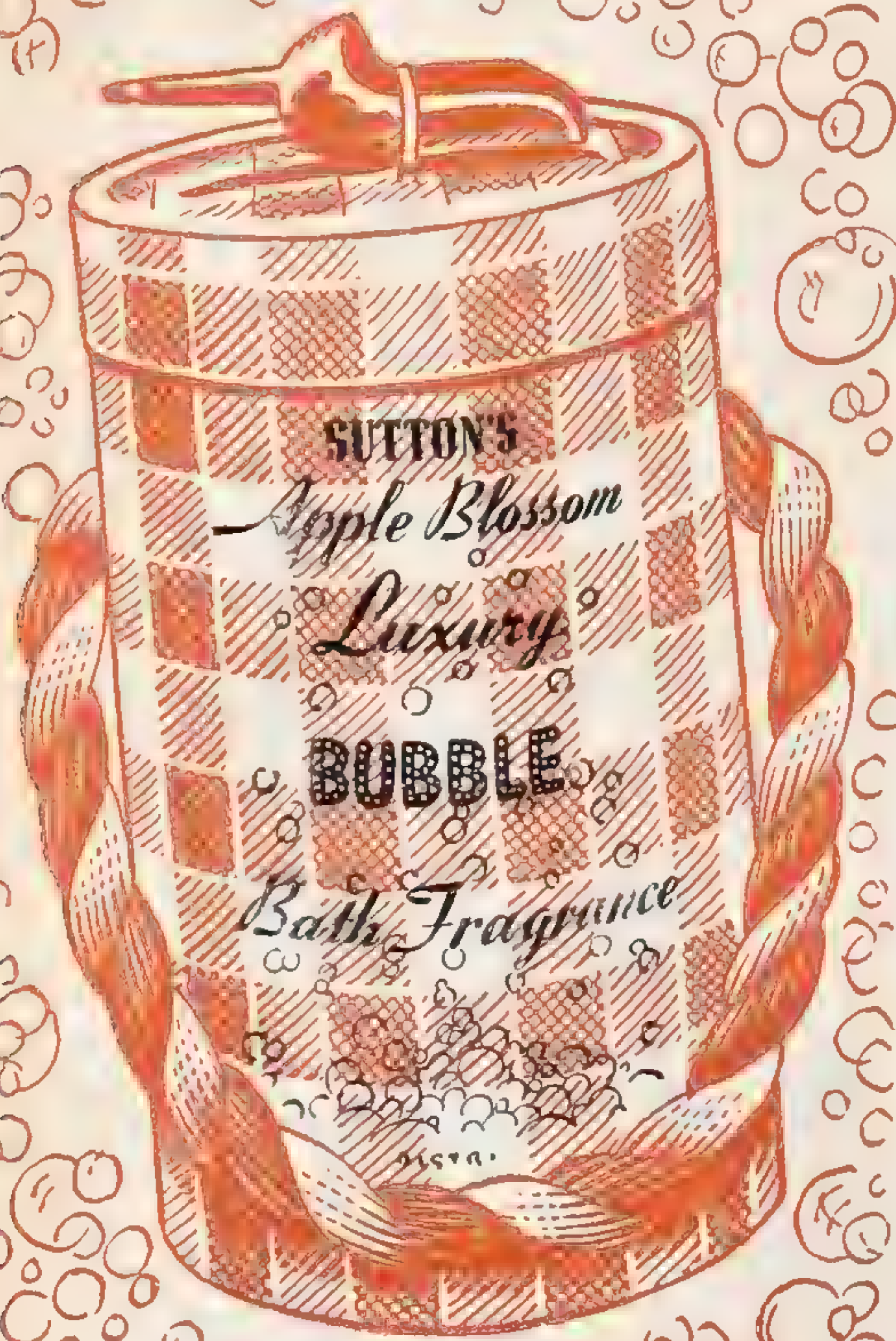
"What happened," said Bacall, "was that Mrs. Hawks saw my picture, modeling a blouse, in the Bazaar, called it to Howard's attention. Howard called his agent, Charlie Feldman, asked Charlie to wire his New York office to look me up—and over. I was in Florida, at the time, for the Bazaar. Mr. Feldman's New York office got in touch with my mother, who wired me. I'd never heard of Mr. Feldman and said 'Let's forget it.' When I got back to New York, the Bazaar wanted me to be their representative for 'Cover Girl,' then being cast. Most of the magazines, as you know, had girls representing them."

"When I found I wouldn't have a line to speak, I wasn't interested. But after a lot of back-and-forth negotiations, finally decided to do it and was all set to go to Columbia at 3:30 one Tuesday afternoon to sign. Half an hour before I was to go, came this mad phone call from Feldman's man. 'Well, what about it?' he asked. 'I'm about to sign with Columbia,' I said. 'Don't,' he shouted, 'do a thing until I get there!' When he 'got there' we put in a call for Mr. Feldman in California. Said Mr. Feldman, 'Well, how soon can she get here?' That same afternoon, they arranged transportation for me and I was in Hollywood three days later. I met Mr. Hawks. I made a test. I put in eight months of coaching. I read aloud for days and weeks so that my

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voice, which," she grinned, "was not always as it is now, would smooth out and have more resonance. Mr. Hawks was in no hurry. He chose to prepare me carefully so that I might make my 'debut' in the 'big league.' Well," said the Bacall girl, with her challenging grin, "I did."

"Scare you—Hollywood?" we asked.

Bacall said, slowly, "I—don't think—so. I love to act. I think I can act. To be allowed to act is all I want of Hollywood."

"One of these days someone is going to take a good look at me and say, 'You're in the wrong business!' Because, I want none of the things the average young girl wants. I don't want a lavish home. I don't want expensive furs, cafe-society life or jewels. I don't like sham."

"I like to wear slacks; would like to spend most of my life on a boat in dungarees and an old shirt just running around swabbing up the decks and polishing the brass. To me, a boat has all the peace there is—and that I must have!"

"I've been in this town a year and a half and I've seldom been to night clubs. After I got out of high school, I hung around with actors, most of them struggling on Broadway. Later Mother and I had a little apartment in the Village—friends would come in and we'd go to a place called Shima's for dinner, or a place called Jai Lai, two little Chinese restaurants . . . and then back to the apartment to talk till morning. That was more for me."

"Here, I spend a lot of time with Mr. and Mrs. Hawks and their friends. I like people older than myself. It's why I don't go out with young boys. My mother and I—and Droopy, my Cocker spaniel—have a little apartment, which shouldn't happen to a canary. (Someday, we'll have a house—in the Valley.) My friends come to the apartment. I've been told I'm too much of a recluse. Maybe I am."

"When I get to the place where people recognize me, ask for my autograph, I'm going to think it's lots of fun. I like to give interviews when I can sit and relax like this. But my private life is my own. When people say, 'Come on, who's your real love-life?'—I just kid out of it. When I get married, that's time enough to talk."

Be it said in passing, such a time may not be far distant. Bogie himself made no bones about his regard for his new co-star when he told reporters recently in New York that he hoped to marry her when he was free. Lauren, however, has left most of the talking to Bogie, since the complications to their marriage are primarily his. In this, as in other things, she has not lost her sense of balance. Because, as she said:

"Balance is the important thing. I know that if something comes along that gets me all keyed up something else will happen that will take me down again. If it doesn't, it should. For if ever my nose goes up in the air, I'll do something drastic. If I ever forget that next week, next year, tomorrow, someone else will come along and be as 'hot' as I'm supposed to be now, if forgetting I had my break, I ever begrudge it to someone else—I'll deserve to lose everything."

"The actors and actresses who have stayed big in this business are the swell people—people like Bette Davis, who is a perfectly marvelous woman. She's been wonderful to me; she went to producer Henry Blanke and suggested me for 'The Fountainhead.' People like Annie Sheridan, Clark Gable, Joan Blondell, Bogie, too—everyone looks up to them."

"I'd like to be," Lauren Bacall added, simply, "one of them."

Well, it looks likely!

THE END

School Girl LOSES 49 POUNDS —now has loads of fun!

Virginia Josselyn, Denver Colorado, is slim, poised and popular.

"I know what it is to be 14, fat, and forgotten," says Virginia Josselyn. "I was left out of the parties a school girl loves. And no wonder. I weighed 164 and was getting heavier."

"Then, with Mother's approval, I started the DuBarry Success Course right at home. In three months I lost 30 pounds, in five months, 49! Now, at 115 pounds, my dress size is 9 instead of 20! My skin is smooth and lovely and I've learned the art of subtle make-up."

"What a difference all this has made in my life. I've been to two formals—something for a freshman! My week is filled with dates and doings in the clubs and groups I now belong to. I have so much pep, I whiz through my housework in no time at all, then I'm off to go swimming, hiking, biking. You have made me a very happy girl, with a bright new future, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart."



Before

Above, Virginia when her weight was 164. Conscious of her size, bad posture, heavy hips and legs, she was ashamed to have pictures taken. Center, in three months, down to 143, she kept on, to achieve correct proportions. At right, lovely little Virginia of today, weight now 115, slender, poised, happy, confident.



After

VIRGINIA'S MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After	Change
Weight	164 lbs.	115 lbs.	— 49 lbs.
Height	5'2 3/4"	5'3"	+ 1/4"
Bust	41"	34"	— 7"
Waist	33 1/2"	24 1/2"	— 9"
Abdomen	38 1/2"	29"	— 9 1/2"
Hip	46"	36 1/2"	— 9 1/2"
Thigh	28"	21"	— 7"

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HOLLYWOOD 27, CALIFORNIA

When It's June

(Continued from page 45) important in the plan. She bought silvered high-heeled shoes and a white-spangled veil. She borrowed her mother's diamond ring and earrings. She was ready for her big moment—or nearly ready.

The cameraman in a screen test can make or mar the testee. The cameraman was Joe MacDonald, a nice guy. "Will you do me a favor," June begged him. He said he would if he could. "I'd like to be the only thing in white on the screen, everything else to be in shadow." Joe obliged and for a finishing, glamorous touch, he clouded the background with soft palm trees. Yes, June bought the Christmas presents and got a twenty-five dollar raise besides.

HER first opportunity to go to Hollywood came when as a child she won an M-G-M contest. But her mother said no.

So June went her merry way by radio, dance bands, school plays.

In fact, it was a band that took her to Hollywood. When June was fourteen (that was in 1940) Ted Fio Rito came to town and booked her to go with the band to St. Louis for one week. "If you can wow 'em in St. Louis, everything else is easy," he told her. And so when the Fio Rito band was booked for a month in Los Angeles at the Trianon, the Haver family heaved a collective sigh and said, "This is it," and moved lock, stock and daughters to the cinema city.

"It was the right move," says June. "All my life I had known I would eventually land in Hollywood. A Warners talent scout came to the Trianon and I was given a screen test."

And once again, June proved that luck

is ninety per cent hard work and "being prepared" and only ten per cent opportunity. For the test she had to play an adolescent in pigtails. She was dressed and ready to perform when the director told her the part for which she was testing had been cast. But there was another role she could try for—a sophisticated, mature young woman. Before you could say "pigtails," hers were combed out, and the fair tresses piled atop of the fifteen-year-old head. She was padded up a bit, sailed into her scene, and Warner's said okay, and handed her a contract.

"My first thought after I was signed was 'Thank heavens, all the contests are over!'" says June, "but I soon discovered the real contest had only just begun." After nine months and still no picture for her, she finally got permission to do the stage show, "Meet The People."

June was excited because all the producers and directors would be at the first night and at last she'd have a real chance to prove herself in Hollywood. So three days before the opening she had laryngitis and lost her voice! The night before the premiere her voice came back, but at the dress rehearsal she sprained her ankle! She calmly told the doctor to tape it up, and proceeded to go on for the show. June danced for three weeks with a sprained foot and fainted several times off-stage.

By this time, June's courage was known all over the lot. Boss Darryl Zanuck decided it was time to hand out a real prize—the lead with Lon McCallister and Jeanne Crain in "Home In Indiana." That was all June required to establish herself as star fodder. Since then she has starred in "Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and "Where Do We Go From Here" with Joan Leslie

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and Fred MacMurray. Next on her schedule is the lead with Betty Grable in "The Dolly Sisters," and after that she may go to Warners to play Marilyn Miller.

When June is working, she is called for breakfast at six a.m. and is ready and made up in the studio at 8:45. She is in bed by nine-thirty or ten. On the few days a year that she is not wanted by her studio, she has fun redecorating her apartment. "I've just finished doing three shelves in the kitchen," June says proudly. "One I decorated shocking pink and the others aqua and chartreuse. It looks like a little circus room, with its striped drapes!"

June loves to swim, and when the day comes to buy the house, there will be a swimming pool. Her pride and joy is the new car, which she recently bought, and she drives it whenever she has the gas.

BUT it isn't all swimming and driving for June. And it isn't all picture-making. She is interested in world affairs, and she reads everything she can get her hands on. And she is writing a novel. "It's a lot about myself. A first book usually is," she says. She hopes to sell the book to her studio—and to act in it. Add this to the fact that she also writes songs and you get a most amazing picture—the picture of a girl who does something about her wishful thinking, whether it's her screen career, one of her many hobbies, or writing to the lad who has her heart, Farley Granger.

June and Farley literally met in the school room. It was Christmas 1943 and the youngsters working in "Home In Indiana" decided to throw a party in the school room. Granger was working on the same lot in "The Purple Heart." A blanket invitation was sent to all the younger players in the studio. June and Farley discovered each other, then and there.

"The next day," June says, "Farley called me for a date." They had lunch. Their first really big date was for the premiere of "The Song Of Bernadette." From then on they were a steady twosome. June was still going to school, so Farley decided to go to school too. At any rate, he kept appearing at the school room. To make his visits authentic, he took up a course in art. But all he could paint was June!

Like so many American youngsters in love, June and Farley hadn't long together. Farley went off to the Naval Training Center at Farragut, Idaho. "But," June says, "he kept sending me little gifts—to remind me he was in the Navy—and to remind me of him—cute little nautical things, and I love them. He wanted pin-up pictures of me for his locker, too."

That last furlough in Hollywood—well, it was like what a lot of other kids are experiencing. A few days—and then an APO address. Farley went from there to the Pacific. June says, "We were together every possible moment. We saw a movie every night. On his stopover in San Francisco he wrote me he saw 'Irish Eyes Are Smiling' three times!" His Christmas gift to June was a little figure of a ballerina, the kind of a gift a boy in love would take a lot of time choosing. She loves it.

June and Farley talked about marriage before he left. "We almost eloped his last night in Hollywood," she confesses. "But Farley is like me, very ambitious and determined to be a big star. So we decided it would be better for us both to wait until we were right on top. We know if our love is real, it will last and we can wait."

June has always known what she wants and her romance is probably no exception. So it's quite possible when the daily V-mail letters are replaced by Farley Granger in person, there'll be a wedding.

THE END

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WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 24) we were going to ask ourselves—"Is it necessary to have? Is it helping the war?" Yes, I guess you know where that money is going—right into War Stamps. To buy ammunition to bomb the Japs out of Tokyo!

Miss Paris Dedeian,
Richmond, Va.

\$1.00 PRIZE The Unvarnished Truth

I WISH to thank Photoplay for printing Humphrey Bogart's "Medal from Hitler." Bogart has done some outstanding and commendable things on the screen but his writing tops his dramatic talent. Every word he wrote is the unvarnished truth and if we would learn from it and live it there would be no race prejudice, religious bigotry, intolerance and no war. Bogart has done our country a fine service in writing this article and the country thanks you for giving it to us.

Mrs. Almedia B. Waltz,
Long Beach, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE Give Me the Wolf!

MOST women, ever since Eve, have a secret tenderness in their hearts for wolves. And why not? He makes them feel attractive and gives them a self-confident outlook on life. They feel smug if he whistles but outwardly all he gets is an outraged look. Summing all this together, you have Dane Clark. He is the most typical all-American wolf. In "The Very Thought Of You" he took the bobby-sockers by storm.

I remember taking jibes and taunts about Dennis Morgan that hurt me to the quick. I was conscious of his cute mouth, his expressive face and booming voice long before my bobby-socks friends were. Now they know!

But Dane, please don't marry until I grow up. Then maybe you can look my way. Brother—you send me!

Linda Storm,
Warren, Pa.

\$1.00 PRIZE She's Simply "Do-ish"

BACK in college we had a word for anything simply "out of this world" and that word was "do-ish." I have just seen "To Have And Have Not" and I must say that only one word describes Lauren Bacall and that is "do-ish."

I have always enjoyed Humphrey Bogart's pictures and have always left the theater bragging about Bogart. But this time it's definitely Bacall. When I think back over the show, I remember it as lasting about one-fourth its actual time. And instead of remembering the story I only see scenes—Bacall at the head of the stairs, at the piano and the "trucking out" finale. With a supporting cast of Bogart, Brennan and Carmichael, this young star made history in one line—"Has anybody here got a match?"

Mrs. John H. White,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

\$1.00 PRIZE When They Come Back

THIS is what is on my mind—we're coming back by the hundreds, shot to pieces in body and spirit and we want something to give us courage and hope so that we can find normal living again.

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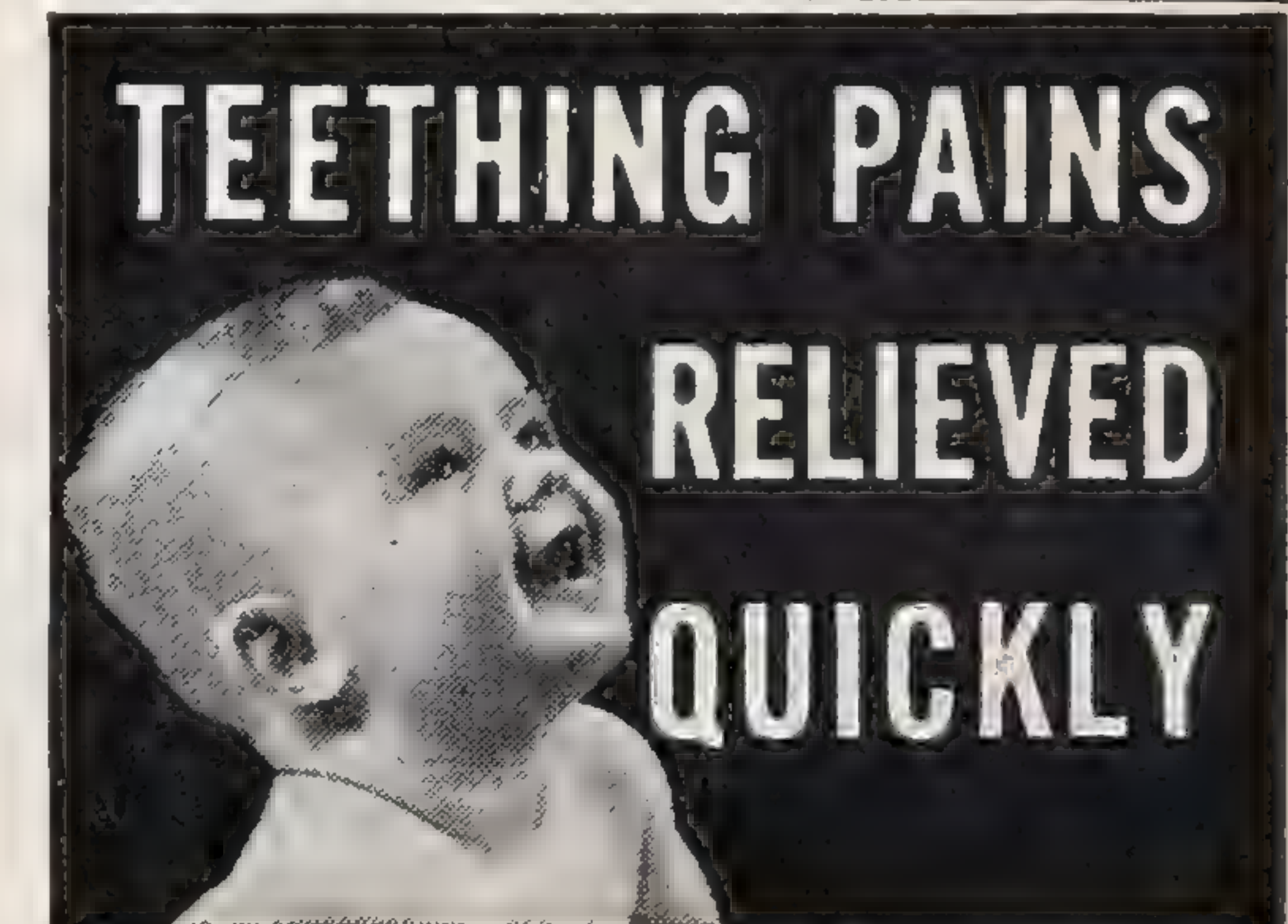
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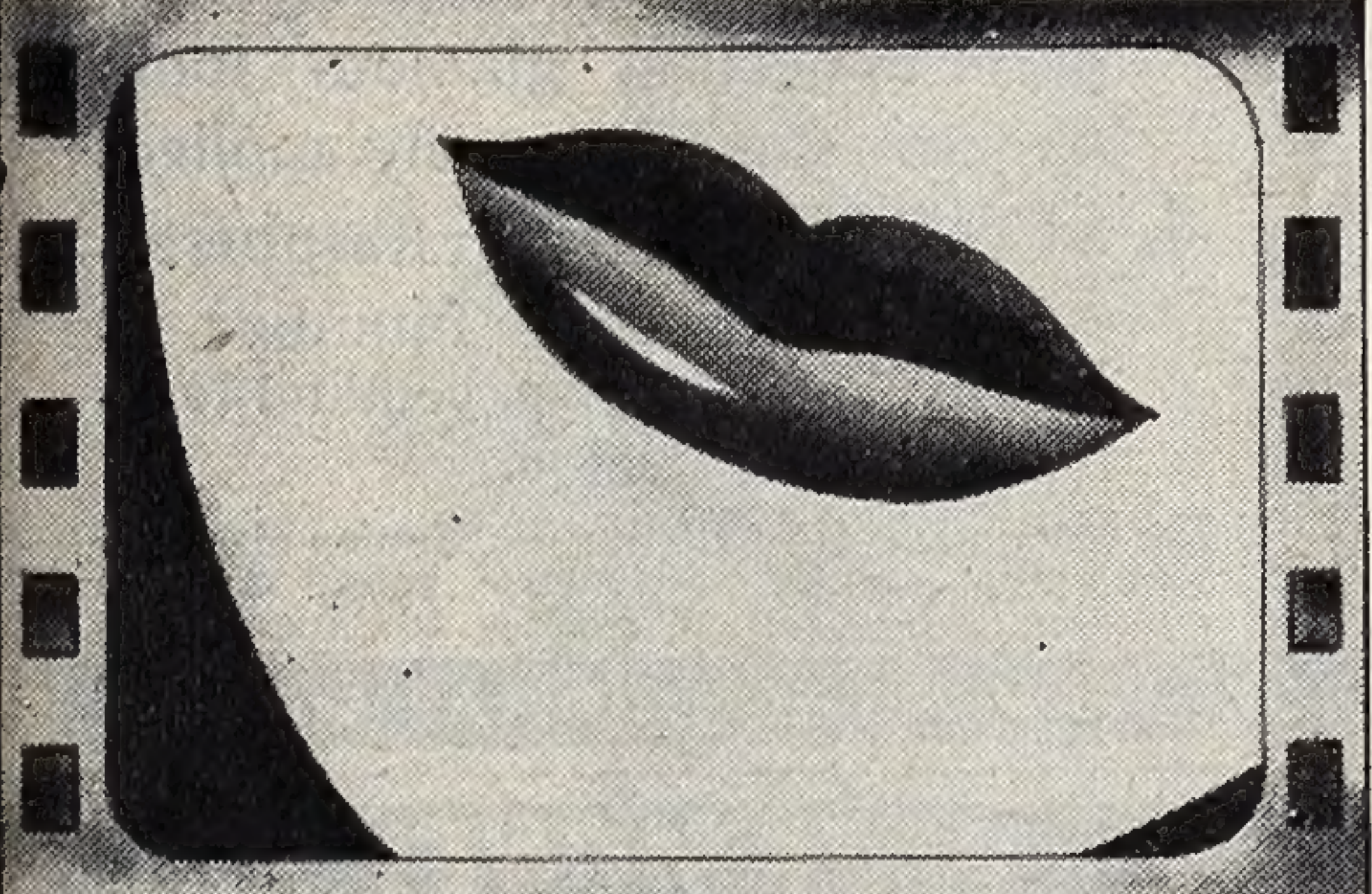
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this. The boy in the play was bitter and had no hope for a future, but he found that life could be worthwhile after all.
Have more plays like this one, cheer up the boys who come back maimed and heart-sick, make them realize that they have a place in this world and that the years ahead can be happy ones.
Lt. Robert Avery,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

HONORABLE MENTION
ON behalf of my sister, Frances Farmer, would you be kind enough to print this "thank-you" to her many fans for their hundreds of letters of faith and encouragement? She has also received thousands of requests since her illness for photographs which are impossible to fulfill. We regret especially not being able to answer or oblige the many requests of men in the service. They are all appreciated for their good wishes and kind thoughts.
It will probably be some time before Frances will be in a position to renew her fan-mail correspondence.
Thank you for publishing this letter for her.
Edith Farmer Elliot,
Hilo, Hawaii

HATS off to a great picture, "American Romance." It shows how every person has equal rights and how Steve Dangos migrated to America; how he took advantage of all the opportunities here, starting from the bottom digging ore to make steel and finally getting to the top making automobiles and planes. Steve loved America. He was willing to work hard to stay here. He laughed and cried, sweated and toiled to get ahead. Let him be an example to every American. Steve was America!
Elise Vaccarest,
Watertown, Mass.

WILL the time ever come when Hollywood will give to the movie public a true-to-life presentation of the speech and the customs of the South?
I grant the South has its illiteracy and economic problems, but it is a progressive section, and wants to emerge from the hillbilly-band-playing and mint-julep-drinking era in which Hollywood has it shelved for what looks like eternity.
T/5 William Burns Jr.,
Ft. Lewis, Wash.

MY conscience had been bothering me for some time but I would just argue with it. I was on the verge of telling a married man that I would marry him, if and when he divorced his wife. By chance, I saw a picture called "The Mark Of The Whistler." It dealt with a man's conscience.
This came at the right time for me. One can't wreck another's life and ever be happy! So give us more movies on this order.
Conscience Anne,
Mountain Grove, Mo.

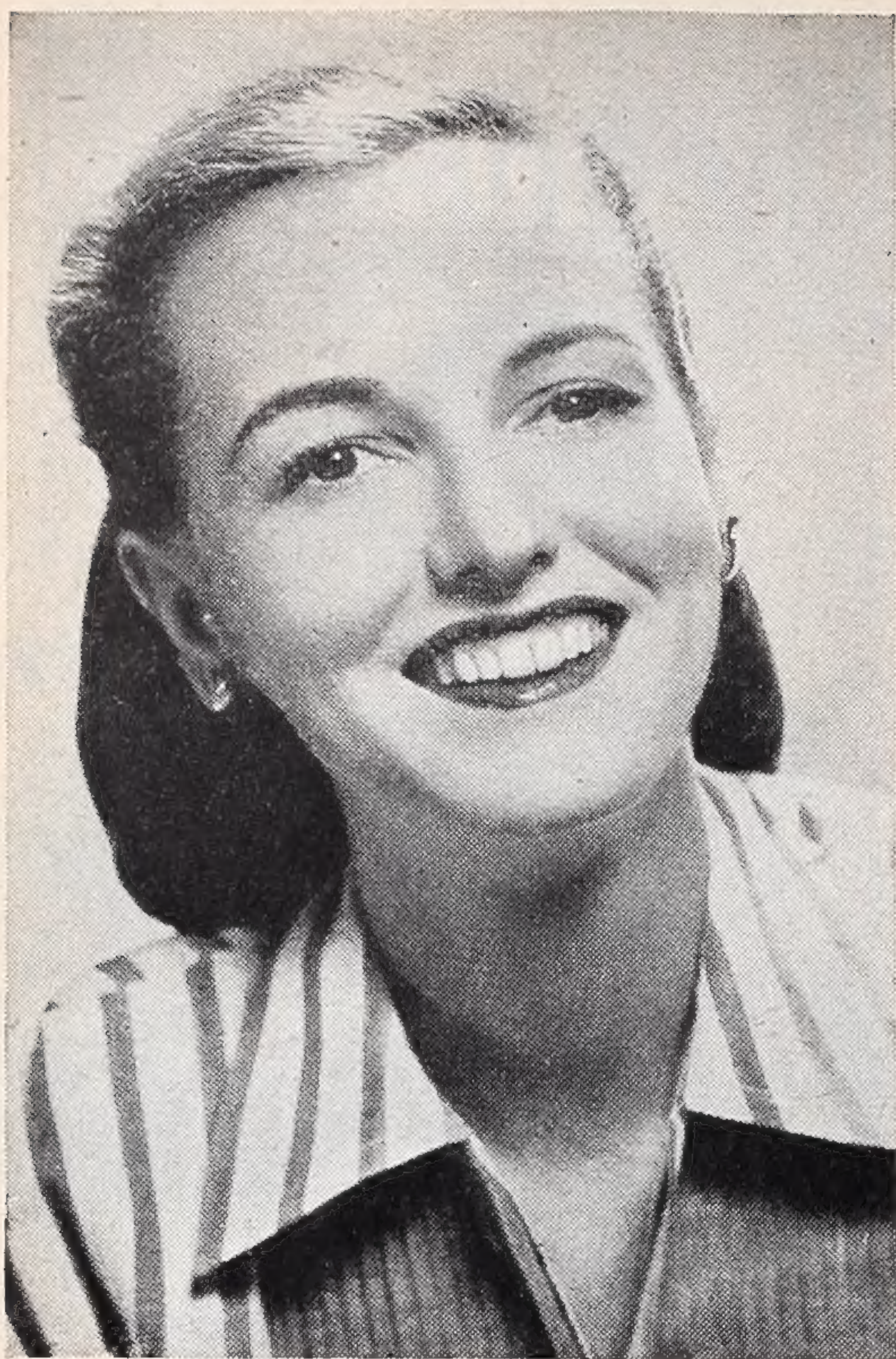
IN every picture in which I have seen him there was something about him that made his performance memorable. The poetry-quoting soldier of "The Eve Of St. Mark," the earnest young McAdoo of "Wilson" and the weak but charming Shelby of "Laura" loudly proclaim that here is an actor who can act. As for his voice—well, any feminine heart skips a beat when Vincent Price as much as says, "Hello."
Mrs. Roberta Hays,
Butler, Pa.



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NO PINS
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 21)

Robert Benchley, foreign editor of the magazine promoting the trip (hey boss, why don't we promote something like this?), is amusing, and as always that Arden gal kills us. Terry is a darned good actor, too. Ernest Truex, as the real fiancé's uncle, is a miniature lambie-pie we could see more often—and Ramsay Ames is one we certainly do see more of than usual in every film it seems.

Anyway it's a cute little daisy-petal business of I love him—I love him not, and what's more you'll maybe enjoy it all.

Your Reviewer Says: Now wait, whom do I love?

✓ She Gets Her Man (Universal)

THAT Joan Davis! What a woman! What a comic! Even in a picture that has more corn than a field in Iowa she throws us (and everybody around us, let it be said) into a hand-crocheted tizzy. She has ample aid, of course, in the persons of William Gargan and Leon (old buckle knees) Errol, who pitch the ball for Joan to catch, and even the fouls are funny at times.

The story (story—what are we saying?) has Joan hired to run down a murderer who has been plying his trade among the town's leading citizens. Joan is chosen for the deetectatif role because her ma was chief of police of old Horse Trot, Nevada, which is a silly recommendation for anyone.

Anyway, who cares really why, when or where—with these three dishing it out to us who are willing to take it?

Your Reviewer Says: Well, we laughed.

The Unseen (Paramount)

DON'T tell us this is an attempt to duplicate "The Uninvited" (a really swell mystery). In the first place, the whole idea is garbled in the story construction and the direction doesn't clear things up materially.

Joel McCrea, who needs a good story and fast, does his best but we simply couldn't make him out. Gail Russell crowds mystery, fear, love and what-not into her few brief hours in the McCrea manse that, incidentally, houses two of the weirdest children ever seen on the screen.

Phyllis Brooks's entry into the affair was never explained. Whence cometh the little Brooksie, we ask politely.

Or maybe we're dreaming up more mysteries than the story started out with in the first place.

Your Reviewer Says: The "Unseen" the better.

Her Lucky Night (Universal)

YOU see this and it won't be the luckiest night you ever spent parked in front of the flicker screen.

The Andrews Sisters (and why must they photograph them all to look like Lincoln?) twitch and itch, laugh and scratch, sing and croon. The only departments in which they're good is the singing and crooning. There they shine.

Martha O'Driscoll and Noah Beery Jr. (in a come-apart dress suit) get caught up in a story that tells something about a fortuneteller, with George Barbier testing the ability of his nephew Noah Beery Jr. for a job. We never rightly could make out what was going on.

Your Reviewer Says: We don't use such language!

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